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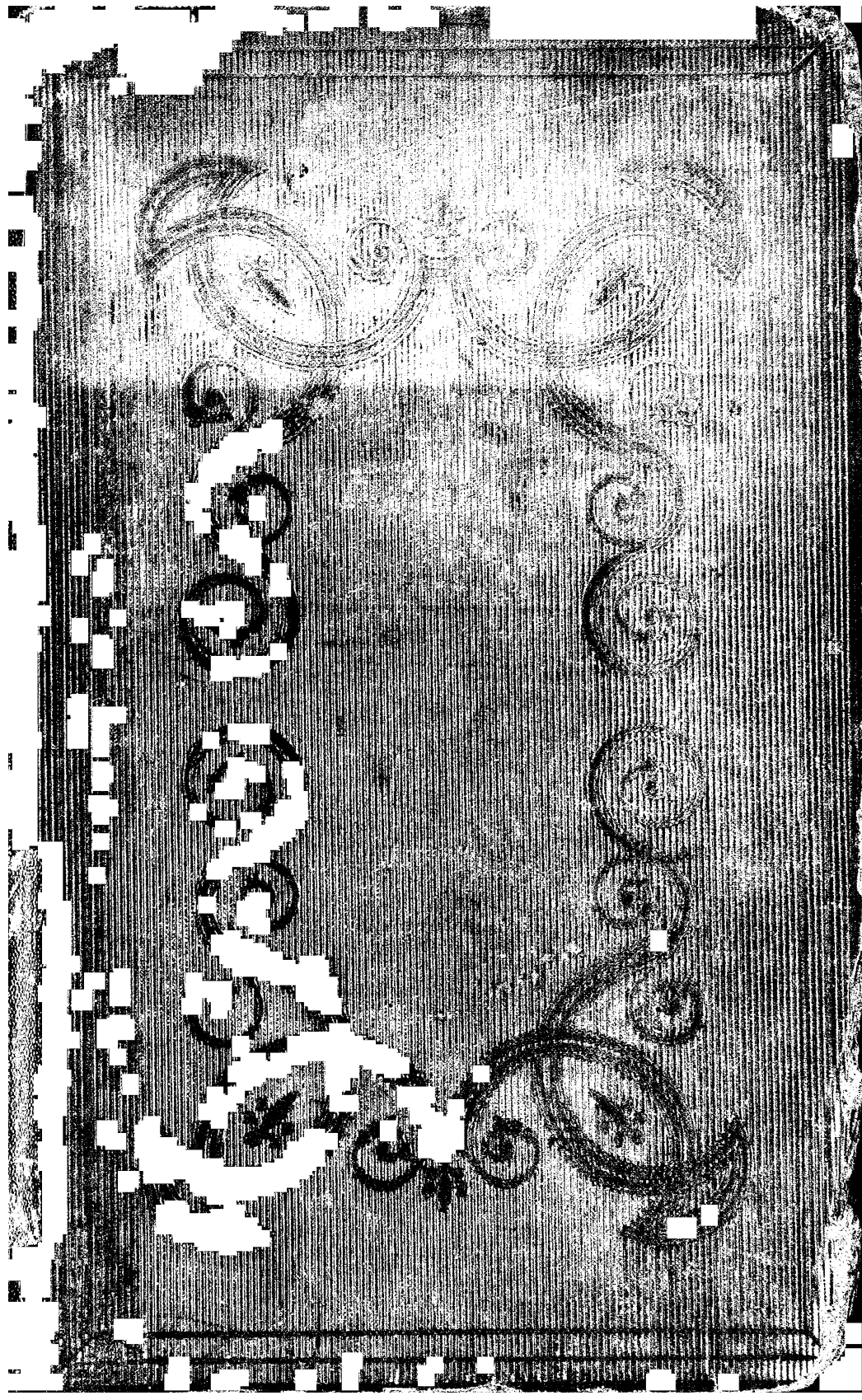
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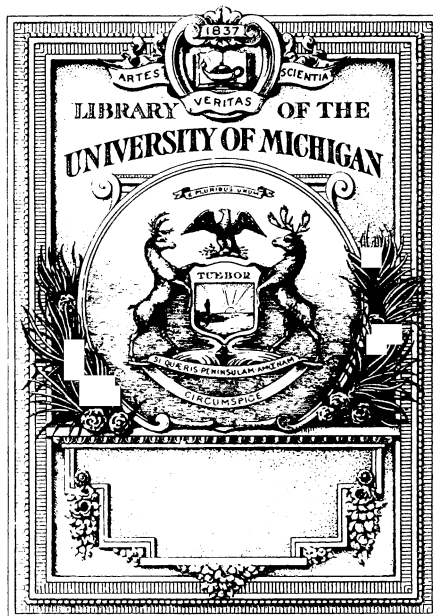
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THE PSALMISTS OF BRITAIN.

THE
PSALMISTS OF BRITAIN.

RECORDS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY,
OF
UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY AUTHORS,
WHO HAVE RENDERED THE WHOLE OR PARTS OF
THE BOOK OF PSALMS,
INTO ENGLISH VERSE.
WITH
SPECIMENS OF THE DIFFERENT VERSIONS,
AND A GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

BY JOHN HOLLAND.

“The Prophet David King of Israel,
Compylde the pleasant Psalmes of the Psalter,
In his own proper tongue, as I here tell :
And Solomon, which was his son and heir,
Did make his Book into his tongue vulgar ;
Why should not their sayings be to us shown
In our language?—I would the cause were known.”

Sir David Lindsay.

VOL. II.

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PSALMISTS OF BRITAIN.

GEORGE WITHER.

It is no reproach to Religion—none to the Holy Scriptures, whatever it may be to the Professors of Christianity—that the offices of the one and the phraseology of the other, have too often been perverted to serve party purposes.* The evil, at any rate, is not less ancient than it is deplorable : perhaps it must always be to a certain extent, inevitable, so long as human nature remains what it is. Psalm singing itself, has frequently been abused in

* This remark has no reference to those conflicts between Truth and Error, the arena of which is the field of legitimate controversy. It is worthy of observation, that so soon and so vigorously did not only divines and men of learning, but even the “common people” turn the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue into weapons of polemical conflict—and no wonder, all things considered—that even Henry the Eighth appears, in his latter days, almost to have regretted the publication of the Word of God in the vernacular language, and perhaps still more so, the practice of singing rhyming portions of it, to which his patronage of Sternhold had mainly contributed. Addressing his last Parliament, the King uses this extraordinary language :—“ You lay too much stress on your own expositions and fantastical opinions. In such sublime matters you may easily mistake. This permission of reading the Bible, is only designed for private information, not to furnish you with reprimanding phraaes and expressions of reproach against Priests and Preachers. I am extremely sorry to find with how little reverence the Word of God is mentioned : how people squabble about the sense ; how it is turned into wretched rhyme, sung and jingled in every alehouse and tavern.”

VOL. II.

B 2

this respect. This was, indeed, a sort of double-edged weapon, the expression of many hearts in a single feeling giving sharpness to it on one side, as the openness of the demonstration made its effects the more keenly felt on the other. This method of exciting or testing the sentiments of the populace, which had been adopted at the Reformation,* became frequent at the period of the Commonwealth—it was not only used in Parliament, but even the soldiers themselves resorted to it on critical occasions † These circumstances may in some degree account for the fact that, in an age the least congenial to the muses, and amidst the raging of civil and religious strife, even to the spilling of the blood of the Sovereign, we should find so many persons engaged in turning into metre the whole, or portions of the Psalms, to say nothing of other works in verse, in which a Scriptural phraseology, and the language of

* Strype mentions that on March 15, 1559, Mr. Veron, a Frenchman by birth, but a learned Protestant and Parson of St. Martin's, Ludgate, preached at St. Paul's Cross before the Mayor and Aldermen; and after sermon done, "they all sung in common a Psalm in metre, as it seems now was frequently done." This is the earliest notice we have of out-door Psalmody: it was, however, in connection with worship. We are told afterwards by the same historian, that the reading of the Proclamation against the Queen of Scots in London, 1586, was accompanied "by ringing of bells, making of bonfires, and *singing of Psalms*, in every one of the streets and lanes of the City."

† This appears to have been the case in that battle between the Parliamentary Army and the troops of Charles, in which the Royal cause received the first fatal blow; as we are told in the Memoirs of Sir Henry Slingsby, (p. 51,) that in July, 1664, the Parliamentarian forces "in Marston corn field, fell to singing Psalms." And in the Life of Captain John Hodgson, (p. 148,) it is mentioned that after the battle of Dunbar, the "Republican soldiers, with their General Lambert, halted near Haddington, and sung the 117th Psalm." In Shadwell's Comedy of the "Volunteers," he describes the Roundheads as being used "to sing a Psalm," and then "fall on." Whatever may be thought of the foregoing, and similar cases which might be adduced, few persons will be found to find fault with the old custom of singing a Psalm at a wedding or at a funeral, or even as was formerly, and I believe still is the practice to sing one under the great elm tree in front of the parsonage house at Basingstoke, Hants, after the perambulation of the boundaries of the parish, in Rogation week.

ordinary invective, are made the warp and woof of the composition. In both these respects, the individual whose name stands at the head of this article, and whose life was extended through a singular series of religious and political changes, was remarkable in his day.

It is generally the fate of party writers to be neglected after the transactions in which they have been involved, have passed away. This had nearly been the case with George Wither, who was an active partizan during the political and religious disputes in the time of James I. and Charles I. During this troublesome and eventful period, "he employed his poetical vein in severe pasquils on the court and clergy, and was occasionally a sufferer for the freedom of his pen. In the civil war that ensued, he exerted himself in the service of the Parliament,* and became a considerable sharer in the spoils. He was even one of those provincial tyrants, whom Oliver distributed over the kingdom, under the name of Major Generals; and had the fleecing of the county of Surrey: but surviving the Restoration, he outlived both his power and his influence; and giving vent to his chagrin in libels on the court, was long a prisoner in Newgate and the Tower. He died at length on the 2nd of May, 1667," aged 58.† These are the words of Dr.

* Wither is probably the only Poet of whose hand the Speaker of the House of Commons ever gravely announced to the members that had "a good copy of verses to offer"—as was once said by Sir Thomas Widdrington who occupied the chair in Cromwell's Parliament, in reference, it is supposed, to the *Boni ominis votum* of the Author.—*Burton's Diary*, i. 207.

† Wither has himself mentioned that he had lived to see "eleven signal changes, in which not a few signal transactions providentially occurred; to wit, under the Government of Queen Elizabeth, King James, Charles the First, the King and Parliament together, the Parliament alone, the Army, Oliver Cromwell, Richard Cromwell, a Council of State, the Parliament again, and now King Charles the Second."

Percy,* who adds that the name of our Author would have been “utterly forgotten,” if it had not been preserved by Swift as a term of contempt—“Dryden and Wither,” being coupled by him like the Bavius and Mævius of Virgil. Pomfret, too, one of the poorest of the least interesting class of Poets, ventures to anticipate a favourable audience with the public, because, as he says :—“Even Quarles and Wither have had their admirers,”—as if the verses of either of these writers were not twenty times as good as his own. The works of Wither are as voluminous as they are miscellaneous, being above one hundred in number : no collected edition of them ever having been published : they comprise satires, pastorals, and religious or sentimental effusions : their degrees of merit being almost as various as the subjects handled. Eight poetical pieces, printed separately in 1638, and afterwards, collectively, under the title of “*Juvenilia*,” are the productions on which our Author’s reputation as a Poet, may most safely be allowed to rest. They are, however, by no means the only specimens of his verse, in which passages of considerable interest occur.

So early as the year 1619, Wither published what he called “*A Preparation to the Psalter*,” a Work full of curious learning and quaint observation, and which has become scarce. The general contents of the volume are distributed into fourteen chapters ; and the whole, although written in the verbose style of the age is well worth a perusal. The Author, in the following passage disposes of “the frivolous opinions of those, who

* *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, iii. 190.

deny that the *PSALMES*, or any part of Holy Scripture, may be safely translated into verse.”—“First, whereas they say that *verse* cannot retaine that gravity, which becometh the authority of Holy Scriptures, it is false: for how can that speech be denied to have in it gravity, wherein every word and syllable must be considered in quantity and number? or who can be so ignorant, to think so, but such as are altogether strangers unto the *Muses*? For in every language, *Verse* hath more elegance than prose can have. And I am of opinion (not without warrant of good authority) that it was partly by reason of the extraordinary Majesty and pleasingness which is in *numbers*, that the Holy Ghost chose in *them* (rather than otherwise) to set down these *mysteries*, as the most fitting language to express sacred things. Again, they have supposed it impossible for the translator so to keep himself to the original, (in a matter where every letter and syllable is of such moment,) but that either for the *measure* or the *Ryme*, he shall be sometime forced to let go much of the true meaning of the words: but this is also a mistake. For I am certain that if there be any one, who can in *prose* deliuer intirely the truest and most proper sense of these *Poems*, it may be as well expressed in *Verse*. Yea, I believe, and dare maintain, that they be much better and more naturally done into *numbers* than into *prose*.” After some other observations in a similar strain, our Author concludes his defence of metre with the quotation of a royal reason which in his day had great weight, and not the less so that it was too delivered in rhyme:—“The Divell is not ignorant of the power that is in these divine *Charmes*; that

there lurks in *Poesy* an enchanting sweetness, that steals into the hearts of men before they be aware; and that (the subject being divine) it can infuse by a kind of heavenly *enthusiasm*, such delight into the soule, and beget so ardent an affection unto the purity of God's word, as it will be impossible for the most powerful *exorcisms* to conjure out of them the love of such delicacies, but they will be unto them (as *David* saith) *sweeter than hony or the hony combe*. And this secret working which verse hath, is excellently expressed by our *drad Sovereigne* that now is, [James I.] in a *Poem* of his, long since penned:—

For Verses' power is sike, it softly glides
Through secret pores, and in the senses hides,
And makes men have that gude in them imprinted,
Which by the learned worke is represented.

“By reason of this power,” Wither continues, “our adversaries feare the operation of the divine word expressed in *numbers*; and that hath made them so bitter against our versified *Psalmes*: yea, (as I have heard say,) they term the singing of them in our vulgar tongues, *the Witch of Heresy*.”

In 1623, he put forth a volume of “Hymns and Songs of the Church,” which was authorised by James I. This was an age of monopolies; and the royal mandate obtained by the ambitious Poet, not only conferred “full and free licence to imprint the said book,” but it also enacted that no other English Psalm Book in metre should be uttered, or sold, unless these Hymns were coupled with it! Moreover, Wither was empowered by the same patent to seize any metrical collection of Psalmody which was found to be unaccompanied by his verses! The

extraordinary powers conceded in favour of this Hymn Book, by the licence alluded to, were the occasion of a long contention between the Poet and the Stationers' Company, who, having a special interest in the Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins, discouraged the sale of Wither's work, and resisted the arbitrary authority of the royal licence.* In 1632, there appeared a small volume, "Imprinted in the Neatherlands, by Cornelius Gerrits van Breughel," entitled "The Psalms of David, translated into Lyric Verse, according to the scope of the Original; and Illustrated with a short Argument and a brief Prayer, or Meditation, before and after every Psalm. By George Wither." This Version was dedicated "To the Maiestie of the most virtuous and high-born Princesse, Elizabeth, Princesse of Great Britain, Queen of Bohemia, Countesse of the Palatinate of the Ryhne, &c.," whose afflictions and trials the Poet somewhat elaborately compares, according to the taste of the age, with those of David and Christ. The intention of Wither to give a metrical rendering of the Psalms, was, it seems, known to and commended by James I., the father of his patroness, and who, says the Poet, "a little before his death was pleased to honour me with his gracious respect," and by whom, he adds, "I was commanded to perfect a translation of the Psalms, which he understood I had begun; and by his encouragement, I finished the same about the tyme of his translation to a better kingdom." Why this Work was printed abroad does not appear; and I

* Vide Gray's Inquiry, p. 78. In vindication of his Hymns, Wither published his "Scholler's Purgatory," from which Work copious extracts were reprinted, along with the Hymns and Songs of the Church, by Sir Egerton Brydges, in 1815.

believe there was no English Edition: at least, I have not been able to ascertain the existence of one, notwithstanding the assertion of Wood, that the "Psalms" were reprinted in London in the same year with the Continental impression. It is remarkable, that notwithstanding his previous conflict with the booksellers, Wither again solicited, and King Charles the First granted, a licence for the sole publication of the Psalmody, very similar to that which had rendered the Hymns and their Author so obnoxious in the preceding reign. The old grievances were renewed, and it appears that at length the Company of Stationers so openly defied the injunction, that, as we learn from a letter addressed to Sir Thomas Puckering, Jan. 23, 1633, the matter was brought before the Privy Council:—"Upon Friday last, Wither, the English Poet, convented before the Board all or most of the Stationers of London. The matter is this,—Mr. Wither hath, to please himself, translated our singing Psalms into another verse, which he counts better than those the Church hath so long used, and therefore he hath been at the charge to procure a patent from his Majesty under the Broad Seal, that his translation shall be printed and bound to all Bibles that are sold. The Stationers refusing to bind them and sell them with the Bible, (the truth is, nobody would buy the Bible with such a clog at the end of it),—and because some of them stood upon their guard, and would not suffer Mr. Wither and his officers to come into their shops and seize upon such Bibles as wanted his additions, therefore he complained of them for a contempt of the Great Seal. After their lordships had heard the business *pro* and *con* at

length, their lordships thought good to damn his patent *in part*; that is, that the translation should not longer be sold with the Bible, but only by itself; and for my part, I think their lordships have done very well in ordering it in this manner."

As a fair—or rather a favourable specimen of the Version of Wither, with its head note and appended prayer, may be given

PSALM LVII.

To the cheef musitian Altaschith. A Psalm of David, when he fledd from Saul in the Cave. It mystically expressed the Iewes persecutinge Christ, even unto his Grave. We that are his members, and partake in his suffrings, may sing it to declare our iniuries, and to pray, and praise God, for deliverances, &c.

Lord, grant (oh grant) me thy compassion;
 For I in thee my trust have placed;
 Display thy wings for my salvation,
 Until my greefs are over-passed.
 To thee I sue (oh God most high)
 To thee that canst all want supplie.

2. From their despights who seek to rend mee,
 Let help, oh Lord, from heaven be daigned,
 And let thy Truth and Love defend me;
 For, I with Lions am detained:
 With men inflam'd, whose biting words,
 Are shafts, and spears, and naked swords.
3. Let over heav'n God's praise be reared,
 And through the world his glorie showed;
 For they who netts for mee prepared,
 (They who my soul to ground had bowed)
 Ev'n they, within those trapps are caught,
 Which for my fall their hands had wrought. *Selah.*
4. Oh God! my hart now ready maketh,
 My hart is for thy praise preparing;
 My Tongue, my Harpe, my Lute awaketh,
 And, I my selfe, betimes vprearing,
 Will speake and sing, in praise of thee,
 Where greatest throngs of people be.

5. For, Lord, thy mercies forth are stretched,
 As farr as are the spears extended ;
 Thy truth unto the clouds hath reached,
 And, thou thyself art high ascended ;
 Let, still, thy Fame and Praise, oh God !
 Through heav'n and earth be spread abroad.

Oh Lord to whome Mercy belongeth, have mercy vpon vs ; & let the Wings of thy protection be graciously spread over us, vntill the Stormes of this life be overpast : For, so great & manyfold are those dangers, & those miseries wherewith wee are alwaies enclosed, by spirituall and temporal foes, that they have brought our bodies to the Grave, & our souls near vnto Hell. Oh ! let thy Truth & Love defend us from our Sion-like persecutors ; that our harts (being timely cheared), our Thoughts, Words & Actions, may harmoniously agree in manifesting thy praises. And, seeing thy holy Spirit hath plainly declared the Vniversality of thy proffered Grace, let not us presume to sett Limits thereunto ; but publish thy glorie as vniversally as thou hast extended thy Mercies, through Iesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

The political and religious troubles of the Seventeenth Century, which drove some Clergymen to death, some to prison, many into exile, and more to unworthy compliances, induced Crashaw first to seek a refuge in a foreign country, and finally to become a convert to the Papal Church, in the communion of which he died, as a canon of the Chapel at Loretto, in 1650. The change in his religion has been by some attributed to worldly motives, though without any ground for such a charge. Hayley,* with

* Biographia Britannica.

more poetic probability—if with no better reason, refers it to his passionate admiration of “that fair canonized enthusiast, St. Teresa of Spain.” Be this as it may, the strains in which he has addressed this female devotee are among the most fervent to be found within the compass even of his ardent aspirations. Cowley has a poem on his death. Perhaps the circumstance of the Poet’s conversion to Romanism—whatever the grounds of it, might have something to do with securing for his works the notice of Pope, who says—“Crashaw formed himself upon Petrarch, or rather Marino; his thoughts, in the main, are pretty, but sometimes far-fetched, and too often strained and stiffened to make them appear the greater. The Paraphrase on the twenty-third Psalm is one of the best pieces of this Author.” As the opinion of a critic, this sentence is not incorrect. But a Christian reader, looking rather to the matter than the style, will not hesitate to subscribe to the more generous praise which has been accorded to Crashaw, as “a genuine and glowing Poet, who is equally at home in the playful and the terrible, and who throws an equal interest over the familiar and the sublime.” How deeply he loved solitude, where his devotion might be kindled into enthusiasm, may be inferred from the fact, that he chose to pass a considerable portion of several years in St. Mary’s Church, near Peterhouse, Cambridge, where, as we are told in the Preface to his Works, “he lodged under Tertullian’s roof of Angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David’s swallow, near the house of God; where, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day. There he penned these poems,

viz., 'Steps to the Temple,' the title of one-third part of the small volume containing his works : the two other parts are 'The Delights of the Muses,' and 'Sacred Poems.' " The following lines contain decided traces of the general character of the poetry of Crashaw :—

PSALM XXIII.

Happy me ! O happy sheep !
Whom my God vouchsafes to keep,
Even my God, even he it is
That points me to these ways of bliss ;
On whose pastures cheerful Spring
All the year doth sit and sing,
And rejoicing, smiles to see
Their green backs wear his livery :
Pleasure sings my soul to rest,
Plenty wears me at her breast ;
Whose sweet temper teaches me
Nor wanton, nor in want to be.
At my feet the blubbing mountain
Weeping, melts into a fountain,
Whose soft silver-sweating streams
Make high noon forget his beams.
When my wayward breath is flying,
He calls home my soul from dying,
Strokes and tames my rabid grief,
And does woo me into life.
When my simple weakness strays,
Tangled in forbidden ways,
He, my shepherd, is my guide ;
He's before me, on my side,
And behind me ; he beguiles
Craft in all her knotty wiles :
He expounds the giddy wonder
Of my weary steps, and under
Spreads a path as clear as day,
Where no churlish rub says nay
To my joy-conducted feet ;
Whilst they gladly go to meet

Grace and peace, to meet new lays
Tun'd to my great Shepherd's praise.
Come now, all ye terrors, rally
Muster forth into the valley,
Where triumphant darkness hovers
With a sable wing, that covers
Brooding horror. Come, thou death,
Let the damps of thy dull breath
Overshadow even the shade
And make darkness' self afraid ;
There my feet, even there, shall find
Way for a resolved mind.
Still, my Shepherd—still, my God,
Thou art with me ; still thy rod
And thy staff, whose influence
Gives direction, gives defence.
At the whisper of thy word
Crown'd abundance spreads my board :
While I feast, my foes do feed
Their rank malice, not their need ;
So that with the selfsame bread
They are starved and I am fed.
How my head in ointment swims !
How my cup o'erlooks her brims !
So even so, still may I move
By the line of thy dear love :
Still may thy sweet mercy spread
A shady arm above my head,
About my paths ; so shall I find
The fair centre of my mind,
Thy temple, and those lovely walls
Bright ever with a beam that falls
Fresh from the pure glance of thine eye,
Lightning to eternity.
There I'll dwell for ever ; there
Will I find a purer air
To feed my life with ; there I'll sup
Balm and nectar in my cup ;
And thence my ripe soul will I breathe
Warm into the arms of Death.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

Fletcher was a genuine Poet—somewhat less fervid than Crashaw, and at the same time less hyperbolic in the phraseology of his lyric compositions: but always full, rich, and mellow in style—the gorgeous sunset of the Elizabethan era of genius, seeming, as it were, to linger in its faint parting streaks upon the “Purple Island” of our Author. This last named Work, a poem in twelve cantos, consists of an allegorical description of the body and soul of man—“a subject which,” it has justly been observed, “no degree of skill could render agreeable, as a whole to modern readers. It abounds, however, with passages of powerful description and great beauty both of thought and style.”* Fletcher, who was the son, the brother, and the cousin of Poets, was born in 1584, and died in 1650. The following “Metaphrase,” as he calls it, of the forty-second Psalm, justly entitles him to a place in these pages:—

PSALM XLII.

Like as an hart with sweat and blood embued,
Chas'd, and embossed, thirsts in the soil to be:
So my poor soul, with eager foes pursued,
Looks, longs, O Lord!—pines, pants, and faints for Thee:
When, O my God! when shall I come in place
To see thy light, and view thy glorious face?

* Cattermole's Sacred Poetry of the 17th Century.

I dine and sup with sighs, with groans and tears,
 While all my foes mine ears with taunting load—
 “ Who now thy cries, who now thy prayer hears ?
 Where is (say they) where is thy boasted God ? ”
 My molten heart, deep plung’d in sad despairs,
 Runs forth to thee in streams of tears and prayers.

With grief I think on those sweet now-past days,
 When to thy house my troops with joy I led :
 We sang, we danced, we chanted sacred lays—
 No men so haste to wine, no bride to bed.
 Why droop’st, my soul ? why faint’st thou in my breast ?
 Wait still with praise : his presence is thy rest.

My famish’d soul, driven from thy sweetest word,
 (From Hermon hill, and Jordan’s swelling brook,)
 To thee laments, sighs deep to thee, O Lord !
 To thee sends back her hungry, longing look :
 Floods of thy wrath breed floods of grief and fears,
 And floods of grief breed floods of plaints and tears.

His early light with morn these clouds shall clear,
 These dreary clouds, and storms of sad despair,
 Sure am I in the night his songs to hear,
 Sweet songs of joy, as well as he my prayer :
 I’ll say “ My God, why slight’st thou my distress,
 While all my foes my weary soul oppress ? ”

“ My cruel foes both thee and me upbraid ;
 They cut my heart, they vaunt that bitter word—
 ‘ Where is thy trust ? Where is thy hope ? ’ they said ;
 ‘ Where is thy God ? Where is thy boasted Lord ? ’ ”
 Why droop’st my soul ? Why faint’st thou in my breast ?
 Wait still with praise : his presence is thy rest.

WILLIAM BARTON, M.A.

There were three or four versions of the whole Book of Psalms in verse, published during the interregnum* in England: one of these was by the individual named at the head of this notice, who, having been brought up at Cambridge, and standing high with the ruling powers, enjoyed for a time considerable reputation, not only as having superseded, in Psalmody, the "obsoletely contemptuous" labours of Sternhold and Hopkins, but as the successful competitor of the Calvinistic Rouse, afterwards mentioned. Barton, who had taken his degree of Master of Arts at Cambridge, was "Minister of St. Martin's, Leicester." According to the testimony of his son, prefixed to the voluminous posthumous collection of his Hymns printed in 1688, he had "a natural propensity to Divine

* The celebrated Parliamentary General, Thomas Lord Fairfax, not only versified the Psalms, but other parts of Scripture: "but it is probable," says Granger, they were never thought worth publishing." The MS. of Fairfax's version of the Psalms was formerly in the Museum of the excellent Ralph Thoresby, at Leeds, as he tells us in his "*Ducatus Leodiensis*," (p. 510.) How it got into his possession, or what became of it after his death, I have not been able to learn, though on the latter point I have made some enquiries. My kind friend, Mr. Hunter, who published the curious *Diary of Thoresby*, and to whom *Yorkshire Topography* is under such special obligation, intimated to me that as many of the MSS. of the antiquary of Leeds passed into the hands of the late Mr. Wilson, Recorder of that town, the Version of Fairfax might have been among them, and by this means have come into the possession of Fountayne Wilson, Esq., of Melton, near Conisbrough. Two communications, with which I have been favoured by this gentleman, assure me that the work is not in his library. It was most probably sold by auction with other of Thoresby's books and papers, after the death of his son, who was a Clergyman at some village near London, and died about 1763. I am not aware that any catalogue of the MSS. was printed: Mr. Hunter tells me he never could meet with one.

Poesie, and being conversant in the Hebrew Tongue, took great delight in the study and frequent meditation of David's Psalms, which at last did incline him to set upon a new Translation thereof into English metre, which pious and laborious undertaking, he having happily effected, caused it to be published in the year of our Lord, 1644, which impression selling off quickly, he set forth a second edition in the year 1645, and it was again reprinted an. 1654, besides the piracies which were committed upon him." The Work upon which the high but fugitive claims of Barton were founded, first made its appearance under the title of "The Book of Psalms, in Metre, close and proper to the Hebrew, Smooth and Pleasant for the Metre, Plain and Easy to the tunes, by W. B." This edition was printed by order of Cromwell's Parliament: it took with the Puritans; and in the following year, a new edition was published under the express license of the Protector. Although the version of Barton is, for the most part, below mediocrity, on the score of poetical merit, it has some claims to be considered as tolerably faithful to the original, and was so highly thought of by those of the same party with the Author, that "forty of the eminentest scholars and preachers in the land gave its Author their attest and approbation, and after them full forty more, among whom were the worthy Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, the learned Prolocutor of the Assembly, and divers eminent in law and Physic."

With reference to the "piracies" above alluded to, Barton in the edition of his Psalm Book, published in 1682, says, "I have (in this my last

translation) corrected all the harsh passages, and added a great number of second metres. The Scots of late have put forth a Psalm Book, most-what composed out of mine and Mr. Rouse's; but it did not give full satisfaction; for somebody hath been at charge to put forth a new edition of mine, and printed some thousands of mine in *Holland*, as it is reported. But whether they were printed there or no, I am in doubt; for I am sure that 1,500 of my books were heretofore printed by stealth in *England*, and carried over into Ireland." Whatever ground there might be for this statement, or whether it were merely a *ruse* to serve a present object, it seems to indicate that the Authors named were popular as Psalmodists. Barton continued to the end of his long life to compose Hymns and Scripture Paraphrases: these he collected and revised for the press; "and then declared to his Children, Relations and Friends that he had finished all he designed, returning thanks to Almighty God that had spared him to finish his Work, and hoped he should survive to see both his Psalm Book and Hymn Book (as at large completed) to be printed; but within a short time after he sickened, and upon the 14 day of May, 1678, it pleased God to call him out of this life to his heavenly kingdom being aged about 74 or 75." Four years after his death his "last revise" of the Psalm Book* was published: and in 1688, "The Complete Hymn Book in Six Centuries, besides Aliters, [duplicates of Psalms] double metres and

* The Rev. Philip Henry not only greatly admired, and generally used the work himself; but he specially bequeathed by will to each of his four daughters a copy of "Mr. Barton's last and best translation of the Singing Psalms, requiring and requesting them to make daily use of the same for the instruction, edification, and comfort of themselves, and of their families."

distinct parts, which together with the Prefatory Hymns, amount to the number of 778 Hymns, besides the Catechism, the Book of Canticles, and a catalogue of Virtuous Women enlarged, all in metre." This collection was printed under the superintendence of the Author's son, Edward Barton, "Minister of Welford, in Northamptonshire." It is a circumstance indicative of the little estimation in which this collection has been held, that of between seven and eight hundred "Hymns," the compositions of a man of some note in his day, *hardly one of them* has found its way into modern collections of sacred verse, either for the choir or the closet. Rouse and Barton appear to have been the Sternhold and Hopkins of the Commonwealth, so far at least as their connexion with the authorised Psalmody was concerned; but how widely different the ultimate popularity of the Versions! The Tudor Poets are not only still had in reverence, but their compositions are in many places sung to this day—the Cromwellian Poetasters are generally neglected or forgotten.

PSALM LVI.

1. Have mercy, Lord, on me,
 Whom man would make a prey;
 Behold how he oppresseth me,
 Contending every day.
2. They that mine enemies be,
 Would daily me devour;
 For multitudes against me fight,
 O thou of highest power.
3. What time soever, Lord,
 I am of such afraid,
 Even then will I trust faithfully
 On thy assured aid.

4. In God I'll praise his word,
In God my trust shall be ;
And secure there, I will not fear
What flesh can do to me.
5. My words they utter wrong,
And wrest them every day ;
Their thoughts are still to work me ill,
In whatsoever they say.
6. They altogether throng,
They hide themselves likewise,
They lie at catch, my steps they watch,
My life for to surprise.
7. Shall they escape so well,
In this their wicked path ?
Upon them frown, and, Lord, cast down,
This people in thy wrath.
8. Thou dost my wanderings tell,
Let down thy bottle, Lord,
And put in there, each briny tear,
Are they not on record ?
9. When I shall cry to thee,
It puts to sudden flight
My daunted foe ; and this I know,
For God defends my right.
10. In God, enabling me,
I will his word proclaim ;
Yea, in the Lord, will I record
His word's due praise and fame.
11. In God alone have I
Reposed my trust for aid ;
Let mortal man do what he can,
I will not be afraid.
12. Thy vows upon me lie ;
Lord, I must pay the same :
And I always, will render praise
To thy most holy name.
13. For thou my soul hast freed,
From death so near at hand,
And wilt not thou uphold me now,
And make my feet to stand ?

That I may still proceed
 To walk as in thy sight
 And spend my days unto thy praise,
 With them that live in light.

ZACHARY BOYD.

Outside, and near the bottom of the square tower, as seen from the area of the second quadrangle of the University of Glasgow, there is a rude representation of a human face in stone. "It is," says Dibdin,* "That of the once celebrated Zachary Boyd—one of the greatest benefactors to the College: a compound of fanaticism and kind feeling: now a Poet, and now a Writer of mystical prose; of a proud bearing to-day, and in humble penitence to-morrow: this month of sad and melancholy temperament; the next agile in foot, and gay in demeanour." The foregoing brief sketch of one of the most extraordinary of the old Scotch Ministers, is, on the whole, characteristic enough, except that it includes no allusion to the learning, which, however inferior to that of his cousin,† was undoubtedly an important element in the mind of this singular man. The exact period of Boyd's birth is not known: but in 1623, he was ordained Minister of the Church of the Barony Parish of Glasgow, in which situation he continued, amidst all the vicissitudes of the times,

* NORTHERN TOUR, vol. ii. p. 703.

† Rev. Robt. Boyd, Minister of Trochrigg, one of the most learned Scotchmen of his time: he is said not only to have written, but to have spoken Greek with fluency.

till his death. He was likewise Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, in the years 1634, 35, and 45. The energy and activity of his mind might almost appear incredible, if the fact of his having found time to write so much, engaged as he was in the stirring events of the times, did not rest on the evidence of his manuscripts still in existence. Living as he did amidst the most signal revolutions in Church and State, and filling a situation too influential not to compromise his position with both parties in the awful strife, his character has generally been drawn in conformity with the prevailing prejudice of the biographer. He was of a daring, independent, truth-loving spirit; and seems to have had as little respect for the republican authority of the "Lord Protector," as his predecessor Knox had for the womanly feelings of his royal mistress: the latter openly rebuked the trembling but powerless Mary Queen of Scots—the former, so boldly inveighed against Cromwell to his face, in the Cathedral of Glasgow, that Thurloe, the Secretary, proposed to "pistol the Preacher" there and then! In 1630, Boyd gave 500 marks toward the University Library, adding, not only the foundation of a bursary, but a large collection of books, and sums of money, at different times, amounting to £20,000 Scots.

Among the books are the donor's own works, mostly theological, and consisting of seventeen quarto manuscript volumes,* several of these are

* A very curious and complete analysis of these manuscripts, together with a list of Boyd's printed works, are prefixed to his "Last Battle of the Soul in Death," which was reprinted in Glasgow in 1831, under the editorship of Gabriel Neil. In addition to an engraving of the fine manly likeness of the author, from the original picture in the University of Glasgow, and a highly interesting biographical sketch, the volume alluded to contains ample excerpts from the "Flowers of Zion," and other poetical pieces.

in rhyme, and have been said to comprise a Metrical Version of the whole Bible : this latter statement, however, is not strictly accurate ; for although the entire narrative of the “ Four Evangels ” is rendered in verse, somewhat in the style of the Acts of the Apostles, by Dr. Tye, in Edward the Sixth’s time ; the other work, entitled “ Zion’s Flowers,” does not contain, by any means, the entire of the Old Testament, but rather, as Dr. Fleming, who has published specimens, says, “ several of the most striking incidents of Holy Writ, cast into the Dramatic form.” The metre, which is, for the most part, so far doggrel, that a design to ridicule the Bible has been most unjustly imputed to the Author, not unfrequently exhibits a striking degree of ease and mellifluence ; but on the whole, it resembles a good deal the poetry of old Joshua Sylvester, in his translation of Du Bartas. Boyd died in 1654, aged about 65. In his lifetime appeared three editions of “ The Psalmes of David, in Meeter,” by his hand. The first and second editions I have not met with ; the *third*, from which the specimen below was extracted, is a very small book, “ Printed at Glasgow, by George Anderson, anno. 1646.” It is said in the title to be “ By Mr. Zachary Boyd, Preacher of God’s Word,” with verse 54 of Psalm 119 in English, and verse 2 of Psalm 34, in Hebrew, as mottoes. In his address “ To the Reader,” the Author states, that besides a strict collation with the Hebrew, “ this edition hath been made shorter than the former [by] the number of eleven hundred lines and more.” He afterwards adds—“ To the end that the judgment of my brethren may be known, I shall send copies to the most part of the presbyteries of the kingdom, whom

I humbly intreat to let me know their minde at the next General Assembly by their Commissioners. It is incumbent to you, who are of the tribe of Levi, to meddle with such a work, that concerns the public worship of God in his sanctuary." When the General Assembly, in 1647, appointed a Committee to prepare that Version of the Psalms which is still in use in the Church of Scotland, they recommended that the labours of Boyd should be taken advantage of: it will be inferred, however, from the specimen annexed, that there could be little to tempt selection in such hobbling metre and inverted phraseology, as the following—though neither the best nor the worst which might have been adduced. It may be mentioned, that the book contains, besides the Psalms, fourteen paraphrases of "The Songs of the Old and New Testament."

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1. Thou chearfully with my whole heart
 Shalt praised be by me,
 Yea ev'n before the gods I wil
 Sing praises unto thee.
2. Thy holy Temple towards I
 With reverence worship wil :
 And by me thy most glorious Name
 Shall hence be praised stil :
 For thy kindnesse that loving is,
 And for thy truth O LORD :
 For Thou high above all thy Name
 hast magnifid thy word.
3. When in the day of troubles I
 did cry, thou answeredst me
 And also with strength in my soul,
 thou diddest strengthen me.
4. All kings of th' earth shall praise the LORD
 when thy mouth's words they hear :

5. Yea in the LORDS ways they shall sing
for greats his glory heer.
 6. Though that the Lord be high, yet he
to them that lowly are
Hath a respect, but who are proud
he knoweth them afar.
 7. Though I in midst of trouble walk
I from thee life shall have,
Gainst my foe's wrath thoult stretch thy hand,
thy right hand shall me save.
 8. GOD will perfite what me concerns
for ay thy mercy stands,
O LORD ; do thou not now forsake
the works of thine own hands.
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BISHOP HALL.

Joseph Hall, D.D., the eminent and learned Bishop of Norwich, died in 1656. His genius was not less prolific than vigorous and acute, his published Works forming five folio volumes ; from his masculine cast of thought, and sententious style, the author has been called the “ English Seneca.” Among his Prose Works, his “ Meditations” are best known ; while in rhyme, his Six Books of “ Satires” shew him to have been no mean proficient in a walk of composition where we never look for any particular amenity, and of which the age when he lived especially, excused coarseness of language. Yet is Bishop Hall universally allowed to have been “ a man of great wit and learning, and of as great meekness, modesty, and piety.” His Psalms, ten in number, were versified and published as a sample

and earnest of what he was willing to have done further in that Work, had he been sufficiently encouraged by authority. There is a rough vigour in his verse, and an occasional use of harsh or out-of-the-way terms, which would not be much likely to recommend his strains to fastidious ears. “ Indeed,” says he, in the dedication of “ Some few of David’s Psalms, Metaphrased, for a Taste of the Rest,” to his cousin, Archdeacon Barton—“ Indeed, my Poetry was long since out of date, and yielded her place to graver studies : but whose vein would not revive, to look into those heavenly songs ? I were not worthy to be a Divine, if it should repent me to be a Poet with David, after I shall have aged in the pulpit. This Work is holy and strict, and abides not any youthful or heathenish liberty : but requires hands free from profaneness, looseness, and affection. It is a service to God and the Church, by so much more carefully to be regarded, as it is more common. For who is there, that will not challenge a part in this labour ? And that shall not find himself much more affected with holy measure rightly composed ? Wherefore, I have oft wondered, how it could be offensive to our adversaries, that these Divine ditties, which the Spirit of God wrote in verse, should be sung in verse ; and that a Hebrew Poem should be made English. For if this kind of composition had been unfit, God would never have made choice of numbers, wherein to express himself. Neither do I see how it can be offensive to our friends, that we should desire our English Metaphrase bettered.—I have been solicited by some reverend friends to undertake this task ; as that, which seemed well to accord with the former exercises of my

youth, and my present profession. The difficulties I found many; the Work, long and great: yet not more painful than beneficial to God's Church: whereto as I dare not profess any sufficiency; so I will not deny my readiness and utmost endeavour, if I shall be employed by authority." The worthy and learned Prelate, however, was not so employed: nor will many persons, it is probable, much regret at the present time, that, instead of a few nervous specimens, we have not an entire version from his hand. Hall appears, indeed, to have had some misgiving as to the want of smoothness in his metres; for in a letter, accompanying the presentation of his performance to Hugh Cholmondely, he says, "There is none of all my labours so open to all censures; none, whereof I would so willingly hear the verdict of the wise and the judicious. Perhaps some may think the verse harsh; whose nice ear regards roundness, more than sense. I embrace sweetness, but affect it not. Others may blame the difficulty of the tunes, whose humour cannot be pleased, without a greater offence: for to say truth, I could never see good verse written in the wonted measures—I ever thought them most easy and least poetical."*

PSALM VII.

1. On thee, O Lord my God, relies
My onely trust: from bloody spight
Of all my raging enemies
Oh! let thy mercy me acquite.
2. Lest they, like greedy Lyons, rend
My soule, while none shall it defend.
3. O Lord, if I this thing have wrought,
If in my hands be found such ill;

* Bishop Hall's Works, vol. vii. p. 158. 8vo. edition.

4. If I with mischief ever sought
To pay good turnes, or did not still
Doe good unto my causeless foe,
That thirsted for my overthrow ;
5. Then, let my foe in eager chase,
O'ertake my soule, and proudly tread
My life below, and with disgrace
In dust laye downe mine honour dead,
6. Rise up in rage, O Lord, eft soone
Advance thine arme against my fo'ne.

And wake for me, till thou fulfill
7. My promis'd right : so shall glad throngs
Of people flock unto thy hill.
For their sakes then revenge my wrongs,
8. And rouse thyself. Thy judgments be
O'er all the world : Lord, judge thou me.

As truth and honest innocence
Thou find'st in me, Lord, judge thou me :
9. Settle the just with sure defence :
Let me the wicked's malice see
10. Brought to an end. For thy just eye
Doth heart and inward reines descry.
11. My safety stands in God, who shields
The sound in heart : whose doome, each day,
12. To just men and contemnners yeelds
13. Their due. Except he change his way,
His sword is whet, to blood intended ;
His murdering bow is ready bended.
14. Weapons of death he hath addrest
And arrowes keene to pierce my foe,
15. Who late bred mischief in his breast ;
But, when he doth on travell goe,
16. Brings forth a lye ; deep pits doth delve,
And fall into his pits himselfe.
17. Back to his own head shall rebound
His plotted mischief : and his wrongs
18. His crowne shall craze : But I shall sound
Jehovah's praise with thankful songs,
And with his glorious name expresse,
And tell of all his righteousness.

FRANCIS ROUSE.

Francis Rouse was born at Halton, in Cornwall, in 1579, and studied at Oxford. He was elected M.P. for Truro, shewed himself an active man for the Commonwealth, and became a Member of Cromwell's Council. He wrote a number of works of a political and theological character; and being highly Calvinistic in doctrine, and Presbyterian in his views of Church Government, he was held in considerable estimation by the then ruling powers.* Parliament being desirous of superseding the Psalms of Sternhold and Hopkins, then used and popular in the Church, either employed Rouse, or he set himself to make a new Version more conformable to the Calvinistic worship; it is generally believed that this was published in 1641. In 1643, the Assembly of Divines then sitting at Westminster† were desired to consider the subject of Psalmody: they accord-

* The Rev. John Ward, of Stratford-on-Avon, who died about 1680, records in one of his Common Place Books, lately published, the following anecdote of Rouse:—"Mr. Dod told mee this storie: the business of tithes in the Protector's time, being once hotly agitated in the Council, Mr. Rouse stood upp, and bespake them thus: 'Gentlemen,' says hee, 'I'll tell you a storie; being travelling in Germany, my boot in a place being torne, I staid to have it mended, and then came to me a very ingenious man and mended itt; I staying the Lord's day in that place, saw one who came upp to preach who was very like the man that mended my boot; I enquired and found it was hee. It grieved mee much. They told me they had tithes formerly; but now being taken away, the minister was fain to take any employment on him to get a living.' I heard the storie turned the Protector, and he presently cried out, 'well, they shall never mend shoes while I live.'"

† The following passage relative to the proceedings of the Assembly in the matter of Psalmody, occurs in that curious old work, Baillie's Letters and Journals, p. 120:—"One of the Committee matters is the Psalter. Ane old most honest member of the House of Commons, Mr. Rous, hes helped the Old

ingly read over Mr. Rouse's Version, and after several amendments, sent it up to the House of Commons, Nov. 14, 1645, with the following recommendation: "Whereas the Honourable House of Commons, by an order bearing date Nov. 20, 1643, have recommended the Psalms published by Mr. Rouse to the consideration of the Assembly of Divines, the Assembly has caused them to be carefully perused, and as they are now altered and amended do approve them, and humbly conceive they may be useful and profitable to the Church, if they be permitted to be publicly sung." The revised Version was accordingly reprinted in 1645, by authority of both Houses of Parliament, and recommended to general acceptance: it was, however, only very partially adopted in England, though its success in Scotland was, as might be expected, far different. In a pamphlet lately published advocating an improvement of our National Psalmody, the Northern Version is thus noticed: "The Version now in use by the Kirk of Scotland undoubtedly comes nearer than any other to the original. The rendering is somewhat rough and uncouth in certain passages; but as a whole it is most magnificent.* The General

Psalter, in the most places faultie. His friends are very pressing in the Assembly that his book may be examined, and helped by the Author in what places it shall be found meet, and then be commended to the Parliament, that they may injoin the public use of it. *One of their considerations is, the great private advantage which would by this book come to their friend:* but manie do oppose the motion; the most because the work is not so well done as they think it might. Mr. Nye did speak much against a tie to anie Psalter, and something against the singing of paraphrases, as of preaching of homilies. *We underhand will mightilie oppose it;* for the Psalter is a great part of our uniformitie, which we cannot let pass till our Church be well advysed with it. I wish I had Rowallen's Psalter here; for I like it much better than anie yet I have seen."

* The origin of this opinion will be found in the life of Dr. Johnson, where Boswell says:—"After looking at various Metrical Versions of the Psalms, I am well satisfied that the Version used in Scotland is, upon the whole, the best; and that it is in vain to think of having a better. It has in general a simplicity and *unction* of sacred poesy; and in many parts its transfusion is admirable."

Assembly for some years annually appointed a Committee to revise it, but their labours never came to any thing : and we believe it was on the suggestion of Sir Walter Scott that no further attempt was made to alter it.* He considered it with all its acknowledged (occasional) harshness, so beautiful, that any alterations must eventually prove only so many blemishes ; and most undoubtedly Sir Walter Scott was right. Now though we speak thus highly of the Scotch Psalms, we freely admit that they are not suited for general use in England ; but this much we must add, that whoever may attempt a new rendering of the Songs of David into metre, or an adaptation of existing ones to the pressing necessities of the Church, ought to be fully *imbued with the spirit of that prince of versions.*" This is, indeed, high praise, and not perhaps wholly unmerited ; but surely less capable of being defended in its widest meaning, than the sentence of Dr. Drake, a judge possessing much taste undoubtedly, who speaks of the performance of Rouse, the parent of "that prince of versions," as "so thoroughly wretched in its execution, that nothing short of the most compulsory measures could have brought it into use." Such indeed appears to have been the opinion even of those of his contemporaries who were unbiassed by Presbyterian preferences. Butler even places him below the poorest Poet of the Old Version : for he tells that "when Rouse stood forth upon his trial, Robin Wisdom was found the better Poet." The writer of an article in *Frazer's Maga-*

* The common Scotch Version, like that of Sternhold and Hopkins, now in use, appears to have been altered at different times without authority. Barton, as we have seen, alludes to it in the Preface to his Edition of "the Psalms in metre," 1682.

zine, (May, 1839,) contends that the Kirk Psalm Book ought to be the basis of an English one. "It is," says he, called the Scotch Version; but the fact is that it was executed by Francis Rouse, a person of notoriety in the days of Oliver Cromwell, and if we mistake not, a Member of the Long Parliament. It ought to be the basis of a national English Version. The suggestion of Sir Walter Scott, we may remark, however, ought not to be scrupulously adhered to in the Kirk. There are portions of the Scottish Version intolerable, which the merest tyro might infinitely polish."

It is somewhat remarkable that although every one who has given any account of our Metrical Psalmody, mentions Rouse and his Version, not one of them speaks as having ever seen a copy, or states where one is to be found. And still more curious is it that Rouse's book has hitherto been so far from ever being identified with its real author, that it is always either spoken of as anonymous,* or is attributed to the Printer.† The following is its title:—"The PSALMS of DAVID in English Meeter. (Psal. 47. v. 7. Words in Hebrew.) *Sing ye Praises with Under-*

* Cotton's List of Versions, &c., where there is a specimen, as of an unknown author.

† Tattersall, who, speaking of the printer as a Poet, says his attempt is "very praiseworthy, but altogether unfit for the intended purpose. But though he was unsuccessful in respect to his performance, I cannot help uniting most cordially with him in the devout prayer wherewith he concludes his Preface,—'that the glory of God, by the more improved, chearful, and spiritual singing of Psalms, together with the edification of the singer, may be advanced, and likewise that those Psalms, which in this place of warfare and pilgrimage have in them some mixture of complaints and tears, may, to him that spiritually useth them, be forerunners of those heavenly songs and hallelujahs which shall be sung in that concert above, by the choir of Angels and glorified Saints, where sorrow and mourning shall cease, and where songs shall have nothing in them but matter of joy to him who sings them, and of glory, honour, and praise to him to whom they are sung; where by continual returns joy shall arise from praise, and praise from joy, to all eternity.'"

standing. London, printed by Miles Flesher, for the Company of Stationers, 1646.” Although I am not aware of the existence of any copy with the name of Rouse in the title page, a comparison of these Psalms with the received Scottish Version—altered as the latter have been, is sufficient to establish the identity of the original. But through the kindness of Mr. D. Laing, of the Signet Library, Edinburgh, I am enabled to inform the reader, that in the valuable collection just named, there is a copy of the work with the following *Imprimatur* facing the title :—“ *Die Veneris* 4. *Novemb.* 1645. It is this “ day ordered by the Commons assembled in Parliament, That this Book of Psalms set forth by “ Mr. Rous, and perused by the Assembly of “ Divines, be forthwith printed : And that it be “ referred to Mr. Rous to take care for the printing “ thereof : and that none do presume to print it, but “ such as shall be authorised by him. *H. Elsing*— “ *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.*” Each Psalm is accompanied with the Prose Version of King James, printed in the margin.

PSALM XCIX.

1. Jehovah he doth reign as King,
then let the people quake ;
He sits between the Cherubims,
let the earth therefore shake.
2. The Lord's in Sion great and high
above all people is ;
3. Let them thy great and dreadful Name
extol, for holy 'tis.
4. The King's strength also Judgment loves
thou settest equity ;
For judgment thou didst execute
in Jacob righteously.

5. The Lord our God exalt on hy,
and reverently do ye
Before his footstool worship him,
the holy one is he.
6. Moses and Aaron with his Priests,
samuel with them that call
Upon his Name ; these call'd on God,
and he them answer'd all.
7. Within the pillar of the cloud
he unto them did speak ;
The testimonies they, and law
he gave them, did not break.
8. Thou answerdst them, O Lord our God,
thou wast their pardoning God ;
Yet their inventions thou didst scourge,
with a revenging rod.
9. Exalt the Lord our God, and at
the holy hill of his,
Him worship ye because the Lord
our God most holy is.

Rouse obtained the important situation of Provost of Eton College, his portrait being still preserved in the Master's Lodge. He was by one of his contemporaries styled the "old illiterate Jew of Eton ;" why he was called a Jew does not appear : as for his learning, it may have been inferior to that of the "ever memorable" Hales, who was expelled from his fellowship of Eton for not swearing to the Engagement in 1649, but he certainly could not with propriety be said to be illiterate : old he might be, for his life was prolonged till 1658. He was buried in Eton College Church : "Mr. Oxenden," says Wood, "preaching his "funeral sermon." The same authority adds :—"Soon after were hanged up over his grave a standard, pennon, &c., and other ensigns relating to Barons, containing the arms of the several matches

of his family. All which continuing there till 1661, were then pulled down with scorn by the loyal Provost and fellows, and thrown aside as tokens and badges of baseness and rebellion. Those of his party did declare openly to the world that he 'needed no monument besides his own printed Works and the memorials of his last will, to convey his name to posterity. And that the other Works of his life were Works of Charity, wherein he was most exemplary, as the poor in many parts would, after the loss of him, tell you.' ”*

The leading circumstances connected with the formation of the present authorised Scottish Version on the basis of the paraphrase of Rouse, have been mentioned in the Introduction, as well as the reluctance of the Kirk to yield to innovation in the matter of its Metrical Psalmody. When about 1779 the question of a new Metrical Version of the Psalms was talked about in Scotland, some letters on the subject passed between Sir W. Forbes and Dr. Beattie, the latter having composed two specimens in illustration, it would seem, of a venerable truism—for surely such must be the opinion, that, “if two Versions be in all other *only equal*, that which has the fewest words would be thought the better.”† The specimens do not exist to enable us to judge of their merit. In 1773, a New Version was offered by the Rev. James Maxwell, who, strangely enough, in such a Work has quashed the bearing of every phrase having reference to instrumental music! But even this singular expedient seems not to have influenced the

* Athenæ, Oxon.

† Forbes's Life of Beattie, ii. 33, Quarto Ed.

Kirk.* In 1811, again in 1814, and lastly, in 1820, attempts were made, not to supersede the Old Version, but to introduce, under the designation of "Additional Psalmody," metrical paraphrases of several of the Psalms, executed in a style conformable to the taste and skill of the age. Several eminent Poets were asked to contribute; some of them did so, and their Versions, along with those of persons more immediately concerned, were printed by order of the General Assembly, and sent to the different Presbyteries for their inspection. By the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Brunton, of Edinburgh, who took an active part in this business, I have before me, a copy of the proposed "Additional Psalmody;" it comprises Versions of upwards of thirty Psalms, or portions of Psalms, besides a number of Hymns, or other Scriptures: several of the former, possess considerable merit as poetical compositions, and I was anxious to identify them with the names of their Authors respectively, but Dr. Brunton assures me that he does not know them. I suspect, however, he could have furnished me with the name of the versifier of at least *one* of the specimens, which I should have been gratified to have recorded in that connection, in these pages. The whole project slumbers at present, as it has done for nearly twenty years.

* It should be mentioned, that however the old reformers of the Scottish Church might abominate the organ "that auld kist fu o' whistles," and other instruments of music in their places of worship, they paid great attention to singing. John Knox's Book of Psalms, called the "common tunes," is still extant, and is used in the Churches. It consists of four parts; a treble, tenor, counter-alt, and bass. The harmony of these tunes is allowed to be learned and full, and proves them to be the Work of very able masters in counterpoint.

JOHN MILTON.

Few persons of taste, it may be presumed, could read "Paradise Lost," or any other of the original poems of its immortal author for the first time, and then be told that there existed Versions of a score Psalms by the same hand, without having their expectations very greatly raised as to the merit of the latter—nor, on the other hand, would they, it is probable, on a perusal of these translations, fail to be impressed with their immense inferiority to almost every other production bearing the name of Milton. But although so decidedly inferior, in almost every respect to those works which have placed their author at the head of English Poets of the highest order of genius, and while also they are far from being comparable with achievements in the same line, by men otherwise boasting no very elevated rank in our "British choir," the Versions of Milton have been somewhat unduly disparaged by their being compared with the leading productions of the same mind, rather than with those of other versifiers of the Psalms. But whatever may be the merit or the demerit of the compositions in question, the assertion that they afford an illustration of the measure of success to be looked for in others, is singularly gratuitous; and yet something very like this is ventured in Mason's "Essays on English Church Music," the Author of which was not only himself an elegant Poet, but an *improver* of Psalms from the

Old Version. His words are:—"A literal Version of the Psalms may boldly be asserted to be impracticable; for, if it were not, a Poet so great as Milton would not, even in his earliest youth, have proved himself so very little of a formidable rival, as he has done, to Thomas Sternhold." Milton not only lived in an age when Metrical Psalmody was much cultivated, but he was brought under its immediate influence, and evidently loved "the pealing organ," and "the full-voiced quire;" his father was skilled in music, having, it is said, composed some of the tunes in Ravenscroft's Psalms. Be this as it may, the earliest known efforts of the muse of "Paradise Lost," are Versions of two Psalms, the 114th and 136th, "done by the Author at fifteen years old," both of which contain, if not indications of the future Poet, at least no traces of juvenile imperfection.* In 1648, the year in which Charles I. was beheaded, Milton, then 40 years of age, resumed the experiment which had amused his boyhood; the result is extant, under the title of "Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein, all but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, translated from the original." These Psalms are the 80th to

* Passages in "Paradise Lost" have been pointed out, as indicating that the author was familiar with Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas: and many lines of the 114th Psalm, Milton's first avowed poetical attempt, as well as the 136th, have been adduced to shew that the writer, while yet a boy, must have been well acquainted with the once popular work above named, even if it did not suggest the style of versification which he adopted in his juvenile rhymes. In addition to the passages that have been selected by Dunster, as containing peculiar epithets common to the venerable translator of Du Bartas, and the author of "Paradise Lost," a colour of probability has been given to the hypothesis above mentioned, by the fact that the first edition of the English Version of the "Divine Weeks" was printed by "Humfrey Lownes, dwelling on Bread street-hill," at the very time when Milton was actually living with his father in Bread-street; and it is not improbable that a love of books would make him a visitor at the shop of his neighbour, the printer, who appears also to have been a man of poetical taste.—*Dunster's Considerations on Milton's Early Reading*, 1800.

to the 88th, both inclusive ; and from the comparatively small number of words in *italics*, as indicative of poetical expletives, they prove how very near—how all but *literal*, even an English Metrical Version of the Psalms might have been made by Milton—how much nearer to perfection, the experiment of a “literal” rendering could be carried ; or what would be the value of complete success, were that attainable, are different questions. In 1653, after he had lost his sight, and when he must have commenced “Paradise Lost,” Milton once more returned to the Psalms. Whether or not he contemplated a Version of the whole does not appear, though it might be supposed he did, from the fact of his beginning with the first Psalm, and rendering that, and the seven following in succession. So heartily, indeed, does he appear to have addressed himself to this “labour of love,” that the eight Psalms are all dated within six days, i. e., between the 8th and the 14th of August. In these translations Milton has dropped the scheme of distinguishing between the original and superadded matter by means of italics : they are, however, for the most part, not only very close Versions, but they contain, as Warton has remarked, “some very poetical expressions.” The following will illustrate the peculiarity above referred to, as characterising Milton’s earlier Versions :—

PSALM LXXXI.

1. To God our strength sing loud and *clear*,
Sing loud to God *our King* ;
To Jacob’s God, *that all may hear*,
Loud acclamations ring.
2. Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring ;
The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,
And harp *with pleasant string*.

3. Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon,
With trumpets' *lofty sound*,
The appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast *comes round*.
4. This was a statute *given of old*
For Israel *to observe* ;
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold*,
From whence they might not swerve.
5. This he a testimony ordained
In Joseph, *not to change*,
When as he pass'd through Egypt land ;
The tongue I heard was strange.
6. From burden, *and from slavish toil*,
I set his shoulder free :
His hands from pots, *and miry soil*,
Deliver'd were *by me*.
7. When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call ;
And I to free thee *did not fail*,
And led thee out of thrall.
8. I answer'd thee in thunder deep,
With clouds encompass'd round ;
I tried thee at the water *steep*
Of Meriba *renown'd*.
9. Hear, O my people, *hearken well* ;
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me :
10. Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be ;
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
In honour bend thy knee.
11. I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Egypt land ;
Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
Will grant thy full demand.
12. And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice ;
And Israel, *whom I loved so dear*,
Misliked me for his choice.
13. Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind ;

- Their own conceits they followed still,
 Their own devices blind.
14. O, that my people would *be wise*,
 To serve me *all their days* !
 And O, that Israel would *advise*
 To walk my *righteous* ways !
15. Then would I soon bring down their foes,
 That now so proudly rise ;
 And turn my hand against *all those*,
 That are their enemies.
16. Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
 To bow to him and bend ;
 But *they, his people, should remain* ;
 Their time should have no end :
17. And he would feed them *from the shock*
 With flour of finest wheat,
 And satisfy them from the rock
 With honey for their meat.
-

SIR WILLIAM MURE.

Sir William was born about 1594, at Rowallan, in Ayrshire,* a Scottish County, identified with the nativity of more than one man of genius in modern times—he was the eldest son of the family, his father bearing the same baptismal name. His mother was the sister of Alexander Montgomerie, the quaint and fanciful Author of the once popular allegorical poem of “The Cherry and the Slae,” and other pieces afore noticed. Young Mure paid early court to the Muses, for he wrote a version of the story of Dido

* *Kilmarnock Journal*, Sept. 3, 1840. To an interesting article on Sir W. Mure in this newspaper, and to the obliging personal communications for which I am indebted to its author, Mr. R. Crawford, of Kilmarnock, the reader owes the information contained in the present notice of the fine old Scottish Poet.

and Æneas before his twentieth year; and some verses by him in pure English, are dated as early as 1611, when he could only be about seventeen. The earliest published specimen of Sir William's composition is an address to the King at Hamilton, on his progress through the country in 1617, which is printed in a collection, entitled "The Muse's Welcome." Several productions of his youth are also extant, chiefly on amatory subjects, written in English, in the manner of the contemporary Poets of the South, and partaking of their strength of language and delicacy of sentiment. While still young, he seems to have betaken himself, like some of his contemporaries, to more serious subjects for his Muse. In 1628, he translated Boyd of Trochrig's fine latin poem, "Hecatombe Christiana," into English Sapphic measure; and in the subsequent year, published his "True Crucifixe for True Catholiques," with the purpose of exposing the sin and folly of worshipping that great object of Romish idolatry. The greater part of his writings, however, are still in manuscript, a circumstance which, from the specimens published, it is impossible not to regret—especially so far as regards a selection of the best parts.

When the religious troubles first broke out in Scotland, Sir William, although he had shewn a leaning to royalty, by the publication of complimentary odes, attached himself to the popular cause, and took the command of a company in the Ayrshire regiment, in the first troops raised against the King. In his poetry, however, he seems chiefly intolerant of priestly domination; his political principles appearing to be of a safe kind, except, indeed, that he

would intrust to the civil magistrate to have "God's foes degraded—*rooted* from the land." In 1643, the Poet was a member of the Parliament or Convention, which ratified the Solemn League and Covenant with England; and next year, he marched with the troops, which, in terms of that treaty, were sent to aid the Parliamentary cause. On July 2, 1644, he was wounded in the battle of Long Marston Moor, and a month afterwards, he assisted at the storming of Newcastle, where he commanded his regiment, in consequence of his superior officer being disabled. It is not known whether this was the Poet's last campaign: nor does any further important notice of him occur, till 1658, when, as we have seen, the General Assembly instructed the Committee appointed to revise Rouse's Psalms, to avail themselves of the "travels" of Rowallan. It does not appear that Sir William's Version of the Psalms was ever published; nor have I been able to ascertain where the MS. is kept: it is probably, however, in the custody of the Marquis of Hastings. About a dozen years ago, there was found in Rowallan Castle, a large chest, filled, apparently, with Sir W. Mure's manuscripts, poems, notes of sermons, &c. So little was the Land Steward, aware of the value of the papers, or so little store did he set by them, that some volumes were carried off: and I believe the Loudon family were not aware of the discovery, until they were asked to patronize the publication of a volume, containing the genealogy of the progenitors of the Countess, when all further unauthorised investigation was put an end to, by the removal of the chest to Loudon Castle.

Of the merit of Sir William Mure's Version of the Psalms, as a whole, we are without the means

of judging : Principal Baillie, has incidently mentioned in his Letters, that the Assembly “rather preferred” the paraphrase of the Laird of Rowallan to that of Zachray Boyd : but one or two of the sonnets of the former, had I room to give them, would depose more favourably for his genius, than the comparison adverted to. “ Sir William, like his tuneful contemporary, Drummond, of Hawthornden, seems to have been early disposed and prepared to enjoy and improve the advantages of the solitude and quiet of a country life ; and few situations could be more adapted to this taste than the deep seclusion of Rowallan Castle on his paternal estate ; a spot, which, from the beauty of its well-wooded dell, and the charming meanderings of the brook Carmel, that ripples past its base, seemed purposely formed to foster and expand the powers of an imagination dedicated by the charmed votary, even in his spring-time of life, to religious musings, and the contemplations of a fervent piety. The poetry of Sir William, exhibits, in a strong light, the effect which the union of the Crowns of England and Scotland by James I. produced upon the literature of the latter country, by holding up to imitation, the effusions of the Poets of the Elizabethan era, and inducing the Scottish Poets to attempt compositions in a pure English style. Sir William’s sonnets, while they do not exhibit the touching melancholy, the graceful tenderness, and the sentimental affection for solitude of those of Drummond of Hawthornden, betray an equally amiable and affectionate temperament, and a nearly equal delicacy of conception and execution. While it must be admitted that they evince, like the compositions of many of the minor Poets of the age, numerous instances of cold and forced conceits, and

the over refinements of the Italian school, they are wholly free from the insipidity, the mean associations, and the coarseness, which betray the low tone of mind characterising the enlightened classes in society at that period.”*

About fifteen years ago, the Rev. William Muir published “The Historie and Descent of the House of Rowallane,” originally compiled by the Poetical Knight, who therein sets down of himself that he “was pious and learned, and had ane excellent vaine of poyesie; he delyted much in building, and planting, builded the new wark in the north syde of the close, and the battlement of the back wall, and reformed the whole exceedingly.” Sir William died in 1657. The noble trees that yet surround Rowallan Castle, as well as the building itself, bear evidence to the correctness of the foregoing testimony, exhibiting indeed proofs of a taste and refinement beyond the spirit of the times, from the well carved crest of arms over the front entrance, to the “louping-on-stane” at the outer portal. The family of Mure was one of the most ancient in Ayrshire, and through Elizabeth Mure, the first wife of Robert II. had mingled its blood with the royal line. It terminated in the mother of the late Marchioness of Hastings.† Through the kindness of Mr. Crawford, I was made acquainted with the “Historie” above-mentioned, which not only contains a good deal of information about the Mures and neighbouring families, but

* Kilmarnock Journal.

† It might also be imagined that the genius of the family of Mure had survived the last lineal representative, since at the very moment of writing this note, I see announced a volume of Poems by the late Lady Flora Hastings, whose death, subsequent to cruel treatment, by certain parties at Court, produced so general a sensation throughout the country.

some letters by the poetical Sir William, and what was still more gratifying—specimens of his Metrical Version of the Psalms. They are thus introduced : “ So far as the Editor can learn, Sir William’s Version was never printed : the following extracts are taken from his own MS. In a short Preface, he says :—‘ It is not to be presumed that the Version, in the first draught, attained the intendid perfection. Let the reader observe, and comport with this essaye, till (the Lord furnishing greater measure of light, and better convenience of tyme), they be amendit. July 12, 1639.’ ”

“ To all the sinceare seekers of the Lord, and in him speretual furniture, from the rich fountanes of his holy word.”

“ Let not seem strange that (here) no studied phrase,
 Charme thy conceat, and itching eare amaze ;
 Simplicitie of words, still grave, bold, plaine,
 The spirit (doubtless) did not chuisse in vain.
 Pure streams from puirest fountanes to present,
 In david’s language david’s mind to vent,
 My purpose is. Though for the task, but able
 As we a living face see on a Table
 In charcoales’ draughts ; or, as a body true,
 The eye takes up, when but its shade we view.
 Yet for the chairge (in strength how ere uneaven,)
 As God hath furnischt, I againe have given ;
 Where, so thou lyff, and pow’r, from him perceave,
 Both for thy good and mine, my end I have.
 For if I can, while I with david sing,
 To david’s harp, my hart in consort bring,
 And profitte thee, so good the glorie gett,
 To my weak ayme, no end beside is set.”

The specimens of Mure’s Version given by his reverend namesake, are Psalms 15, 23, and 122. The first bears no resemblance to the paraphrase in the common Scottish Version ; the second not much

more; but in the other, as given below, there are resemblances too striking to satisfy us in referring them to the casual coincidence of expression in two independent versifiers of the same original.

PSALM CXXII.

I joy'd, when to the hous of God
Wee'l go, to me they said :
Jerusalem, within thy gates
Our feet thy courts shall tread.

Thou built art, O Jerusalem,
As comlie citties be,
Whose pairts compactlie all contrived,
Together do aggree.

Thither the Tribes, Jehovah's Tribes,
To prayse his name repair,
To Israel's glory they go up,
The testimonie there.

For thrones for judgment there, the thrones
Of David's house are sett ;
Pray for her peace : Jerusalem,
Much good thy lovers gett.

Tranquilite, and welfare have
They ; Peace be in thy fort ;
Prosperitie thy Palices
May fill above report.

O peace be on thee, for thy mates
And brethren's sake, I'll say ;
And for the house of God o'ur Lord,
Thy good I'll wish alway.

HENRY KING, D.D.

Henry King, son of that Bishop of London, whom James I. used to style "the King of Preachers," was born in 1591. His "Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets," have secured for him the title of an elegant Poet, a claim that would hardly have been allowed on the credit of the Work in connection with which his name appears in these pages. Dr. King, whose attainments as a scholar were not less conspicuous than his accomplishments as a Poet, was raised to the See of Chichester, which dignity he held at the time of the death of Charles I. : and he died in 1669. In 1651, the Bishop published "The Psalms of David, from the New Translation of the Bible turned into metre." This was the first edition of the work, and was anonymous—unless the author could be said to have discovered himself in a sort of monogram at the end of the Preface, which appears to be formed of the letters H. K. B.c., the initials of his name and his See : the troubles of the times probably suggesting the suppression of the name at full. Anthony Wood thus records the origin of Dr. King's Version :—"This worthy Bishop being at Divine Service on Sunday in a certain Church, (at Langley, I think, in Bucks,) and hearing there a Psalm sung, whose wretched expression quite marred the penman's matter, and his devotion, he did at his return home that evening, try whether from the Version of our Bible, he could

not easily and with plainness, suiting the lowest understanding, deliver it from that garb, which indeed made it ridiculous. From one to another he passed on until the whole book was run through : which done, he could not resist the advice and importunity of better judgments than his own to put it to press.* The Bishop in his Preface says, “ The general distaste taken at some unhandsome expressions in the Old [Version,] which both disfigured the meaning of the Holy Ghost, and reproached our English Tongue, (that did not afford a decent clothing to preserve them from the scorn of those who apprehended any occasion to quarrel with us,) invited me to try whether they might not in the plainest dress of language be freed from those disparagements of the text, which gave offence.” Success in hitting upon “ the plainest dress of language,” is the only merit which can be accorded to this labour of the learned Prelate ; for otherwise accomplished as his original Works shew him to have been, it would not be easy to name a Version of the Psalms, which presents, on the whole, less to redeem it from the character of baldness and tameness than this of Bishop King’s. It is, indeed, remarkable that by no accident, to which restrained poetical effort might be liable, does the prose text, ever catch an embellishment from the style of versification. And this monotony of mediocrity is rendered more palpable and wearisome, by something like uniformity of metre ; the whole, with one or two exceptions, being rendered in couplets, either octosyllabic, or eights and sixes as in the subjoined Psalm, which stanza, although arranged by the author in the form of a common quatrain, is

* Athenæ. Oxon.

calculated unpleasantly to balk the ear—of a modern reader, at least—in the expectation of alternate rhymes :—

PSALM XXVI.

Judge me, (O God) for in thy path
my foot insisted hath :

My trust hath on the Lord relied,
therefore I shall not slide.

Examine me, (O Lord) and try
My reins and heart desery :
Thy mercy still is in my sight,
thy truth hath kept me right.

I have not with vain persons sat,
or those that use deceit :
Ill congregations I detest,
nor am the sinner's guest.

In Innocence, I'll wash my hand,
so at Thine Altar stand ;
That I may publish in my Song
what thanks to thee belong.

O Lord, devoutly I affect
the house Thou dost elect :
I love the honour of that place
thy presence deigns to grace.

Shut not my soul, nor judge my life
with men of blood and strife :
Whose arm itself in mischief lifts,
whose hand is fill'd with gifts.

In mine integrity I go,
save me, and mercy show :
So will I praise Thee, when my feet
within thy Temple meet.

RICHARD GOODRIDGE.

“Very shortly after the publication of Bishop King’s Psalms,” says Dr. Drake, “Richard Goodridge presented the public with a paraphrase of the whole Psalter, to which he appended an additional Version of more than a hundred Psalms. There is occasionally much simplicity and neatness of expression in the efforts of this translator, of which a specimen may be seen in the third Psalm of the selection. It would appear, indeed, that his translation had attained no slight popularity, for a third edition of it passed the press in 1685.” Of Goodridge, I know nothing more than that he seems to have had some connection with the musical profession, his Version of the Psalms having been published with original accompaniments for the voice and instrument, which was probably the cause of its multiplied editions.

PSALM III.

1. How, O my God, do they encrease,
Who seek to rob me of my peace !
2. They say, my soul’s forsook by thee,
And that thou hast no help for me.
3. But thou my shield art, thou my praise,
Thou my dejected head dost raise ;
4. When troubled, unto thee I cry,
Thou hear’st, and help descends from high.
5. In peace I’ll lay me down and sleep,
And rise : who hurts whom thou dost keep.
6. Thus guarded, though ten thousand were
About me set, I would not fear ;

7. Rise, Lord ! and shield me from their power,
 And break the jaws that would devour.
 Oh ! bless the people, who alone
 Canst bless us with salvation.

SAMUEL LEIGH.

In the Bodleian and Lambeth Libraries, there are copies of “ *Samuelis Primitiæ* : or an Essay towards a Metrical Version of the whole Book of Psalmes. Composed when attended with the disadvantageous circumstances of youth, and sickness. By Samuel Leigh. 1 Tim. iv. 12. Let no man despise thy youth. *Frueus quidem etiam dum emendas, etiam dum Componis*. Sen. Epis. 4. ad Luc. Τῆς πολυπραγμοσύνης ἐδὲν κενώτερον ἄλλοι. London. Printed by Th. Melbourn for the Authour, & are to be sold at the Golden Lyon in St. Paul’s-Church-yard, 1661.” Small 8° pp. 135. The work is dedicated first “To My most gracious Sovereign the King’s most Excellent Majesty,” in a copy of verses—Then, there is “The Epistle dedicatory to my most worthy & much honoured father in law, Charles Potts, Esq., Son to S^r John Potts, Knight & Barronet,” which is in prose:—so is an address “To the Christian Reader”—Then follow testimonies in favour of the Work, by “Thomas Manton, D.D.,” “Gabriel Sanger,” and “John Turing” of King-street, Covent Garden. This latter is addressed thus:—“These to the right Worshipfull & truly Vertuous Lady, the lady Anne Potts,” and would lead one to suppose, as indeed his title page intimates, that the author was very young—perhaps 15 years old, that

being the age affixed to the portrait accompanying the book. There is besides, a copy of verses "To the Ingenious young gentleman, the Authour of this paraphrase," by G. H. M.A." All these ceremonious preliminaries introduce us to a series of specimens of sacred rhyme so poor in every way, as certainly to lie at the mercy of any apology which can be drawn from juvenile authorship. Leigh was probably of a Presbyterian family, judging from the fact that Dr. Manton and Gabriel Sanger, two well known individuals of that party, both pronounced high eulogiums upon the Work, and recorded their great expectations of the author—though it does not appear that the latter were realized; for the "young gentleman," whose pecuniary prospects had perhaps as much influence as his poetry in exciting the compliments which were paid to him, not only appears to have left the University without a degree, but went, and to the end of his life continued to reside on his patrimony without farther distinguishing himself by literary efforts.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1. God's city is upon the holy hills,
2. Sion he loves, more than where Jacob dwells,
3. Glorious things are spoke of thee, abroad,
O city of the Living Lord, our God.
4. On Ra'ab I'll look, and bear in mind the same,
And Babilon shall learn to know my Name.
Lo, Philistine, Tire, E-thi-ope likewise,
A folk long since were born, and there did rise.
5. 'Twas said of Sion, divers men of fame,
Have there sprung up, and God doth stay the same.
6. When God the people counts, it shall appear,
That this man at the first did spring up there.
7. The trumpeters, and singers there shall be,
And all my springs are composed by thee.

MILES SMYTH.

Miles Smyth was Secretary to Dr. Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1668, he published the “Psalms of King David, paraphrased and turned into English verse, according to the common metre, as they are usually sung in Parish Churches.” This title is repeated within an engraved border, containing portraits of David, Moses, Asaph, Heman, and Æthan, with the words—“*Da mihi Cor DAVIDIS.*” The author tells us that, considering the Divine matter and the sublime poetry of the Psalms, he “could not but blush to think, how that metre, in which our parochial Churches usually sing them, hath disguised so eminent a part of Holy Writ—this gave him occasion to make essay, whether (without taking the advantages of an unconfined fancy) it might not be easy enough (even in that narrow and low kind of verse) to make them speak their own genuine sense, in proper and smooth English, and to dress them, though not gayly, yet agreeably and becoming their dignity.” It must be acknowledged that, on the whole, the Poet has realized this laudable design: there are, it is true, occasional words and passages which scarcely sound either “proper” or “smooth” to modern ears, though the terms in question are pure “English.” The whole Version exhibits a firm and ready hand, with not a few touches of taste and delicacy, scarcely to have been expected from so comparatively obscure

a bard. At what time Smyth died I am not informed. Playford, the bookseller, who, in 1671, published a collection of tunes for singing the Psalms in four parts, and which was very popular in its day, mentions our author as "that worthy gentleman Mr. Miles Smith, yet living"—adding that his translation of the Psalms, and that of Dr. King, "for elegance of style, smoothness of language, and suitableness to the musical tunes far excell the former;" i. e., the Old Version. This praise at least is merited—indeed, in the Psalm quoted below, there are indications of some approach towards elegance. Playford gives a piece of advice relative to the public use of Smyth's Version, at which some persons will smile. After expressing a wish that his Psalms might be allowed and used in Churches, he adds, "and this may be easily done ; it being the custom at this time for the clerk to read every line to the people before it is sung—who may, without any disturbance, inform the Congregation that, according to a more refined translation, they are to sing such a Psalm," &c.

PSALM CIX.

1. Hold not thy peace, my God, my praise,
 In this so fear'd an hour ;
 For wicked and deceitful mouths
 Gape, ready to devour.
2. My fame, with lying tongues they wound,
 With words of hate surround,
 By me no way provok'd, they would
 My guiltless soul confound.
3. They, for the love I bear to them,
 Mine adversaries are ;
 But I to thee, in these ex remes,
 Give up myself in prayer.

4. The benefits I heap'd on them,
With ill they recompense ;
And, like ungrateful vipers, make
My merit my offence.
5. Set over him a wicked man,
And still at his right hand,
To tempt him first, and plague him then,
May subtle Satan stand.
6. With his arraignment, let his doom
And punishment begin ;
May his despairing prayers prevail,
But to augment his sin.
7. Few be his days, and those cut off
By an untimely end :
May his supplanter, to his place,
Over his back ascend.
8. His children all of Father lose,
But entail'd misery :
And may the Wife of his delight
A helpless Widow be.
9. His wandering issue, may they beg
For wretched livelihood ;
And in unpeopled desarts seek
Their miserable food.
10. May Usurers' extorting hands
All his possessions spoil ;
And the remorseless stranger reap
The harvest of his toil.
11. May there be none about him left,
That mercy would extend ;
None, that a hope of favour dares
To his lost Orphans lend.
12. May his accurs'd posterity,
Both root and branch decay ;
His rotten name, in the next age,
Pass like a mist away.

13. Ne'er may his father's wickedness
 Be by the Lord forgot ;
 His mother's follies let the tears
 Of no repentance blot.
14. Let them continually be placed
 In God's revenging eye,
 That their remembrance from the earth,
 May be extirp'd and die.
15. Mercy he never thought to shew,
 But cruelly pursued
 The poor, that he might slay the heart
 With care and griefs subdued.
16. Cursing was that he loved, so let
 His portion cursing be ;
 In blessing he delighted not ;
 Ne'er may he blessing see.
17. With imprecations as a robe
 He did himself invest ;
 Like water they his bowels swell,
 Like oyl his bones infest.
18. Be they, as is the daily cloak,
 Wherein himself he winds ;
 And as the constant girdle, that
 His looser garment binds.
19. Let this be the deserv'd reward
 Of my false enemies ;
 Whose tongues my persecuted soul
 Wound with envenom'd lies.
20. But thou, my God, to pity prone,
 Deal graciously with me :
 For thy great Name, as thou art good,
 In mercy set me free.
21. Poor I and broken hearted, like
 Declining shades am past ;
 Like the light locust, made the sport
 Of every wanton blast.

22. My knees scarce bear their weight, whilst I
Thy face by fasting seek :
And meagre leanness hath consum'd
The beauty of my cheek.
23. I am become a scorn'd reproach
To my insulting foes ;
They stare, they shake their heads, and laugh
At my unpitied woes.
24. Help me, my God ! in mercy save,
And make them understand,
That my deliverance is the work
Of thine all powerful hand.
25. Though curs'd by them, yet bless thou me ;
When they lift up their voice
Against me, strike them with disgrace :
But let my heart rejoice.
26. Mine adversaries cloathe with shame,
And o'er their guilty head,
Let their own foul confusion be,
Like a black mantle spread.
27. My mouth the glories of the Lord
Shall in loud anthems raise ;
I will, amongst the multitude,
Sing his immortal praise.
28. For at the right hand of the poor
He stands, and shall controle
The malice of th' unjust, that would
Condemn his righteous soul.
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FRANCIS ROBERTS, D.D.

Dr. Roberts was Minister first of St. Augustine's, London, and afterwards Rector of Wrington, in Somersetshire : the first edition of his " Clavis

Bibliorum—the Key of the Bible, unlocking the Richest Treasury of the Holy Scriptures,” was published some time before 1649, as appears by a Dedication to the Earle of Essex, who in that year presented our author to the living above named. My copy, which is a small folio, is the fourth edition, and bears date 1674: it contains, inclusive also of elaborate analytical summaries of every Book in the Old and New Testaments, “The Book of Hymnes or Praises—viz., the Book of Psalms, translated immediately out of the Hebrew, and analytically expounded: together with a General Preface to the whole.” This Preface, which is one of the most prolix and elaborate performances of the kind, contains much excellent matter, but is somewhat dry and formal: and the same may be said of the bulky apparatus of annotation with which every Psalm is accompanied, under the following plan—which is, in fact, that of the “Clavis,” as applied to the whole Bible:—Sect. I. The Summary Contents. Sect. II. The Version out of Hebrew. Sect. III. The Order, Kind, Penman, and Occasion of the Psalm. Sect. IV. The Scope. Sect. V. The Analysis, or Principal Parts. Dr. Roberts, who was certainly a learned man, and a sound divine, but, as will be seen from the Psalm afterwards copied, almost as little of a Poet as could consist with giving to his translation the homeliest form of English verse, claims especially the paramount merit of fidelity. “Here,” says he, “you see the pure Text, unmix’d with needlesse Paraphrastical Additions. As to style—the meter of this Version is so ordered, I. That Barbarisms, obsolete and antiquated expressions, and light frothy poetical flashes are

studiously therein declined. 2. That the verse runs, for the most part, with much smoothness, the accustomed poetical quantities of our English words being heedfully observed; and the verse expressing a perfect sense, or conveniently leading unto that part of the sense which is comprised in the verse or line following. 3. That the verse is adorned with fit, (and, for the most part, with double) Rythmical Terminations. Notwithstanding, the smoothness of the verse is to be preferred before the Rythme: and the closeness of the Version to the Hebrew fountain, is to be regarded among the spiritually wise, before them both." Whether it be admitted or denied that the experience of two centuries has done any thing towards quickening our perceptions of the beauty and propriety of poetical diction, it will easily be conceived that the contemporaries of the worthy metrist now under notice, might perceive certain graces in his Version in harmony with his notions, and their own tastes. As for "Poetical flashes," Dr. Roberts need hardly have warned his readers not to expect them in lines constructed by the operose method expounded in the following passage, and which is noticed because the same principle was adopted by others; especially by Ainsworth, as previously mentioned. Certain terms, which the translator has introduced, are, we are told, "Implicitly comprised under the force and emphasis of the Hebrew word, and linked thereto with a *Makkaph* (-). As Psal. i. 4. But as-the-small-chaff-dust: *במִוֶּעַ* as the dust, properly signifies, as-the-small-dust of-chaff. So Ps. 3. 1. My-distressing-enemies, *צָרִי* my troublers: properly my-straiting-foes, or

distressers. So Psal. 18. 1. I'll-love-thee-dear :
 אֶרְדּוּ I-will-love-thee ; properly signifies, I-will-
 love-thee-dearly : or I-will-love-thee-with-inmost-
 bowels. This consequently is frequently observed.”
 Roberts was assistant to the Commissioners appointed
 by Cromwell's Parliament, for the ejection of
 “Scandalous” Ministers and Schoolmasters. He
 died in 1675.

PSALM XXII.

1. My God, my God, Why leav'st thou me ?
Why from mine Health art farre-away,
 From words of my roaring *to thee* ?
2. My God, I cry *to thee*-by-day,
 Yet hear'st thou not : likewise by-night ;
 No silence yet to me *befell*.
3. But thou *art* holy inhabiting
 The Praises of *thine* Israel.
4. In thee our Fathers did confide :
 They trusted, them thou didst deliver.
5. They cry'd to thee, and they were free'd :
 They hop'd in thee, and basht were never.
6. But, I worm, and not man *appear* :
 Men's shame, despis'd of People too.
7. All they that see me at me-jeer.
 They wag the head, with lip they mow.
8. *They say*, He on the LORD rely'd,
That so deliver-him-he-might :
 Let him deliver him *at this tide*,
 Sith-that in him he-doth-delight.
9. But thou the belly drew'st me from,
 On Mothers breasts my hope-thou-wast.
10. Thou *art* my God, from Mothers womb,
 I from the womb on thee was cast.

PART II.

11. O be not thou far from me gone,
 Because distresse *so near is found*,
 Because-that helper *there is* none.

12. Me many Bullocks did-surround :
Yea mighty *Bulls* of Bashan's *store*
 Environ'd-me-on-every-side.
13. *Like* Lyon that doth rend and roare,
 Their mouth on me they open-wide.
14. Like water poured-out-I am.
 My bones all part-themselves likewise ;
 My *fainting* heart like wax became :
 Amidst my bowels molten *dyes*.
15. My strength like potsheard withered-hath,
 And to my jawes my tongue doth cleave :
 And into dust of *doleful death*
 Thou brought'st me down, to *darksome Grave*.
16. For, Dogs encompassed-me-round.
 Ill-doers company *and bands*
 Have me inclosed, *me to confound* :
 My feet they peirced and my hands.
17. *Yea* all my Bones I number-may :
 They did behold, they did me view.
18. To them my Garments parted they ;
 And on my Vesture lot they threw.
19. But be not thou far-off, O LORD :
 My strength, make-haste to succour me.
20. My Soul deliver from the Sword :
 From Dogs *great* pow'r my dearling *free*.
21. Me save from Lion's mouth : and *well*
 From Hornes of Unicornes me hear.
22. Thy Name I'll to my Brethren tell :
 Amidst the Church I'll praise thee *there*.

PART III.

23. Ye fearers of the LORD, him praise,
 Him glorifie all *Jacob's* Seed :
 And All ye *Israel's* Seed alwayes
 Because of him be ye in dread.
24. For, He th' affliction of the-poor
 Hath not despised nor abhorr'd,
 Nor from him hid his face *therefore* :
 And when he cry'd to him, he heard.

25. In the great Congregation
 My Prayer *shall be* of thee *alway* :
 My vow'd-engagements *every one*
 Before his fearers I will pay.
26. Eat shall the poor-afflicted-meek.
 Likewise be satisfi'd shall they ;
 They shall the LORD praise, that him seek :
 Your heart *refresht* shall live for ay.
27. Earth's Confines all remember shall,
 They to the LORD shall turn also :
 And Families of *Gentiles* all
 Before thy face themselves-shall-bow.
28. Because the Kingdome is the LORD's :
 Among the *Gentiles* Ruler *known*.
29. All fat-ones *that* the Earth *affords*
 Shall eat, And shall-themselves-bow-down :
 All those that to the dust descend,
 And he *that* quikneth not his Soul,
 Before his face they shall-down-bend.
30. A Seed shall-stoop-to-his-controule,
 It for a Generation shall
 Unto the LORD accounted be.
31. They shall come, and his justice tell
 To People born, that *this* did he.

Whether the Version of Dr. Roberts was ever actually sung wholly or in part, does not appear : it is most probable that it was composed and published with some such view. We have already seen how largely the Psalm metres of Rouse and Barton superseded the Old Version in places of worship during the existence of Cromwell's Government : and as the sale of the authorised books must have been an affair of profit, while the introduction of separate Congregational Versions would be an evidence of Independency, we need not be surprised to find several Ministers trying their hands at rhyme. But apart from these considerations, it was not to be

expected that the Long Parliament,* which abolished the use of the Book of Common Prayer, would patronize the Old Version of the Psalms ; for to say nothing of the disrepute which must have attached to strains which had been so long and intimately associated with the proscribed Liturgy, there were, as we have seen, several individuals of the Usurper's party quite as ready to recast the Psalmody as others were to remodel the rest of the service, agreeably to the new order of things. But surely the preference of any congregation which could supersede even the homely but time-honoured, not to say age-mellowed strains of the Old Version by such hard, iron-sinewed lines as these of Roberts, must have been founded upon a taste for republicanism in style as well as in state—in the rhythm and cadence of verse, as well as in the administration of affairs political and ecclesiastical. It is, indeed, more than probable that the manner of singing, in many country places especially, was much worse than even the style of the matter sung ; but after all, this branch of public worship was not that which suffered most by Presbyterian innovation. The "Directory" which was put forth on the suppression of the Liturgy, enjoined that every one who could read should have a Psalm Book ; and all were exhorted to learn reading, that the whole Congregation might join in Psalmody. "But for the present, when many could not read, it was convenient that the Minister, or some

* "This renowned Parliament, while professing to execrate the persecuting spirit of the prelates, whose property they had seized in their Ordinance for putting the Directory in execution, not only prohibited the use of the Book of Common Prayer in all places of public worship ; but also subjected those who should use it in their families or in secret, to the penalty of five pounds for the first offence, ten pounds for the second, and for the third one year's imprisonment."—*Jackson's Life of Goodwin.*

other fit person, should read the Psalm, line by line, before the singing thereof."

Whether the precentors in the Congregational Chapels of the Provinces were, or were not, superior to the Parish Clerks in the Metropolis as to their vocal accomplishments, does not appear; but the latter seem to have been defective enough. Playford, in the Preface to his *Psalmody* published in 1671, tells us that "the *best*, and almost all the *choice Tunes* are lost, and out of use in our Churches: nor must we expect it otherways, when in and about this great city [London] in above one hundred parishes, there are but few *Parish Clerks* to be found that have either ear or understanding to set one of these *tunes* musically as it ought: it having been a custom during the late wars, and since, to chuse men into such places, more for their *Poverty* than *Skill* and *Ability*; whereby this part of God's Service hath been so ridiculously performed in most places, that it is now brought into scorn and derision by many people: God in his good time move the hearts of those whom it concerns hereafter, to chuse such men as may perform this duty to his glory and the honour of our religion."

JOHN WHITE, A.M.

Mr. White was a Preacher of note in his day, and a person of influence among the Puritans: he was one of the Clerical Assessors of the famous Assembly of Divines, which was held at Westminster, in 1643.

The work, on account of which his name is introduced into these notices, was published in London, 1655, 12mo., under the following title :—"David's Psalms in metre Agreeable to the Hebrew, to be sung in usual Tunes. To the benefit of the Churches of Christ. By the Reverend Mr. John White, Minister of God's Word, in Dorchester."

PSALM LII.

1. O Mighty man in wickednesse,
why dost thou boast with pride?
Be sure the goodnesse of the Lord,
for ever shall abide.
2. Thy tongue speaks mischief, which thine heart
deviseth wickedly,
And like unto a razor sharp,
it works deceitfully.
3. In evil more then any good,
thine heart doth take delight,
And lying, rather then to speak,
and utter what is right.
4. O thou deceitful tongue, thou lov'st
words that devour and waste.
5. But God shall justly cut thee down
for evermore at last.

Thee shall he take away, and pluck
out of thy dwelling place,
Yea, from the land of life shall he
pluck up thy root and race.

6. The righteous man shall this behold,
And tremble in that day,
And have him in derision,
and thus of him shall say :—
7. Behold, the man that made not God
his strength, but trusted in
His store of riches, and himself
did strengthen in his sin.

8. But like to a green olive tree
within God's house am I,
For in his mercy great shall be
my trust continually.
9. And I, because thou this hast done,
to praise thee will not cease,
And still will wait upon thy name,
for this thy saints doth please.
-

SAMUEL WOODFORD, D.D.

Woodford was born in London, in 1636 : though of his parentage I have met with no particulars. He became a commoner of Wadham College, Oxford, where he seems to have been fond of music, for Anthony á Wood names him among sixteen of his friends, who used to play and sing together in his younger days. It does not appear what profession he followed early in life, or whether any, nor why he was first led to think of versifying the Psalms, except that he "did it to please some particular friends." After mentioning in a Preface what he considered to be requisite in a successful paraphrase, and his own "zeal for Poesie," as exemplified in the undertaking, he adds :—"But I know not how, on a suddain, all my heat was laid, and the greatness of the labour, together with my own insufficiency, deterred me at that time, from proceeding any further. Hereupon for about three years the design slept with me, till reading over with a little more than ordinary attention, the cxiv. Psalm of Mr. Cowley's, I was again warmed, and in imitation of

him I was resolved once more to try how well or ill I could write after so excellent a copy." Perhaps the only advantage of aspiring after such a model, was the variety which our author has displayed in the construction of his stanzas; for the heaviest verbosity becomes less tedious, when the strain is diversified. In 1667 was published in 4to. "A Paraphrase, in English Verse, upon the Books of the Psalms, by Sam. Woodforde, S.R.S." The Manuscript is in the British Museum, (*Harl.* MS. No. 1768 :) it is the Author's Autograph, and contains, besides the Psalms—1. A letter from Dr. Woodford to his kinsman Mr. Beale, dated 16 Dec^r. 1667, making him a present of the Book. 2. The Author's Dedication of the Work to George Morley, Bishop of Winchester. 3. The Preface. 4. Another letter to Mr. Beale. 5. The Author's acknowledgment to God (in three Stanzas) who first put this design into his heart, and gave him abilities to finish it. At the end of the Psalms is this note :—"This copy of the Psalms was transcribed at Albrook, about Sep. 1665. Mr. Stillingfleet carried it to the Bishop of Winton, and thence to Oxon, whence it was again returned to me about the end of December, the same yeare. By this copy at Albrook, about January, 1665-6, I transcribed another for the press, in which I altered some things, as will appear by the Printed Books." The author confesses his desire that his work might be kindly received, that "so," he adds, "I might be encouraged to prosecute another design (in this way) which at present lies before me—the History of the first great week of the World, wherein new discoveries of that and nature, make the subject more large and comprehensive for verse

than ever it has been ; and in the performance of which I promise myself great assistance by the unwearied and most successful labours of the Royal Society."

This work, whatever its drift, and whether written or not, was never published. Woodford appears, in the issue, to have been willing to leave the celebration of the "First Week of the World" to Du Bartas, Sir Richard Blackmore, and others, while he addressed himself to a subject, as much more attractive as it was less philosophical—"The Song of Solomon."* This highly allegorical portion of Holy Scripture, abounding, as it does, in metaphors and imagery of so purely an oriental cast, that sober English theologians have found no little difficulty in explaining its meaning satisfactorily, was not only the frequent theme of Poets, but of Preachers, in the Seventeenth Century. So far as the former confined themselves merely to versifying the Canticles in whole or in part, their labours may be said to have been less offensive to good taste and sound judgment, than those of the latter : but when rhyming effusions in this style of fervid and luscious phraseology, such as the pious Dr. Watts regrets himself to have composed while young, found their way into religious Congregations, their tendency to produce spiritual emasculation, may well have been deplored. It may be added, that however little surprising it will appear that, in an age when such paraphrases were on many accounts popular, several Poets should have tried their hands at so easy a task as turning

* This work is entitled "A Paraphrase upon the Canticles, and some Select Hymns of the Old and New Testament, with other occasional Compositions in English verse," 1679. Like the Psalms it is preceded by commendatory verses from his friend Flatman, and others.

the "Song of Songs" into rhyme, it is a curious fact, that not only is there no one of these Versions at present generally read—or scarcely known, but, on the whole, they may be said to be even less redolent of the exquisite perfection of the common prose translation in our Bible, than on the average are our Metrical Versions of the Psalms. Having obtained the patronage of the Bishop of Winchester above named, Woodford entered into Holy Orders, took the degree of B.D., became Rector of Hartley Malduith, Hants, and Prebendary of Winchester, after which he republished in 1678, a revised Edition, in 8vo. of his "Paraphrase upon the Psalms," with a grateful Dedication to his diocesan. This Version, as already intimated, possesses but little poetical merit, although it is often mentioned, and Flatman has a "Pindarique Ode" in its praise: nor does it appear ever to have aided "the service of the Altar:" it is a diffusive explication of the text; the author having adopted the method, as he cites the authority, of Bishop Godeau in the French translation. Woodford died in 1700. The reality of his affection for the Book of Psalms, was shewn not only by his own metrical labours thereon, but by transcribing "for Sir Philip Sidney's sake, and to preserve such a remaine of him," that copy of the translation of the Psalms by this honoured individual, and his illustrious sister, the Countess of Pembroke, which is now in the Bodleian Library. Woodford's Version of the Psalms, is not of very rare occurrence in old Libraries.

PSALM CXLVII.

1. You, who th' Almighty God adore,
 To His great Name sing praise !
 His Pow' er you cannot honour more,
 Nor more advance your laies !
 This is the Service, which to Him you owe,
 And this of all he best accepts below.
2. *Jerusalem*, the Great, the Fair,
 'Tis God who made Her so ;
 Her People, though they scatt' er'd are,
 He like Her stones do's know :
 And both will gather, both in' His hand will take,
 His City One, th' Other His Temple make.
3. The troubled heart, with care deprest,
 He up on high do's raise ;
 Refreshes weary Souls with rest,
 And sinners shews His Wayes :
 And like a Friend, who all their mis' eries feels,
 Binds up the broken, and the wounded heals.
4. Those rich Enamels of the skie,
 The Stars, which shine above,
 Have sev' eral Names He knows them by,
 And at His Will they move :
 To Him they look, and looking, only thence
 Have all their lustre, Forms, and Influence.
5. Great is our God, of great Renown,
 Whose Wisdome's infinite ;
 To th' Earth he casts the Wicked down,
 And raises the upright :
 Sing Praises to His Name, with thanks rejoyce,
 And make the Consort perfect with your Voice !
6. The Heav' ens with clouds He covers o're,
 And all their beauty hides :
 Yet thence the Earth has its best store,
 Rain which He there provides :
 Whence Plenty comes, but less from what is sown,
 Than from the Fruitful seasons He pours down.

7. Mountains, those Pillars of the Air,
On which Heav'ens Fabrique lies,
Whose verdant Chapters are fair,
And in mixt Orders rise,
With Frutages He crowns, and with soft showers,
Their sullies cleansing, decks their heads with flowers.
8. To Him all Creatures look, and live,
All at His Table eat ;
He to brut-beasts their food do's give,
And to young Ravens meat :
An horse to Him, and all his strength, is vain,
And in his sight as poor a thing is Man.
9. In neither can He Pleasure take,
But do's i'th' Just delight ;
And they who Him their refuge make,
Shall flourish in His sight ;
Then to Thy God, *Jerusalem*, sing praise,
Sion, exalt Him, who Thee first did raise !
10. 'Tis He who do's Thy Walls defend,
And all Thy Gates make strong ;
Who do's Thy Colonies extend,
And keeps Thee ever young :
Who with a num'rous Off-spring do's Thee bless,
And gives Thy Land the Happy fruits of Peace.
11. And this, because it is His Will,
Whose Pleasure all obey ;
Both Heav'en and Earth His Word fulfill,
And at it haste away :
On the cold Rocks He His Frost-mantle throws,
And clothes the naked Hills with woolly snows.
12. When on the streams He layes His Chain,
And Captive Floods do's bind,
What Pow'r can set them free again,
Till He send out His Wind ?
And when on them He causes it to blow,
The melted glass in streams begins to flow.

13. These Works of His by all are seen,
But *Jacob* has His Word ;
No Land beside so blest has been,
Or favour'd by the Lord :
For He to *Isra'el* has His Judgments shown,
When His Just Wrath th' whole World beside has known.
-

MARY BEALE.

Ut pictura, poesis erit, says Horace in the well-known sentiment which assumes an affinity between the sister arts of poetry and painting. And if the skill of Mrs. Beale, in her successful devotion to the pencil and the lyre, be insufficient to give to the classical maxim the authority of a general rule, it cannot be said to be improperly applied in her particular case. Luke Milbourne, in a passage which will be given under his name, speaks with much respect of this accomplished lady, of whom an interesting account will be found in Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting," which work contains likewise medallion portraits of herself and her son Charles. She appears to have enjoyed considerable reputation in her day as a portrait painter ; her husband having been a dealer in the pigments used by artists. Walpole says nothing of her addiction to literature : but her house seems to have been the resort, and herself the friend of men of letters : Bishop Burnet, presented her with his works ; and Flatman, himself a Painter as well as a Poet, whose genius, for ought that appears to the contrary, affords no disparagement to the Horatian maxim quoted above—his poetry being as indifferent as his pictures, sat to her for his likeness. Woodford has

complimented her in some lines addressed “ To Belisa,” upon “ her owne Picture done by herself, like Pallas, but without any arms, except head-piece and corslet.” In the Preface to his Psalms, the same Poet acknowledges his obligations to “ the absolute gentlewoman, whose leave, “ he adds,” I very hardly obtained to honour this volume of mine with two or three Versions, long since done by her, the truly Vertuous Mistress Mary Beale, amongst whose least accomplishments it is, that she has made *Painting* and *Poesie*, which in the fancies of others had only before a kind of likeness, in her own to be really the same. The reader, I hope, will pardon this public acknowledgment which I make to so deserving a person, when I shall tell him that while as a friend and one of the family, I had the convenience of a private and most delightful retirement in the company of her worthy husband and herself, I both began and perfected this Paraphrase.” Woodford gives her Versions of Psalms—13, 52, 70, 130. Her charms of person and conversation—for she seems to have been a handsome as well as an intelligent and modest woman—will probably be thought to have had some effect in biassing the admirers of her poetical efforts—but let the reader judge.

PSALM LXX.

1. Almighty God, whose Pow’er is infinite,
 Who with a Word did’st all things make;
 So great, that when Thou speak’st, the Mountains quake,
 Let my deliverance also shew Thy might,
 And by its certain speed make that appear more bright !
2. The Proud, when he is from hie greatness thrown,
 And do’s with shame, and horror find
 Nothing of all his glory left behind,
 Who when Thou, Lord, in wrath dost on him frown,
 His very Soul is with the heavy weight press’d down.

3. Make his the Portion of my Enemies,
 (Who in their cursed rage contrive
 To slay my Soul, when Thou would'st have it live)
 That they may see by this their sad surprise,
 It was not only me, but Thee they did despise !
 4. Let those, who wish my hurt, and would rejoyce,
 As senseless of my misery,
 Be like to conquer'd troops, which scatter'd fly,
 And with confusion tremble at the noise,
 That's rais'd by their own fear, and mighty En'emies voice !
 5. For a reward let such be driv'en away ;
 And quite astonish'd, may they find
 No hopes of comfort to relieve their mind,
 Who at my griefs in sport triumphing say,
 " This is as we would have it be, Aha ! Aha ! "
 6. But on Thy People make Thy Face to shine !
 Let them from fears be always free,
 (Except it be fears of offending Thee)
 The sacred Flame their heart thall so refine,
 That now their joy shall only be that they are Thine !
 7. Such as to Thy Salvation burn in love,
 Let them perpetual praises sing !
 And with rejoycing this their Off'ering bring,
 With such Expressions let them forward move,
 " Our God be magnify'd on Earth, and Heav'en above !
 8. But I am poor, and needy, much distress'd ;
 Wherefore, O Lord, make hast to me !
 For all the Springs of Mercy are on Thee ;
 And can I want, while I upon Thee rest,
 Whose Word alone commands deliv'rance to th' Opprest.
 9. Thou, in whom all my confidence do's lie,
 My help and hope in my distress,
 Let not my Mis'ery make Thy Pow'er be less !
 On Thee I wait, to Thee, O God, I flie,
 Make hast, and be Thou on the Wings as well as I !
-

JOHN PATRICK, D.D.

Dr. Patrick, who was a popular Preacher to the Charter House, London, first published "a century of Select Psalms in Verse," in 1679 ; and in 1715 an edition of the whole Psalter : both were often reprinted, the copy of the latter work before me being the seventh edition, 1724. It contains no Preface, but the singing notes of about twenty tunes, and " An Explication of some words of less common use, for the benefit of the Common People : " notwithstanding this, the Version is exceedingly plain ; and it would be difficult to select either from the list of words alluded to, or from the work generally, a single term which would not, at least in our day, be supposed to lie level with " the meanest capacity." Baxter, in the introduction to his precious little volume, entitled " Poetical Fragments," thus speaks of Dr. Patrick and his labours :—" Sure there is somewhat of heaven in holy poetry ! It charmeth souls into loving harmony and concord. We have two brothers in this city, [London,] of whom one hath written a book called ' A Friendly Debate,' to make those seem odious or contemptible, who were against his way. It had too much success : and so far destroyed love and concord, as will not easily be recovered in this age. His brother [Mr. Patrick, of the Charter House] hath with pious skill and seriousness turned into a new metre many of David's Psalms : and the advantage for holy affections and

harmony hath so far reconciled the Nonconformists, that diverse of them use his Psalms in their Congregations."

PSALM LXIV.

1. Lord, hear me, and from wicked foes,
Be thou my life's defence :
2. Protect me from their secret plots,
And open violence.
3. Whose malice whets their tongues, to wound
Deeper than sharpest swords :
Who 'stead of poison'd arrows, use
Cruel and slanderous words.
4. A secret mischief they intend
Against the innocent ;
Which fear of God will not restrain,
Nor yet man's care prevent.
5. Confirm'd in malice, and combin'd
In secret leagues they hide
Such undiscerned snares they think
By none can be descried.
6. Nothing that diligence can work,
Or wicked skill find out,
They unattempted leave, to bring
Their villainies about.
7. But all in vain : for that just God
Whose vengeance they provoke,
Shall ruin all their plots, and wound
Them by a sudden stroke.
8. Their wicked counsels and false tongues
Shall on themselves return :
And left by all, o'er their lost hopes
They shall unpitied mourn.
9. All that behold this work possess'd
With awful fear, shall own,
It was an hand divine, not chance
Threw these proud sinners down.
10. The just will trust in God the more,
And loudly tell their joys ;
Who makes them triumph gloriously
O'er wicked craft and lies.

JAMES CHAMBERLAINE.

In 1680, James Chamberlayne, Gent., printed "A Sacred Poem on the Birth, Miracles, Death, Sepulture, Resurrection, and Ascention of the Most Holy Jesus. Also Eighteen of David's Psalms,* Paraphrased; the Lamentations of Jeremiah; and Poems on Several Occasions." London, 12mo. There is a copy of this work in the Cambridge University Library. In the Preface, the author says his only object in composing was "to make a few things for private devotion, and that I might not trifle away too much of the time which God hath given me, having no calling to follow, nor public concern to divert me:" but by persuasion of an intimate friend, he was induced to publish. This is all that I can learn concerning him. The following is, on the whole, a pleasing exemplification of his skill as a versifier:—

PSALM XLI.

Blest is the man who takes a tender care,
Of those who on the Bed of Sickness lye,
He need not in his Visitation fear,
But to find favour, and that speedily;
In all his troubles God will interpose,
For his relief, and bless him from his Foes.

2.

When that Diseases on his Body seize,
And on the Bed of Sorow he is cast,

* Namely, 22, 23, 25, 31, 40, 41, 49, 51, 55, 73, 78, 90, 91, 111, 124, 125, 132, 140.

Where others tumble, and can find no ease,
 Racked with tortures of their actions past ;
 Then will the Lord for mercies he hath shown,
 Soften his Bed, and strengthen him when down.

3.

I humbly therefore at the Throne of Grace,
 Beg that the guilt of all my Sins may be
 For ever pardon'd ; hide not, Lord, thy face,
 But heal my Soul, as thou hast promis'd me ;
 Though I deserve thy Wrath, yet love express,
 And every thought and crooked act redress.

4.

My Foes a thousand ways my ruine plot,
 Concerning me they speak maliciously ;
 When will he dye, say they, and be forgot,
 Let his name perish to Eternity ;
 Before my Face none more obliging are ;
 Behind my back their hatred they declare.

5.

Thus underhand they secretly combine,
 To make me odious in the Eyes of all,
 Invention's rack'd to compass this design,
 And Slanders are contriv'd to work my fall ;
 Defam'd, they think my Name shall never rise,
 Under the load of all their Calumnies.

6.

My own familiar Friend, who always eat
 At my own board, and in my Bosom lay,
 Whom with the great'st endearments I did treat,
 My most retired Counsels did betray ;
 But, Lord, restore me to my Throne, and Right
 That their perfidious acts I may requite.

7.

By this I guess thou hast a love for me,
 Because I find thy watchful Providence,
 Hath disappointed them of Victory
 And hitherto preserv'd mine Innocence ;
 For which both I, and all, with one accord
 Will sing Eternal Hymns to Isr'els Lord.

JOHN NORRIS.

Mr. Norris succeeded the "Divine Herbert" as Rector of Bemerton—a spot consecrated as the birth place of some of the sweetest effusions of the Christian muse. Our author, although deeply dipped in metaphysics, was a solid Divine, a man of extensive reading,* and possessed the genius of a Poet: but his model was Cowley; hence his style is quaint, inflated, and verbose—the latter quality being elevated into something like importance by the printing of certain words in *Italics*, according to a fashion which at that time prevailed. The Psalm given below, is one of four, included in "A collection of Miscellanies" in prose and verse—third Edition," published in 1699—although respectably versified, it is by no means equal to some specimens of what the author calls "Odes after the Pindarick way; which is the highest and most magnificent kind of writing."† Norris appears to have been the original author, in the following lines, of a well

* Dr. Norris was a party in the editorship of one of the most popular and curious periodicals of his day—the "Athenian Mercury," originated and published by a character no less singular and well known—John Dunton, who printed 600 books, not a few of which were written by himself. Norris, according to the projecting bibliopolist, "was wonderfully useful in supplying hints; for, being universally read, and his memory very strong, there was nothing could be asked, [by the correspondents of the "Mercury,"] but he could very easily say something to the purpose upon it." Dunton gives a prolix eulogy on Norris, in his rhyming work, called "Characters of Eminent Nonconformists."

† "There is a near relation between poetry and enthusiasm: it is remarkable that poetry made Milton an enthusiast; and enthusiasm made Norris a Poet."—*Bishop Warburton.*

known sentiment first repeated by Blair, and afterwards by Campbell :—

“ How fading are the joys we dote upon,
Like apparitions seen and gone :
But those which soonest take their flight,
Are the most exquisite and strong,
Like Angel's visits, short and bright ;
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.”

He has also another passage, which Blair has very palpably imitated, in allusion to the mysterious state of being beyond the grave :—

“ Some courteous ghost, tell this great secrecy,
What 'tis you are, and we must be,” &c.

Mr. Norris died in 1711.

PSALM CXIV. *Paraphrased.*

When, conquer'd by the Plagues of *Moses' Rod*,
Th' Egyptian Tyrant gave Command
That *Israel* should depart his Land,
Israel the chosen *Family* of God.
Among them dwelt the *Holy One*,
Juda his *Sanctuary*, and *Israel* was his *Throne*.

The Sea beheld this *Scene*, and did admire,
Each wave stood *silently* to see
The Power of the Divinity ;
They saw, and fled the dreadful *Guide of Fire*.
And *Jordan* too divided stood,
The *Priests* the Sacred *Ark* bore through the *yielding Flood*.

Mount *Sinai*, with great Horrour struck and Dread,
Forgot her weight, and in a Trance
Like a light Ram, did skip and dance ;
She fear'd, and fain would hide her *Palsy Head*.
The Hills their *Mother Mountain* saw,
The little Hills, and like young Sheep they stood in awe.

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What made thee to retreat, thou mighty Sea ?
 Tell me, for never any *Shore*
 Knew such a wondrous *Tide* before,
 And thou great *Jordan* ; say, what ailed thee ?
 Say, *Sacred* Mount, what meant thy Trance,
 And you small *under-hills*, why did you skip and dance ?
 You need not think it *Shame* to own your *Fear* ;
 What you dismaid, the same would make
 The universal Fabrick shake ;
 The Cause was great, for *Jacob's* God was there.
 That God who did the *Rock* subdue,
 And made it *melt* in *Tears*, though *harder* far than *you*.

There is a lyric Version of the foregoing Psalm introduced by Cowley into his "*Davideis* ;" * it is of comparatively small merit, but, as the composition of one of our most celebrated lyric authors—occurring as it does too, in a Poem, of which the Psalmist himself is the subject,—being, moreover, referred to by Woodford, as affording the parent hint of his own Version,—and lastly, as a specimen by the "*Sweet Master of our English Pindariques*," of a style which has found so many imitators, I cannot withstand the inducement here to transcribe Cowley's Version as a companion to that of Norris.

* It may be mentioned here, as not, I believe, very generally known, even to persons pretty largely conversant with English poetry, that Thomas Elwood, the Quaker, besides other compositions in rhyme, published a work entitled "*Davideis*," in five books. Some one may wish to know what are the merits of a Sacred Poem on such a subject, by an author who, not only shared the distinction of

" The later Sydney, Marvel, Harrington,
 Young Vane, and others who call'd Milton Friend,"

but to whose suggestion to the immortal Poet, we owe his "*Paradise Regained*." Elwood himself says :—" I am more modest than to expect admission amongst the best Poets ; and yet think it a little below me, to be ranked with the very worst." The copy before me is the "*fifth edition*," a fact which might seem to justify the author's claim to "be allowed to walk in the middle way," were it not that this repetition of impressions is obviously attributable to the laudable partiality of the Society of Friends for the amiable poetical productions of a man, who has otherwise so zealously laboured in their cause.

When Israel was from bondage led,
 Led by th' Almighty's hand,
 From out a foreign land,
 The great sea beheld, and fled,
 As some pursued, when that past fear they find,
 Stop some on higher ground to look behind ;
 So, whilst through wondrous ways
 The sacred army went,
 The waves afar stood up to gaze,
 And their own rocks did represent,
 Solid as waters are above the firmament.

 Old Jordan's waters to their spring
 Start back with sudden fright ;
 The spring amaz'd at sight,
 Asks what news from sea they bring.
 The mountains shook ; and to the mountain side
 The little hills leap'd round, themselves to hide ;
 As young affrighted lambs,
 When they aught dreadful spy,
 Run trembling to their helpless dams :
 The mighty sea and river by
 Were glad, for their excuse to see the hills too fly.

 Wht ail'd the mighty sea to flee ?
 Or why did Jordan's tide
 Back to his fountain glide ?
 Jordan's tide what ailed thee ?
 Why leap'd the hills ? why did the mountains shake ?
 What ail'd them, their fixed natures to forsake ?
 Fly where thou wilt, O sea !
 And Jordan's current cease !
 Jordan, there is no need of thee ;
 For at God's word, where'er he please,
 The rocks shall weep new waters forth instead of these.*

* The Version of the 114th Psalm by Dr. Watts, originally appeared in the *Spectator*, to which it was sent by the author with a letter, dated August 19, 1712.

LORD COLERAINE.

Fifteen of the Psalms, from the one hundred and twentieth, to the one hundred and thirty-fifth, inclusive, are called "Psalms of Degrees;" and in the ancient Church, they often constituted, in common with the "Penitential Psalms," a vehicle of special devotion. In the "Coventry Mysteries," a work already alluded to, there is a curious rhyming abstract of this portion of the Psalter introduced into one of these pious interludes. The subject of the play is "Mary in the Temple," and among the interlocutors is a Bishop, who thus addresses the Virgin :

"Come, gode Mary, come, babe, I the calle ;
 Thi pas pratyly to this plas pretende,
 Thou scalt be the dowtere of God eternalle,
 If the fifteen grees thou may ascende ;
 It is meracle if thou do ; now God the dyffende !
 ffrom Babylogy to hevynly Jherusalem this is the way ;
 Every man that thynk his lyf to amende,
 The fyftene psalmys in memory of this mayde say, Maria !
Maria ! et sic deinceps usque ad finem quindecim psalmorum.
 The first degré gostly applyed,
 It is holy desyre with God to be,
 In trobyl to God I have cryed,
 And in sped that Lord hath herde me.
Ad Dominum cum tribularer clamavi, et exaudivit me.
 The secunde is, &c.

So on, from Psalm 120 to 135 inclusive : the first two lines of the English stanza, stating the subject generally ; the other two being in each case a trans-

lation of the first verse of the Psalm, the Latin being subjoined, as in the foregoing example.*

Henry Hare, the second Lord Coleraine, was an Irish Baron, who published a somewhat odd work, entitled "The Ascents of the Soul, on David's Mount towards God's House. Being Paraphrases on the Fifteen Psalms of Degrees, written in Italian by the Illustrious Gio. Francesca Loredano,† a noble Venetian, 1656, Rendered into English, Anno Dom. 1665." Such is the title-page of the copy in the British Museum, a thin folio, which was printed in London, 1681. The volume includes, by the same hand, "*La Scala Santa* : or a Scale of Devotions, Musical and Gradual, Being Descants on the Fifteen Psalms of Degrees, in Metre ; with Contemplations and Collects upon them in Prose, 1670." There are dedications to "the most illus-

* *Ibid*, Coventry Mysteries, pp. 82, 85.

† Several of the Italian Poets have been more or less familiar with the harp of David. For example, in 1664, appeared "Salmi di David Messi in Rime Volgari Italiane da G. ДИОДАТИ." Even the accomplished but licentious Aretino himself is said to have written a paraphrase on the Penitential Psalms.—*Life of Titian*, p. 40. Hawkins mentions (*Hist. Mus.* iv. 364) that a person, of whom nothing more than the initials of his name, R. H. is known, published, some time after 1608, a translation of an Italian paraphrase of the Seven Penitential Psalms, written by Francesco Bembo, with the music of Giovanni Croce, Maestro di Cappella of the Church of St. Mark, at Venice. I have not elsewhere met with any notice of the individual above referred to. But the most celebrated Version of the Psalms in Italian was one which appeared in 1724 at Venice, with this title :—"Estro poetico-armonico Parafrasi sopra li primi venticinque Salmi. Poesia di Girolamo Ascanio Giustiniani, Musica di Benedetto Marcello, Patrizi Veneti." This work consisted of eight volumes in folio, and has been considered the "grandest and most splendid of any musical publication at this day extant." The verse is without rhyme, and of various metres. There is no reason to believe that a single stanza of this Version, nor even the music by which it was accompanied, was ever heard in any one of the Churches of Italy, though in private assemblies, it delighted persons of all ranks from the cardinal to the choirister. It is remarkable that the late Mr. Garth, of Durham, adapted to the music of Marcello suitable words from our prose translation of the Psalms, with a view to their being performed as anthems in Cathedrals. This was also in eight volumes folio. For a fuller account of Marcello and his works, vide Hawkins *Hist. Music*, iv. 230.

trious and severest Stella," and to the "most honoured Lucinda," besides Latin and English verses addressed to the Right Honourable and Learned Author, and emblematic frontispieces, which have been characterised as being "as unintelligible as the contents of the books;" these were designed by Lord Coleraine, who has added his cypher, with a Baron's coronet. He died at Tottenham, (of which place he compiled the History), in 1708. The following is Lord Coleraine's Paraphrase of the first of the "Psalms of Degrees."*

PSALM CXX.

In my distress and fear
 I cry'd unto the Lord;
 Who soon did help, as hear,
 When I this wish did word,
 From Lips, made foul by guile and wrongs,
 And from false Tongues, Lord save my soul.
 What Peace? what Profit shall
 The treacherous Tongue bring thee?
 Poor Soul? 'twill scorch and gall
 Thyself, as well as me.
 'Twill doubly harm, Like Darts made hot
 By Fire; and shot From some strong Arm.
 Why then? O why so long
 Do I protract my woes?
 By wand'ring still among
 War's Friends, and Peace's Foes:

* The bearing of the various portions of this sacred gradual is thus pointed out by a series of "Observations" prefixed in Bishop Parker's Version, to the 120th Psalm:—

These fiftene psalmes next following
 Be songs denamd of steps or stayers,
 For that the quiere on them dyd sing,
 The people's vowes to blisse by prayers,
 For lucky speede in theyre affayres,
 As nede and tyme as case dyd bryng:
 In wedlock, warre, or house begonne,
 For peace, for ayde, for freedom wonne."

I'm in a Tent Of Arabs left,
 Who are on Theft And Murder bent.
 At me their Bows are bent,
 Their Malice doth encrease ;
 They say no good I meant
 When I did seek their Peace :
 When I speak fair I them all-arm,
 And straight the swarm Their Stings prepare.

These verses are followed by another, and similar
 set entitled

COROLLARIUM Ἀπορροαίων.

Which may be used, or omitted.

It being another { Repetition } of the { Sence
 of the Musick
 Recollection Psalm.

But though the Slanderer's sting,
 Like Lightning, pierc'd and burn'd : Ver. 3. 4.
 The Stones which he did sling,
 Heaven in his Face return'd ;
 Live coals from Hell And Javelings slung
 By his bad Tongue, On his Head fell.
 Therefore no more will I
 Be of such Bruits afraid ; Ver. 2. 7.
 No more I'll sigh, or cry
 Though I'm in Deserts stay'd : Ver. 5. 6.
 In all my Ways I'll bless Thee, Lord, Ver. 1. 2.
 Who dost afford, Such cause of Praise.
 Though I'm in Deserts stay'd,
 No more I'll sigh or cry :
 Or be of Bruits afraid,
 No longer now will I.
 Such cause of Praise Thou dost afford ;
 We'll Bless Thee, Lord In all our Ways.
 Gloria Patri, &c.
 Glory be to our King,
 Who shall be, was, and is ;
 Loud Hallelujahs Sing
 To God, the God of Peace :
 The Lord of Hosts, The Three in One
 The Father, Son, And Holy Ghost.

AMEN.

SIMON FORD, D.D.

Dr. Ford, who was Rector of old Swinford, in Worcestershire, printed his "New Version of the Psalms of David" in 1688. In the Preface, he says, "The design aimed at by me in this Version, was not to vaunt my skill in poetry, nor was it to entertain the devout inclinations of the more ingenious sort of Christians, with strains of elevated invention and expression, suited to their genius: that which I designed was merely to render these pieces of holy writ, which are thought fit to be made parts of God's public worship, in such a tolerable manner, as they might be for the use of all Christians: gratifying the more ingenious and learned parts of all Congregations, with that smoothness and cleanness of style, which might make them not to nauseate it; and the more ordinary sort of those holy societies with that easiness and clearness of expression, which might not shoot over their heads, whilst I endeavoured to affect their hearts in so religious a service." The best that can be said of the Version of the worthy Doctor is that his labour has realized the mediocre intention alluded to; for if it could be said that he had avoided "all such *flatness and dulness of invention and expression*," as on the one hand, might make his "translation" a subject of disgust to "those of more learned palates in the use thereof"—on the other hand, he has undoubtedly avoided "those *heights of fancy* or

language, which might render it unintelligible to ordinary capacities." But mean expressions and colloquial phrases were formerly more tolerable in such a work, than they would—or ought to be now. It may be remarked, that while there is so little to praise in the poetry of Ford's Version, the *Preface* which he had prefixed to it is interesting, not only as containing information relative to the early practice of Christians in devotional singing, but especially as defending the congregational use of the entire Psalter in their songs of praise. After mentioning that he had taken the whole Book of Psalms into his Version, contrary to the advice of some persons, who would have had him confine himself "to some few Psalms, and parcels of Psalms, the matter of which is of common concern to all Christians," he proceeds to discuss the objection, concluding as follows:—"And our Church, in particular, makes the Psalms indiscriminately, a part of its daily Liturgy: dividing them into such parcels, as they may be said or sung interlocutorily, (as they are in Cathedral and Collegiate Churches, as well as other Congregations of eminent note), throughout, once in each month. And I know no warrant given to any one, who officiates or partakes of those devotions daily, to pick and choose, to use and omit, or skip over any Psalm or Psalms, upon any of the accounts before mentioned. Nor can I imagine, what good reason can be given, why they may not be sung in *metre*, as indiscriminately as the Church command them to be in *prose*." Dr. Ford was born in Devonshire, 1619, and died in 1699. He was a voluminous writer on religious subjects.

PSALM CXXVI.

1. When *Zion's* captive state
The Lord did turn again :
No idle dream which men relate,
To us could seem more vain.
 2. But when it did appear
To be a real thing :
Our mouths with laughter filled were,
And loud our tongues did sing.

The Lord great things hath done
For them, ev'n heathens said ;
 3. Yea, he hath wrought for us, we own,
Great things our hearts to glad.
 4. Full, may we, Lord, return
Like streams in southern Fields.
 5. The seed, which whiles men sow, they mourn,
Glad harvest often yields.

Who weeping goeth out,
To sow his seed in tears :
Shall joyfully bring home (no doubt,)
His sheaves with filled ears.
-

CHARLES COTTON.

Charles Cotton, who owes the introduction of his name into these pages, to the fact of his having versified the Psalm given below, is much more generally known as the friend of honest Izaak Walton, and himself a writer on angling, than as a Poet. He was, however, not only the author of a burlesque poem, entitled "A Voyage to Ireland," and another, "Virgil Travestie," and one, on "The

Wonders of the Peak," of Derbyshire, amidst which he resided—but likewise of a variety of smaller pieces in verse. His compositions are more remarkable for their fluency and humour than for their delicacy: and he appears to have liked good liquor as well as ribald jokes—for in the poem first above-mentioned, he tells us that he had only reached Chester, ere between "riding and drinking hard," he was so "fevered" on the Sunday, that, although he had intended to go to Church, he thought "a little phlebotomy" would do him good.

" But after my bleeding, I soon understood
It had cool'd my devotion as well as my blood :
For I had no more mind to look on my Psalter,
Than (saving your presence) I had to a halter."

Mr. Chalmers, in whose collection a great number of Cotton's poems are included, says, " his fate as a poet has been singular. The Virgil Travestie and his other burlesque performances have been perpetuated by at least fifteen editions, while his poems published in 1689, (two years after his death,) in which he displays true taste and elegance, have never been reprinted until now. The present, indeed, is but a selection, as many of his smaller pieces abound in those indelicacies which were the reproach of the reign of Charles II. In what remain, we find a strange mixture of broad humour and drollery, with delicacy and tenderness of sentiment, and even with devotional poetry of a superior cast."

PSALM VIII.

1. O Lord, our governor, whose potent sway
All powers in Heav'n and Earth obey,
Throughout the spacious Earth's extended frame
How great is thy adored name !

- Thy glories thou hast seated, Lord, on high,
 Above the empirean sky.
2. Out of the mouths of infants, newly come
 From the dark closet of the womb,
 Thou hast ordained powerful truth to rise,
 To baffle all thine enemies ;
 That thou the furious rage might'st calm again,*
 Of bloody and revengeful men.
 3. When on thy glorious Heavens I reflect,
 Thy work, almighty architect,
 The changing Moon and Stars that thou hast made
 T' illuminate night's sable shade :
 4. Oh ! what is man, think I, that Heaven's King
 Should mind so poor a wretched thing ;
 Or man's frail offspring, that Almighty God
 Should stoop to visit his abode ?
 5. For thou createdst him but one degree
 Below the heavenly hierarchy
 Of bless'd and happy angels, and didst crown
 Frail dust with glory and renown.
 6. Over the works of thy almighty hand
 Thou giv'st him absolute command,
 And all the rest that thou hast made
 Under his feet hast subject laid ;
 7. All sheep, and oxen, and the wilder breed
 Of beasts that on their fellows feed ;
 8. The air's inhabitants, and scaly brood,
 That live, and wanton in the flood,
 And whatsoe'er does either swim or creep
 Through the investigable deep ;
 9. Throughout the spacious earth's extended frame,
 How great is thy adored name !†

* Coleridge, who had an exquisite susceptibility of the music of poetry, once said, in reference to a couplet of Byron's, that "*then*" and "*again*" made no rhyme to his ear ; " why," said he, " should not the old form *agen* be lawful in verse ?"—*Table Talk*, i. 54.

† In one instance the whole Psalm has been made the foundation of a very comprehensive work, namely, " *The Divine Cosmographer : or a brief Survey of the whole world, delineated in a Tractate on the Eighth Psalm.* By William Hodson." Cambridge, 1640.

REV. RICHARD BAXTER.

In the unhappy times with which the name and the labours of this eminent Nonconformist Divine are identified, disputes ran high between religious parties, not only as to the claims and merits of competing Versions of the Psalms, but on the propriety of Christians indulging in a taste for poetry at all. Baxter, himself a Poet, and the apologist of sacred verse, was also addicted to Psalm singing, and that under circumstances which makes the exercise appear more strange, than even it did in the practice of dame Bridget Bendish, the grand daughter of Cromwell, who, we are told, would frequently come to visit her friends, at nine or ten o'clock at night, or later. "About one in the morning she used to put herself on the top of her mare, and set off, singing a Psalm or one of Watts's hymns in a very loud but not a very harmonious key." After having in one place expressed his wonder at certain "learned discreet men, that know not what a tune is, nor can difference one from another;" Baxter adds:—"For myself, I confess that harmony and melody are the pleasure and elevation of my soul. I have made a Psalm of praise in the holy assembly the chief delightful exercise of my religion and of my life, and have helped to bear down all the objections which I have heard against Church music, and against the 149th and 150th Psalms. It was not the least comfort that I had in

the converse of my late dear wife, that our first in the morning, and last in bed at night, was a Psalm of praise, till the hearing of others interrupted it." What a beautiful illustration does this afford of the godly simplicity and spiritual tastes of really devoted Christians, in an age which we usually regard as specially characterised by religious acerbity. Some persons may, indeed, smile at these exercises of the good man and his wife; but to such, his own remark may be applicable:—"Let those that savour not melody, leave others to their different appetites, and be content to be so far strangers to their delights."*

It is interesting to find that Baxter, who could, as we have seen, so tenderly recognise the *genius loci*, in the spot where Sandys sang; who so generously appreciated the labours of Patrick and others; and whose allusion to his own "songs in the night," is so touching, should himself, amidst such a life of preaching, controversy, persecution, imprisonment, and ill health, have found time not only to compose a poetical work of considerable length and merit, but also to versify the Psalms. Of Baxter's volume of "Poetical Fragments," a work, which is "scarcely known to one in a hundred of the admirers of its author's popular treatises on sacred subjects," Mr.

* This taste for Psalm singing was common with religiously disposed people in the Seventeenth Century, before the publication of the Hymns of Watts and Wesley, and the influence of Methodism had altered the tone of devotional melody. Heylin, one of the most learned and voluminous polemical writers of his day, presented to the lady, who afterwards became his wife, a very richly gilded Bible, in which he had a beautiful copy of verses, one of which is as follows:—

"Much reading may thy spirits wrong,
Refresh them therefore with a song;
And, that thy musick praise may merit,
Sing David's Psalms with David's spirit;
That as thy voice doth pierce men's ears,
So shall thy prayer and vows the spheres."

Montgomery has thus spoken :—"The longest piece, entitled, 'Love breathing thanks and praise,' contains his spiritual auto-biography, from the earliest impressions made upon his conscience by Divine truth, to the breaking out of the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament. In this, and indeed in all the other minor pieces, he speaks the language of a minute self-observer, and tells the experience of his own heart in strains which never lack fervency, nor indeed eloquence, however unapt in the art of turning tuneful periods in rhyme the author may occasionally be found." But while the work which Montgomery has thus generously appreciated, is so little known, Baxter's Version of the Psalms must be regarded as a still greater rarity. He left, however, at his death, prepared for the press, a complete "Paraphrase of the Psalms of David, with other Hymns," which were published in 1692, by his friend Matthew Sylvester. In a somewhat elaborate Preface, in which, anticipating, among others, this question—"But are not the Psalms sufficiently by translation and metre, already fitted to the Churches' use?"—he answers :—"I am not so vain as to expect that my Version should be of public Church-use : others have done well in several respects ; I delight to read them, and love and honour all their authors. * * * * I have no hope of reaching the seraphic strain of Mr. George Sandys, (especially on Job.) But he hath not fitted his metres to the usual tunes, so that to the vulgar they are almost useless. Bishop King's are very good, but the unusual way of making the rhymes of the next verse meet, maketh it by disuse unpleasant to the most. Mr. White's, the Scotts', and Mr. Rous's his

second, are an excellent translation of the Hebrew Text: but the ear desireth greater melody than their strict Versions will allow. Mr. William Barton hath done excellently, of whom I have made much use: but his great labour for rythmes hath made it (though more excellent to some, yet) less grave, and less taking to many others. Mr. Woodford's, and Sandys', and Patrick's and Davison's, and some others that have taken a larger paraphrastical liberty than I have done, are much more pleasant and useful to many. But when I perused all these and others for my own daily devotion and delight, I found none of them that wholly answered my expectations. I could not rest in the unpleasant harshness of the strictest Versions; seeing Psalms lose their ends that lose their affecting pleasure. I durst not venture on the paraphrastical great liberty of others; I durst make Hymns of my own, or explain the apocryphal; but I feared adding to God's Word, and making my own to pass for God's. Yet I scrupled not giving the sense of the Hebrew Text more fully than our strict translation hath done, by the addition of adjectives and adverbs; because oft-times a Hebrew word doth signifie more than one Greek, Latin, or English word can open, without such an explicatory adjective or adverb."

Mr. Orme, in his life of Baxter, justly remarks—"His Psalms are far from contemptible; for although few of them are without rugged and prosaic lines, they frequently contain very good stanzas. He had evidently bestowed considerable pains in his Version. There is a peculiarity in the structure of the verse, which often discovers mechanical ingenuity, though it contributes frequently to destroy the poetry. By

putting certain words in a different character within brackets, he contrives to make the verse long or short, as these words are used or omitted." The identical volume which had been seen by Mr. Orme, is through the kindness of its owner, the Rev. J. Russel, an Independent Minister, now before me. The estimate of its contents, as just recorded, is too accurate to require any particular modification. Baxter's Psalms certainly possess less of poetical interest by far than his "Fragments." In a note, giving some instructions for singing the Psalms, he takes credit for being the inventor of the ingenious device by which the same composition may be sung in a long or common metre tune : " The reason why I so ordered them is, because Nature, weary of the same, is recreated with variety of tunes. Though this was never done by any other that I know of, and though it sometimes make the verse more rough, I hope the benefit will compensate all this." Operose as this contrivance may be thought, it is used by its author quite as satisfactorily for diversifying the measure of the same Hymn, as are repetitions of a Psalm in different metres by Barton, Patrick, and others. Baxter died in 1691.

PSALM LIII.

1. The lives of fools do tell us that
 Their hearts no God do [TRULY] own ;
 Corrupt are they ; odious their works,
 [OF THEM] that do good there is none.
2. Upon the wicked sons of men,
 From heav'n God lookt [ON EARTH] abroad,
 To see if any understood
 And seriously sought [AFTER] God.
3. But they all filthy are become,
 They all [FROM GOD] are backward gone :

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- None of them lives in doing good,
 Of all these [WICKED] men not one.
4. Have all these men of wicked works
 No [WIT OR] knowledge left at all?
 Who eat my people up as bread,
 On God they never [TRULY] call.
5. By guilt and God's affrighting hand,
 Who fears they were [GREATLY] dismayed;
 And fled in terror, when no cause
 Was seen [FOR THEM] to be afraid.
 For God their bones that once besieged,
 Hath [JUSTLY] scattered all abroad;
 To shame thou hast put them because
 Despised they were [AND ARE] of God.
6. Let Israel's help from Sion come
 When God brings back the [CAPTIVES] sad,
 His saved people shall rejoyce,
 And [HIS TRUE] Israel be glad.
-

HENRY VAUGHAN.

The principal work of this worthy Welchman, who practised physic, and died in 1695, is entitled "Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems," a title not wholly inappropriate to the generally hard and sparkling character of his productions. While, however, his clustered conceits, like the coloured stones in a Mosaic picture, often produce an effect, in which we rather admire the skill than the taste of the artist, there are occasional touches in which we recognise the poetry as well as the piety of the author. Campbell, who has described Vaughan as "one of the harshest even of the inferior of the school of conceit," has not disdained to beautify *his*



“Rainbow,” with a very striking *scintillation* from, that of his predecessor.* Montgomery, speaking of Vaughan, says:—“Amidst much harshness and obscurity, there are gleams of rare excellence in his poems:” I think I have reason for believing that my honoured friend would allow the subjoined Psalm to come within the latter description:—

PSALM CXXI.

Up to those bright and gladsome hills,
Whence flows my weal and mirth,
I look, and sigh for Him who fills,
Unseen, both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope,
That I will not be moved;
His watchful eye is ever ope,
And guardeth his beloved.

The glorious God is my sole stay,
He is my sun and shade,
The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me from the spite of foes,
Doth all their plots controul,
And is a shield (not reckoning those)
Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad amidst the crowd,
Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud,
Now and for evermore.

* THE RAINBOW.

How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eyes
Thy burnish'd flaming arch did first descry;
When Zerah, Nahor, Haram, Abram, Lot,
The youthful *world's gray fathers*, in one knot,
Did with attentive looks watch every hour,
For thy new light and trembled at each shower.—VAUGHAN.

THE RAINBOW.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the *world's gray fathers* forth, [To watch the sacred sign.
CAMPBELL.

We have now arrived at the period of the publication of a Metrical Version of the Psalms, which was more immediately effectual in its supplantation of that of Sternhold and Hopkins in our Churches, and more lasting in its division of the popular preference, with the Old Version, than any that had preceded it. This was "A New Version of the Psalms of David, Fitted to the Tunes used in Churches. By N. Brady, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary, and N. Tate, Esq., Poet Laureate to her Majesty," Queen Anne. The first edition of this work in its complete form* appeared in 1698, accompanied by the royal authority, allowing its use "in all [such] Churches, Chapels, and Congregations, as should think fit to receive the same." Two years afterwards, Dr. Henry Compton, then Bishop of London, finding, as he says, "the work done with so much judgment and ingenuity," earnestly recommended it to the Clergy of his Diocese; a circumstance which tended greatly to facilitate its adoption in the Metropolitan Churches. Basil Kennet, whose name, as a versifier of the Psalms, is elsewhere mentioned, likewise praises the authors of the New Version, as having "fully answered their good design," &c. On the other hand, Bishop Beveridge speaks no less strongly in disparagement of the work. "It is," says the pious Prelate, "*a New Version indeed; a great part of it running in a style that is wholly new, according to the new modes of writing, invented and practised only in this age! There are many such new phrases, and romantic expressions, in this Version, which are taken up by our present Poets,*

* The authors had printed "An Essay" of twenty of the Psalms the year before.

and being now in fashion, may serve well enough in other places ; but can by no means suit with a divine poem, much less with one inspired by God himself." The defence of the "New Version" seems to have devolved upon Tate, who, in an "Essay for promoting Psalmody," published in 1710, complains that "by prejudiced judgments the least air of poetry in Psalm-metre, shall be censured as a crime. What is lively shall be called light and airy ; and barbarity and botching have the venerable appellation of grave and solid ! After all, to shew that I speak not for self-interest, let the principal persons of our Church and State, who were pleased to approve and allow the use of that Version wherein I was concerned, be satisfied that a more serviceable performance is produced, and I shall think myself happy in having helped to make way for such a Version : let our Churches be accommodated to satisfaction, and my ambition is answered. And I am at this time more than ordinarily solicitous for a favourable reception of such a Version on the probability of our having such a one, the relict and last effort of no less a man than our famous Sir John Denham, which, if it comes up to the character of the author, it is likely that Psalmody may clap her wings, and have no occasion to look out any farther." A modern reader of plain sense will probably fail to recognise in the "New Version" of the Psalms, what might be considered one hundred and fifty years ago, as new phrases, and romantic, or light and airy expressions : while persons better acquainted with our national poetry, will hardly deny that it exhibits in fact a fair specimen of the common-place style of English verse, in the least romantic era of our literature.

By a very long deed,* dated December 3, 1696, Tate and Brady entered into partnership with the Stationers' Company for printing the New Version of the Psalms, the copyright being "divided into three great allotments of eighty shares each," and the articles of agreement giving the option of purchase to one of the three parties. The property has long been wholly in the hands of the Stationers' Company. Some of the later editions of the New Version were very incorrectly printed—in that of 1737, there were above two hundred errors of the press. In 1753, Dr. Herring, Archbishop of Canterbury, took some measures with Richardson, the King's Printer, for the issue of the book with a more accurate text. Towards this object, it appears that Mr. Duncombe rendered some assistance, for in one of his letters to this gentleman, (Nov. 15, 1753,) his Grace says:—"The new edition of Tate and Brady is not come out that I know of. The emendations suggested were much approved of, but my authority to alter them made a matter of some doubt; so the middle way was taken, of correcting the errors, not the imperfections."†

* An abstract of this document will be found in *Gents. Mag.* vol. xcii. Pt. ii. p. 414.

† Letters from Herring to Duncomb, pp. 133, 135, 151:

NICHOLAS BRADY, D.D.

Dr. Brady was born at Bandon, in Ireland, in 1659: he was a lineal descendant of the first Protestant Bishop of Meath. On leaving Westminster School, where he was first placed, and where he discovered "a surprising early genius" for poetry, he became a student of Christ Church, Oxford: he took, however, all his degrees in the University of Dublin. He was a zealous promoter of, and a sufferer in the revolution of 1688. He appears, indeed, to have been active as a politician, as well as popular as a preacher; and held at his death, which happened in 1726, three or four benefices, one of them being the vicarage of Stratford-on-Avon. In 1692 Brady wrote the Ode which was publicly performed on St. Cecilias Day, Nov. 22: the practice of thus annually celebrating the Patroness of Music, by a union of the most popular poetic talent of the day, with the skill of the most eminent composers, having existed at least from 1683 to 1708. It was the good fortune of our Poet, to have had his Ode "admirably set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell, and performed *twice* with universal applause, and particularly the second stanza, which was sung with incredible graces by Mr. Purcell himself." Previous to the performance of the Ode, which generally took place at Stationers' Hall, a sermon was preached by some eminent divine at St. Bride's Church, the object of the discourse being the defence

of Sacred Music: in 1697 Dr. Brady was the preacher, and printed his sermon at the request of the Stewards, under the title of “Church Musick Vindicated.” The character given of him in the *Biographia Britannica*, is that of being “a person of a most obliging, sweet, affable temper, a polite Gentleman, an excellent Preacher, and a good Poet.” He executed, or as Dr. Johnson says, “attempted” a translation of “The *Æneid* of Virgil” in rivalry of Dryden: but the Version of the Psalms which appeared under the joint names of Dr. Brady and Mr. Tate, contains the only pieces of his which are generally known: and it need scarcely be added, that they fall far short of sustaining the author’s claim to be considered “a good Poet” in our day, though the appellation does not appear to have been objected to in his own. It would have been an interesting circumstance, could we have associated the execution of Brady’s Psalms, with his Warwickshire Vicarage—so near the birth-place of Shakspeare: but they were in fact translated in a pleasant retreat at Richmond, in Surrey. Which of the Psalms were composed by him is uncertain: Cibber attributes to him the 104th: the slender ground on which I quote the following Version under his name, is the simple fact that others have done so.

PSALM LXIX.

1. Save me, O God, from waves that rowl,
And press to overwhelm my Soul.
2. With painful steps in mire I tread,
And Deluges o’erflow my Head.
3. With restless Cries my Spirits faint
My Voice is hoarse with long Complaint,
My Sight decays with tedious Pain,
Whilst for my God, I wait in vain.

4. My hairs, tho' numerous, are but few,
 Compared with Foes that me pursue,
 With groundless Hate, grown now of might,
 To execute their lawless Spite.
 They force me guiltless to resign,
 As Rapine what by right was mine.
5. Thou Lord, my Innocence dost see ;
 Nor are my Sins concealed from Thee.
6. Lord God of Hosts take timely care,
 Lest for my sake thy Saints despair ;
7. Since I have suffer'd for thy Name
 Reproach, and hid my Face in shame,
8. A Stranger to my Country grown,
 Nor to my nearest Kindred known.
 A Foreigner exposed to scorn,
 By Brethren of my Mother born.
9. For, Zeal to thy loved House and Name,
 Consumes me like devouring flame,
 Concern'd at their Affronts to Thee,
 More than at Slanders cast on me.
10. My very Tears and Abstinence,
 They construe in a spiteful sense ;
11. When cloath'd with Sackcloth for their sake,
 They me their common Proverb make.
12. Their Judges at my Wrongs do jest,
 Those Wrongs they ought to have redrest,
 How should I then expect to be
 From libels of lewd Drunkards free ?
13. But Lord, to Thee I will repair
 For help, with humble, timely Prayer,
 Relieve me from thy Mercies' store,
 Display thy Truth's preserving Power.
14. From threat'ning Dangers me relieve,
 And from the Mire my Feet retrieve ;
 From spiteful Foes in safety keep,
 And snatch me from the raging Deep.
15. Controul the Deluge ere it spread,
 And roul its Waves above my Head ;
 Nor deep Destruction's open Pit,
 To close her Jaws on me permit.

16. Lord, hear the humble Prayer I make,
For thy transcending goodness sake ;
Relieve thy supplicant once more,
From thy abounding Mercy's store.
17. Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face ;
Make haste, for desperate is my Case :
18. Thy timely succour interpose,
And shield me from remorseless Foes.
19. Thou knowst what Infamy and Scorn,
I from my Enemies have borne ;
Nor can their close dissembled Spite,
Or darkest Plots escape thy Sight.
20. Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart,
I look'd for some to take my part,
To pity or relieve my Pain ;
But look'd (alas !) for both in vain.
21. With hunger pined, for Food I call,
Instead of Food they give me Gall,
And when with thirst my Spirits sink,
They give me Vinegar to drink.
22. Their Table therefore to their Health,
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth ;
23. Perpetual Darkness seize their Eyes,
And sudden Blasts their Hopes surprise.
24. On them thou shalt thy Fury pour,
Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour ;
25. And make their House a dismal Cell,
Where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell.
26. For new afflictions they procured,
For him who had thy stripes endured ;
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn,
To bleed afresh with sharper Scorn.
27. Sin shall to Sin their Steps betray,
Till they to Truth have lost the Way.
28. From Life thou shalt exclude their Soul.
Nor with the Just their Names enroll.
29. But me, howe'er distres't and poor,
Thy strong Salvation shall restore :
30. Thy Power with Songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy Name.

31. Our God shall this more highly prize,
Than Herds or Flocks in sacrifice :
32. Which humble Saints with joy shall see,
And hope for like redress with me.
33. For God regards the Poor's Complaint,
Sets Prisoners free from close Restraint,
34. Let Heaven, Earth, Sea their Voices raise,
And all the World resound his Praise.
35. For God will *Sion's* Walls erect,
Fair *Judah's* Cities will protect ;
Till all her scatter'd Sons repair
To undisturb'd possession there.
36. This blessing they shall at their Death,
To their Religious Heirs bequeath :
And they to endless Ages more,
Of such as his blest Name adore.

NAHUM TATE.

Tate, as well as his poetical colleague, Brady, mentioned in the previous notice, was a native of Ireland, having been born, in 1652, at Dublin, in the University of which place he received his education.* He was the son of Faithful Teate, D.D.,† who was ejected from Winchester, and himself no despicable Poet, as his “*Ter Tria*”—or the Trinity

* On the centenary celebration of the founding of Dublin College, in 1693, Tate, then Poet Laureate, complimented his *Alma Mater* in an ode, the object of which is to praise the memory of the foundress Queen Elizabeth ; But

Chiefly to recommend to Fame
Maria, and great William's name,
Whose Isle to him her freedom owes ;
And surely no Hibernian Muse,
Can her restorer's praise refuse,
While Boyne and Shannon flows.

† “ Junii, 1688. Nahum Teat, Pensionarius, filius Faithful Teat, Presbyter, natus annos sexdecim, natus Dublinii, educatus sub Magistro Savage, Belfast.—Tutor, Geo. Walker.” *Regr. Universitat. Dublin.*

evinces. Malone supposes that our author was probably called *Tate* by the less polished of his countrymen, according to the Irish pronunciation, and when he came to England he adopted this mode of spelling his name. He does not appear to have followed any particular profession; but on coming to this country, he became well known in London as a dramatic writer, sometimes in conjunction with Dryden. He was encouraged by, even if his earliest poetical effusions did not appear in Dunton's "*Athenian Mercury*," for in a complimentary poem to the Editors he says:—

“ The warmth your beams produced you must excuse,
Your commendations first inspired my muse :
Your friendly praise supports her feeble wing,
You both invite and teach her how to sing :
And while by art your charming numbers move,
Her woodnotes wild instruct her to improve.”

Tate succeeded Shadwell, as Poet Laureate : and seems to have shared, with few claims to exception on the score of genius or prudence, the fortunes—or rather, the misfortunes of too many other wits of his age; for he died in the Mint, where he had some time lived as a refuge from his creditors, in 1715. He left behind him numerous poems, now generally forgotten, as his name would doubtless also have been, but for the Version of the Psalms to which it is prefixed,* and the satirical notices of Pope and Young. Tate was exposed to a good deal

* Still our author does not appear to be fairly obnoxious to more than *half* the demerit recently attributed to him in a popular work :—“ Nahum Tate, the author of the worst alterations of Shakspeare, the worst Version of the Psalms of David, and the worst continuation of a great poem—the second part of ‘ Absalom and Achitophel ’ extant.”—*Pictorial Hist. England*, iii. 879.

of popular ill will on account of his political poem* against the course and conduct of the Five Kentish Petitioners, whose remonstrance to Parliament created so much excitement towards the end of the reign of King William III.

Under what circumstances the friendship and co-operation of the authors of the "New Version" originated does not appear; sympathy of countrymen, or the apparent advantage of adorning the newly strung Harp of David with the official laurel, might probably be the inducement to this poetical partnership on the part of Dr. Brady, who, although inferior to Tate as a Poet, would doubtless revise the whole work, with reference to its biblical accuracy. However, the coalition of the individuals in this work might suggest a joke to their contemporaries,† there was surely no more to blame in it, than in the poetical coadjutorship of Beaumont and Fletcher, whose dramas are considered none the worse for the fact of their having had two authors.

As Tate and Brady were both Poets, they may not have interfered with each other's Versions.

* "The Kentish Worthies." An anonymous writer of the period says:—"And to complete the show, [the liberation of the petitioners from prison] that it might look somewhat majestic, the ballad maker of Whitehall was ordered to compose some lines to the laud and praise of the five Kentish Worthies; which he did with like success as when he and the parson (Dr. Brady) rebelled against King David, and broke his lute and murdered his Psalms."—*Wilson's Memoirs of De Foe*, vol. i. 406.

† Enoch Watts, writing to his brother the Doctor, soon after the publication of his Hymns, (1700), says:—"Dr. Patrick most certainly has the report of a very learned man, and, they say, understands the Hebrew extremely well, which, indeed, capacitates him for a translator, but he is thereby never the more enabled to versify. Tate and Brady still keep near the same pace. I know not what sober beast they ride, (one that will be content to carry double), but I am sure it is no Pegasus: there is in them a mighty deficiency of that life and soul, which is necessary to raise our fancies and kindle and fire our passions; and something or other they have to alledge against the rest of adventurers; but I have been persuaded a great while since, that were David to speak English, he would choose to make use of your style."—*Milner's Life of Watts*, p. 178.

It is not, however, possible to discriminate the authors of their respective contributions to a performance, which has not only survived the works bearing their separate names, but which must, after due deduction from the overwrought praise and the unmeasured obloquy which it has encountered, be allowed to be, on the whole, not discreditable to the skill and the age of the versifiers, however confessedly imperfect as such a Version of the Psalms for Congregational use, as should exclude all competition. I will venture to add, that while it would be easy to point out those who have spoken disparagingly of the Version of Tate and Brady, but have not excelled it, it would be difficult to point out a specimen of Metrical Psalmody, better entitled to commendation than the New Version of the 139th. To what extent the subjoined may be entitled to similar praise, the candid reader must judge.

PSALM CXLII.

1. To God with mournful Voice
in deep distress I pray'd ;
2. Made him the Umpire of my Cause,
my Wrongs before him laid.
3. Thou didst my steps direct
when my griev'd Soul despair'd,
For where I thought to walk secure,
they had their Traps prepar'd.
4. I look'd, but found no Friend
to own me in Distress ;
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchsaf'd
his Pity, or Redress.
5. To God at last I pray'd,
thou, Lord, my Refuge art ;
My Portion in the Land of Life,
till Life it self depart.

6. Reduc'd to greatest Straits
 to Thee I make my Moan,
 O ! save me from oppressing Foes,
 for me too pow'rful grown.
7. That I may praise thy Name,
 my Soul from Prison bring ;
 Whilst of thy kind Regard to me
 assembled Saints shall sing.
-

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Sir John Denham was born at Dublin, in 1615—both his parents having been English. His college life was irregular ; and among other irregularities, he was addicted to the vice of gaming : he, however, not only reformed, and was engaged in various important services for Charles the Second, whose exile and fortunes he shared, but, as Dr. Johnson says, “ he appears, whenever any serious question comes before him, to have been a man of piety : he consecrated his poetical powers to religion, and made a Metrical Version of the Psalms of David. In this attempt he has failed ; but in sacred poetry who has succeeded ? ” If the Doctor means simply that Denham has “ failed ” to impart to his Version of the Songs of Zion, the *sort* and *degree* of interest, which belongs to his exquisitely beautiful and original poem of “ Cooper’s Hill,” the assertion cannot be denied : otherwise, some portions of his translation, at least, have been highly and deservedly praised. As to the closing question of the above quotation, Montgomery’s “ Christian Poet,” to say nothing of

other works, is a triumphant reply. Denham's Version is comparatively rare; there is a copy in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford: the title is—"A Version of the Psalms of David; Fitted to the Tunes used in Churches. By the Honourable Sir John Denham, Knight of the Bath. London, Printed for J. Bowyer," &c., 1714. In order to give every advantage to this Version, it was accompanied with music composed by Andrew Rorer, the friend of Handel. Tattershall, in the Preface to his Edition of Merrick, speaks with enthusiasm of the Version of Sir John Denham; giving it as his opinion "that none of his predecessors or contemporaries have ever come near him, and that few of his successors have equalled, scarcely one surpassed him." He adds, "what height of devotion, what elegance of diction, do we meet with from the beginning to the conclusion of this author's work, wherein there is nothing too difficult for meaner capacities, nothing foreign to, or incoherent with the Scriptural sense of the Psalmist!" The following specimen is not only creditable, but will probably be allowed to exhibit a certain compactness of structure which justifies the author's character for "strength." Denham died in 1668, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Cowley, whose death he had recently lamented in an excellent poem.

PSALM CXLV.

1. O Lord, my God, my Songs to Thee
Shall, like Thyself, immortal be!
2. For ever I'll Thy Praise express,
And every Day thy Name will bless.

3. Great is the Lord, his Praise no Bounds
Confine, no Line his greatness sounds :
4. That Generation which succeeds,
Shall learn from this thy mighty Deeds.
5. The Honour of thy Majesty
6. I'll sing, how wonderful ! how high !
7. The measures of thy Grace, who know ?
8. Thy Mercy's swift, thy Anger slow.
9. O'er all, God's Guardian Mercy stands,
His Bounty falls from equal Hands :
10. His wondrous Power his Works proclaim,
For which the Saints shall bless his Name.

PART II.

11. God's Majesty, his Power, the State
12. Of his Dominion, Saints relate ;
So large, so lasting, so renown'd,
13. As neither Place nor Time shall bound.
14. Thy Hand supports the drooping Head,
Has raised the Low, the Hungry fed ;
15. The whole Creation, Men and Beasts,
16. Attending Thee, thy Bounty feasts.
17. Justice and Truth thy Ways secure ;
And, like Thyself, thy Works are pure,
18. To them that pray the Lord is near,
To all who pray and are sincere.
19. Their Suits he grants, their Wants supplies,
And saves them when he hears their Crys.
20. All this the righteous Man enjoys,
But the ungodly God destroys.
21. My Lips his Praises shall proclaim,
And all who live shall bless His Name.

LUKE MILBOURNE.

“Mr. Luke Milburn, that zealous Presbyter of the Church of England,” as Calamy calls him, was the son of a Clergyman of the same name, who was ejected from the living of Wroxhall, in Warwickshire, by the Act of Uniformity. The subject of this notice became Rector of St. Ethelburga’s, and Lecturer of St. Leonard’s, Shoreditch, London. His name as a Poet and a critic has survived his reputation as a preacher; for he not only ventured upon the bold experiment of publishing a new Version of the Psalms, while that of Tate and Brady was fresh in circulation, but he openly challenged the reputation of Dryden, as a translator of the Prince of Latin Poets, giving to the public, in his “Notes on Dryden,” &c., his own translation of two of the Pastorals, and of the Georgics of Virgil: on which account he has been immortalized by Pope as “the fairest of critics.” The contempt which Dryden professed for the performance of one who preferred Ogilby’s Virgil to his, has been confirmed by the public: and at this day, Milbourne, whose moral character, however, appears to have been irreproachable—would probably be forgotten, were it not for the recorded sneers of the two greatest Poets of his age. The following is the title of the work upon which his claim to be mentioned in these pages is founded:—“Psalms of David, in English Metre; Translated from the Original, and suited to

all the Tunes now Sung in Churches : with the addition of several new. By Luke Milbourne, a Presbyter of the Church of England." 12mo. 1698. This Version never attracted any attention : indeed it contains little to excite either praise or blame. The following extract from the Preface of Milbourne's work is not without interest :—" The Standart of our English Language having been so much altered of late ; and Poetry especially, having reached its utmost height by that noble genius appearing in the writings of Sir John Denham, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley, and some later authors, the roughness and uncorrectness of the ancient Version has appeared the more evident and notorious. The observation of which made Mr. Sandys, Mr. May, Mr. Burnaby, Bishop King, Mr. Barton, Sir John Denham, himself, Mr. Smith, Mr. Goodridge, Dr. Patrick, Dr. Woodford, and Dr. Ford, and now very lately, Mr. Brady and Mr. Tate, make their several translations with different success. Mr. Burnaby's book, and Mr. May's essay, I have seen : Mr. Sandys' and the Rev. Dr. Woodford's are above our ordinary Musick—the last especially, whose author seems to breathe with David's spirit, and to aspire to raptures almost equal with that Divine Psalmist ; and whose steps are as nobly followed by that *Masculine* Poet as well as Painter, the incomparable *Mrs.* Beal. Mr. Barton's Version is generally apposite enough to the text, but exalted little above the old. Sir John Denham's I have not seen, but find the admirable Dr. Woodford (a sufficient judge) giving them a noble and doubtless a deserved character. That of the Right Reverend Bishop of Chichester, [Dr. King] labours under the

unhappy choice of his rhyme, (as others have observ'd,) so far as to render that otherwise excellent book, ungrateful to the ear. Mr. Smith is *very* gay, and *perhaps* too affected, if the Rev. Dr. Patrick may be a judge, whose own is pious indeed, and generally plain—but an almost *unpoetical* translation of the most exalted poetry. For Mr. Brady's and Mr. Tate's, since they are now publishing a new and corrected edition of their translation, I shall pass no judgment on that work, whose errors and excellencies I must be content to be ignorant of till it is published. Among those which I have hitherto seen, which are fitted to common tunes, the best and most elaborate and the most musical is that of Dr. Ford, that Reverend person having a truly Poetical genius, attended with great and solid learning, and exemplary Piety—excellent qualifications for a compleat paraphrast. Nor ought Mr. Goodridge for his zeal and piety in promoting more correct Church Musick to be passed without a just commendation." Milbourne died in 1720. Old John Dunton, the bookseller, gives him the following character:—"Most other perfections are so far from matching his, they deserve not to be mentioned. His 'Translations' are fine and true: his preaching sublime and rational; and he is a first-rate Poet."

PSALM XLV.

1. Warm'd by a Beam of Sacred Light,
 I'll sing a lofty Song;
 The strains my busie thoughts indite,
 To our bless'd King belong.
 And though the Pen-Man's humble hand
 Flies swiftly o'er his scroul,
 More swiftly and with more command,
 My tongue attends my soul.

2. Fair be the Sons of Human Race,
Thou, Lord, art fairer found ;
Thy lips distil Celestial grace,
With God's due Blessings crown'd.
3. Ride on, thou Prince of Wondrous Might,
Gird on thy dreadful Sword ;
With Majesty and glorious Light,
And Truth's all-Conquering Word.
4. May Love and Righteousness attend
Thee with assur'd success ;
Thy dreadful Arms all Fame transcend,
And all thy Foes depress.
5. Before thy pointed Arrows all
Thy Foes shall spread the Field,
And at thy Footsteps wounded fall,
And to their Conqueror yield.

PART II.

6. Thy Throne, ô God, eternal stands,
And Right thy Sceptre crowns,
Bright Justice fills thy righteous hands,
Sin dies beneath thy Frowns.
7. Mov'd with thy Gifts and Acts Divine,
Thy God anoints thy Head ;
Thy joys thy Fellows' Joys outshine,
On Thee in plenty shed.
8. Myrrh, Aloes, and Cassia sweet,
From all thy Garments flow ;
And round thy Ivory Palace meet,
And all thy Motions shew :
9. Kings' Royal Daughters, richly dress'd,
Among thy Maidens stand,
The Queen, with golden Crowns oppress'd,
Waits at her Sovereign's Hand.
10. Hear me, great Queen, my Words receive,
With humbly prudent Care,
Thy Fondness of thy Fathers leave,
And of thy Country's Air.
11. So shall the King his boundless Love
To thy bright Charms allow,

For He's the Lord, He reigns above,
To Him ô humbly bow.

PART III.

12. Then shall the Tyrian Dames resort
With gifts, fair Queen, to Thee,
The wealthy then shall make their Court,
To awful Majesty.
13. Rich Robes the Royal Princess wears,
But richer far her mind ;
An inward Heavenly Treasure bears,
By Love and Grace refined.
14. Her, they to see her King, adorn,
With all th' Embroid'rer's art ;
Her Trains by Royal Virgins borne,
Who share her joys and heart.
15. Pleasures around their Bosoms play,
Their eyes soft Loves create ;
When, to attend their Monarch, they
On their great Mistress wait.
16. For Fathers, Sons, thy Court adorn,
A gallant, sprightly Train :
Brave Youths to Crowns and Sceptres born,
And o'er the nations reign.
17. Thy Praise, ô Thou Immortal King,
I'll ever thus proclaim ;
And all the joyful World shall sing,
Thy godlike Acts and Name.

 JOHN PHILLIPS.

In that rich depository, the Lambeth Library,
there is a very rare volume, entitled "Daveidos : or
a Specimen of some* of David's Psalms in English

* The Psalms are 1 to 18 inclusive, 100, 101, 137, 148, 150.

Metre, with remarks upon the late Translators. By Mr. John Phillips." London, 1798. 8vo. pp. 46, and Preface 16p. It is obvious the date should be 1698. The Preface is mostly taken up with an invective against Tate and Brady, whose Version is declared to be "very ordinary, and insipid, not to be called poetry: the contexture nothing better than linsey-woolsey, and the stuffing mere thrums." The writer abuses Milbourne's Version as being what may be called David's Psalms in disguise! It may be questioned whether his own performance justifies this cavalier treatment of his precursors: Todd, indeed, quoting two stanzas from Psalm xiii., says, they "are certainly most impressive:" the reader will probably think this praise too strong to be quite applicable to the specimen given below. Of the personal history of John Phillips, we have no certain information: Todd says, "this was probably the celebrated Poet of that name, although his biographers are silent as to such a work of his production." This omission could hardly have happened, if the author of the "Splendid Shilling," and the poem on *Cider* had been the versifier of the Psalms, whose name was on the title-page of the "Daveidos"—a work moreover, which, to say nothing of the comparative discordancy of the topics treated, must have been published, if the above conjecture be correct, when the Poet was only twenty-two years of age. The author of the "Splendid Shilling" was born at the end of the year 1676. After the requisite preparatory instruction at Winchester School, he was admitted a member of Christ Church, Oxford, where, according to Dr. Johnson, "he was distinguished as a genius eminent among the eminent—

the profession which he intended to follow was that of Physic ; and he took much delight in Natural History, of which Botany was his favourite part." The era of these professional studies would be coincident with the appearance of the "Daveidos." Phillips died in 1708, aged 33 years.

PSALM XII.

Help, Lord, oh help, for godly men,
 Chac'd from the earth, are fled ;
 The faithful seem to be conceal'd
 'Mong the forgotten dead.
 The common talk of neighbours now,
 Is all but vanity,
 For what their double hearts intend,
 Their flattering tongues deny.
 But let dissemblers perish, Lord,
 From the corrupted earth ;
 And the triumphing boaster find
 The folly of his mirth ;
 Who say, that by such tricks of state,
 We will our names extol ;
 Are not our lips and tongues our own ?
 Who shall our pride controul ?
 When moved with the loud complaints
 And sighings of the poor,
 I will arise, saith God, and them
 To quiet peace restore.
 Nor are thy promises, O God,
 Dispersed in the wind,
 More pure than silver are thy words,
 Tho' many times refin'd.
 Now therefore keep thy promise, Lord,
 And save thy chosen race,
 For now impiety prevails,
 And potent wrong takes place,
 And well thou know'st when violent men
 Are lofty in command,
 The Godly languish, ill prepar'd
 Their fury to withstand.

SAMUEL WESLEY.

The following stanzas were published one hundred and forty years ago, in a work entitled “The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared, &c., with Prayers and Hymns suited to the Several Parts of that Holy Office, &c. By Samuel Wesley, M.A., Chaplain to the Most Honourable JOHN Lord Marquess of *Normanby*, and Rector of *Epworth*, in the Diocese of *Lincoln*. London : 1700.” 12mo. The name of the Rector of Epworth might at this day have been as little known, as his “*Life of Christ*,” an *Heroic Poem, in ten Books*, is little read, but for the celebrity of his distinguished sons, John, the founder of the Methodist Societies, and Charles, the composer of a number of the finest Hymns in our language. And yet the Lincolnshire Poet lacked not either strength or originality of character, any more than did his wife,* or their numerous children : indeed Dr. Adam Clarke’s memoirs of the “Wesley Family” is one of the most interesting volumes of its class. Mr. Wesley died in 1735. The reverend author Prefaces his versifications with the following remarks :—“The Great HALLEL or PASCHAL HYMN, which was sung by the Jews at the PASSOVER, and by our SAVIOUR and his APOSTLES at the Institution of the LORD’S SUPPER, consisting of Psalms 113, 114, 115, 116,

* She was a daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, one of the most respectable of the Nonconformist Ministers : she had a sister married to John Dunton, the printer ; and in the “*Life and Errors*” of that singular man, written by himself, we have frequent mention of his brother-in-law, Wesley.

117, 118. The two former were sung towards the Beginning of the FEAST, the rest at the End of it.* The first of these *Psalms* (the 113th) is still used in the TIGURINE Churches at the COMMUNION.† And any of them, as they are here turned into METRE, may be Sung, either in Private, or by a Family, before or after the SACRAMENT.”

PSALM CXIII.

1. Ye Priests of God, whose happy days
Are spent in your Creator's Praise,
Still more and more his fame express !
Ye pious Worshippers, proclaim,
With Shouts of Joy his Holy Name,
Nor satisfy'd with Praising, bless.
2. 3. Let God's high Praises ay resound,
Beyond old Time's too scanty Bound,
And through eternal Ages pierce ;
From where the Sun first gilds the Streams,
To where he sets with purple Beams,
Thro' all the outstretcht Universe.
4. The various Tribes of Earth obey
God's awful and imperial Sway ;
Nor Earth his boundless Power confines :
Above the Sun's all cheering Light,
Above the Stars, and far more bright
His pure essential Glory shines.
5. 6. What Mortal, form'd of Dust and Clay,
What Idol, even more weak than they,
Can with the God of Heav'n compare !
Pure Angels round his glorious Throne
He stoops to view, not those alone,
Even Earth born Men his Goodness share.
7. 8. The Poor he raises from the Dust,
The Needy if on him they trust

* Lightfoot, vol. ii. pp. 258, 260.

† Tigurine Liturgy, p. 116.

From sordid Want and Shame he'll raise ;
 That they with mighty Princes plac'd
 With Wealth, and Power, and Honour grac'd
 May sing aloud their Saviour's Praise.

9. The Barren Womb, whose Hopes were past
 His boundless Power unseals at last,
 And saves her Memory and Fame :
 He fills the House with hopeful Boys,
 Who their glad Mother's Heart rejoyce ;
 O therefore praise his Holy Name.

In the interesting Memoirs of Edward Alleyn, Founder of Dulwich College, compiled by J. Payne Collier, Esq., and published in 1841, there is a copy of verses, introduced by the following notice :—
 “ Among his [Alleyn's] scattered papers is the subsequent Hymn, in his own handwriting, and possibly of his own composition. It would seem to have been intended for the Congregation of the College, and very likely was sung to the ‘ pair of organes’ which, on the 27th of April, 1618, he bought of ‘ Mr. Gibbs, of Powles,’ for £8 2s., and which were put up in the Chapel.”* Be this as it may, the metrical composition in question, which appears to be quoted by Mr. Collier, without his being aware that it is a close Version of the 113th Psalm, is calculated to excite some singular reflections in the mind of any religious reader, who may happen to peruse the work in which it occurs. Here we have on one page an account of an old stage player, the founder of a noble hospital, a theatrical proprietor, the keeper of “ his majesty's bulls, bears, and dogs,” actually baiting these animals before the King ; blessing “ the Lorde Gode, everlasting, the

* Life of Alleyn, p. 157.

gever of all, Amen," in his diary ; buying an organ for his Chapel ; and at the same time penning the following stanzas !

O prayse the Lord, ye servantes all,
 Prayse y^e his holly name ;
 Bless hym from East to West, henceforth,
 For ever do the same.

The Lord is great above all Kings,
 Then Heven his glorie hier,
 Who's like to hym ? dwelling so highe
 Yett humbles his desier.

To see y^e things y^t ar in Heaven,
 And on the Earth be lowe ;
 Taking the pore and simple out
 Of dust and myre, we know.

That he may seat hym for to sitt
 W^t princes of the land,
 Even w^t the princes of his people,
 His lawes to understand.

He makes a barren woman bear,
 And keep her house with joye ;
 To cheer her Hart he children gives,
 To gard hir from annoye.

All this and more our God doth send
 To us, y^t gift of peace ;
 For w^{ch} to prayse his holy name,
 My Hart shall never seasse.

DR. BASIL KENNET.

Soon after the appearance of the "New Version," and at a time when the reputation of that work directed the attention of the public to the subject of

Metrical Psalmody, there was put forth "An Essay towards a Paraphrase on the Psalms in English Verse. To which is added a Paraphrase on the third chapter of the Revelations. By Basil Kennet, Fellow of C. C. C. Oxon." London, 1706. Dr. Drake, although he gives no specimen, appears to have seen Kennet's work, an 8vo. of 105 pages, which he thus characterises :—"This writer, an elegant scholar, and a man of considerable talent, after approving in general the plan, and in part, the execution of Tate and Brady's Version, observes, that they have 'shewn themselves equal to a nobler attempt;' a remark which, together with his own example, induces us to suppose that he considered a paraphrase as alone capable of doing justice to the compositions of the Psalmist; and, indeed, it is but due to add, that several parts of what he intended as an exemplar of his opinions, are beautifully executed." The following specimen, although convenient for my purpose, is not selected as one of those* which would best justify the epithet at the close of the foregoing quotation :—

PSALM LXXXV.

"On thy forsaken land thy favours shine,
Great King! and rescue Jacob's captive line:
Thy goodness veils our guilt; thy balms dispen-
Health to our wounds, and banish our offence:
Recall'd are all thy terrors; in thy face
Pity succeeding breathes immortal grace.
Turn us, our God! confirm thy saving name:
Turn us, and cease the reliques of thy flame.
For ages shall thy wrath its edge disclose,
And scourge us with hereditary woes?"

* The Psalms Paraphrased are the following:—19, 22, 23, 27, 29, 32, 33, 34, 37, 42, 46, 51, 84, 85, 90, 102, 103, 113, 121, 122, 125, 126, 127, 129, 130, 133, 143, 147.

Or shall thy blissful comforts not revive
 Thy Tribes, and pleasure to their soul derive,
 To joy in thy defence, and in thy praise to strive? }
 Let mercy, wide triumphant, charm our eyes,
 And bright salvation on our darkness rise.
 To thy propitious voice my vows attend,
 Courting the peaceful message to descend :
 For peace it brings to all whom folly's chain
 Once has releas'd, not to be bound again.
 Grace waits on holy fear, and in our state
 Glory conspicuous takes its radiant seat.
 In bless'd embraces Truth and Mercy join,
 And Piety and Peace greet with a kiss divine.
 Fair truth shall spring abundant from our soil ;
 Mercy, Heav'n-born, from heav'n well-pleas'd shall smile :
 While peace indulgent, show'ring from the sky,
 Prospers the large increase of piety.
 Where Truth and Piety the path prepare,
 Angels encamp, Jehovah's tents are there,
 And all the train of heav'n compose the glorious rear." }

JOHN MASON, A.M.

The following Psalm is by an individual whose compositions were often sung in Dissenting Congregations, before the publication of Watts's Hymns—though the Doctor's brother, Enoch, speaks of them disparagingly.* John Mason was Rector of Water Stratford, in Buckinghamshire, and died in 1694. He was a man of genius, as well as of piety : but the entertainment of some of the Millenarian notions which were prevalent in his time, exposed

* "Mason now reduces this kind of writing, (Psalmody), to a sort of yawning indifference, and honest Barton chimes us asleep,"—*Milner's Life of Watts*, p. 177.

him to the charge of enthusiasm,—A term of reproach, which appears to have meant nothing more in this good man's case, than that he was more spiritually minded, and earnest in the service of his Saviour, than those who thus spoke of him. He left behind him a little collection of devotional aphorisms, which were published by his grandson, the author of the celebrated *Treatise on Self-knowledge*, under the title of “*Select Remains of the Rev. John Mason, A.M.*” This little book was printed at the recommendation of Dr. Watts, and long continued, deservedly, to obtain a wide circulation. It is constituted principally of short but sententious and weighty reflections on the most momentous topics in reference to the Christian life ; and it is defaced with fewer conceits than most works of the same age, devoted to a similar purpose.* The Psalm given below is from the twelfth edition of a work, to which various Hymn writers have been indebted—“*Spiritual Songs ; or Songs of Praise, with Penitential Cries to Almighty God, upon several occasions ; together with the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's, first turn'd, then paraphrased in English Verse :—with an addition of a Sacred Poem on Dives and Lazarus.*”† In the following verses there is a degree of harmony, terseness, and propriety of expression, of which few, if any, of the Versions of the same Psalm exhibit equal evidence.

* *Memoirs of Dr. John Mason Good*, whose parents perpetuated in his baptismal names their respect for and relation to the author of “*Self Knowledge.*”

† Some of the “*Penitential Cries*” in this volume, are said to be by the Rev. Thomas Shepherd, a friend of Mason's.—See *Montgomery's “ Christian Poet,”* 2nd Edit. p. 338.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1. Hear, hear me, Lord, for I am Poor,
And seek Salvation at thy Door ;
Bow down thy gentle Ear to me,
Who am oppress'd with Misery.
2. Save me, my God, for I am thine,
Thy Touch hath made my Heart Divine ;
Save me, my God, to whom I flee,
Who have none other Gods but thee.
3. Let Mercy come from God on High,
The Object of my daily Cry ;
I daily knock, I daily wait,
For Mercy's Alms, at Mercy's Gate.
4. God of all Comfort, Give a Dole
Of Comfort to thy Servant's Soul :
For this my Soul doth bend her Knee,
And stretch her craving Hands to thee.
5. Thou, Lord, art Good, and thou dost stand
With sealed Pardons in thy Hand ;
Oh how the Dews of Mercy fall,
And answer at thy People's Call !
6. It ne'er was writ, here lieth One,
Dy'd at the Foot of Mercy's Throne ;
Lord, hearken to my humble Cries,
And let them sound above the Skies.

PART II.

1. I have a God, to whom I may
Resort with Freedom any Day ;
I'll seek him when I am in Pain,
I'm sure to hear from him again.
2. And when my Soul shall understand,
The Comfort of his Curing Hand,
Then shall I sing, O happy Rod,
That brought me nearer to my God.
3. What are those Gods whom Folly feigns,
Those Creatures of distemper'd Brains ?

What are those Dunghill Gods before
The Mighty God whom I adore ?

4. O King of Nations, Lord of All,
Before thee shall all Nations fall ;
And every Language shall confess
Thy glorious Everlastingness.
5. For thou art Great beyond Compare,
Thy Works amazing Wonders are ;
To God alone all Glory be,
There is none other God but He.
6. Lord, guide me in thy secret Way,
With such a Guide I shall not stray ;
Bring me into an Heavenly Frame,
Unite my Heart to fear thy Name.
7. My Lord, my God, my Heart shall Praise
And glorifie thee all my Days ;
Thy Mercy to me doth excell,
I am a Brand snatch'd out of Hell.

PART III.

1. The Sons of Pride against me rise,
Fierce Atheists are mine Enemies ;
They fear not God, they love not me,
My Comfort is their Misery.
2. They mark me for their common Foe,
And jointly Plot my overthrow ;
But thou, my Lord, dost take my Part,
Thou, Lord, a God of Bowels art.
3. Thou art most swift to Acts of Grace,
But unto Wrath of slowest Pace ;
Thy Mercy and thy Truth abound,
This is Faith's everlasting Ground.
4. Whilst God is Merciful and True,
I am both Safe and Happy too ;
I cannot fall, who lean upon
The Pillars of the highest Throne.
5. O leave me not, who follow Thee,
Let Mercy look on Misery ;

Save, Lord ; for thee I do adore,
As did my Mother heretofore.

6. Save, Lord, one Born within thy House,
A Child of Prayers, and Tears, and Vows ;
Mine Eyes expect some happy Sign,
To tell my Soul that thou art mine.
7. Me with Salvation's Walls enclose,
To the Confusion of my Foes,
That they with blushing may confess,
We cannot Curse whom God doth bless ;
8. We cannot catch, whom God will have ;
We cannot hurt, whom God will save ;
We cannot touch his smallest Limb ;
We Curse our Selves, in Cursing him.

SAMUEL COBB, M.A.

This individual published a volume of "Poems on Several Occasions," with Imitations from Horace, Ovid, &c. The work, although containing nothing that would attract a general reader at this time, may have possessed some interest with the author's friends, in his lifetime, and probably with the public, as the copy before me is the "third Edition, 1710." The only Preface is a long "Discourse on Criticism, and the Liberty of Writing ; in a letter to Richard Carter, Esq., late of the Middle Temple, now living in Barbadoes." In it the author quotes the following Epigram, which affords as clear an indication of the general character of the bulk of his poetry, as six lines can do :—

“Born to surprise the world, and teach the Great
 The Slippery danger of exalted state,
 Victorious *Marlbro* to Ramilly flies ;
 Arm’d with new Lightning from bright ANNA’s Eyes.
 Wonders like These, no former Age has seen ;
 Subjects are *Heroes*, where a Saint’s the QUEEN.”

Queen Anne appears, indeed, to have been the idol of Cobb’s muse, for he composed in her honour an Ode of more than three hundred lines, the “Female Reign.” “This poem,” says Dr. Watts, in a note on the title-page of the copy he gave to Dr. Gibbons, not many years before his death with his emendations, “in my opinion, is the truest and best Pindaric I ever read, yet I thought some parts of it were capable of improvement ; I have, therefore, taken some pains, and much liberty with it, to form it entirely to my taste.” It is printed, with the alterations, in Dr. Gibbons’s Memoirs of Watts.

Cobb’s volume contains paraphrases of the 103rd, 130th, and 148th Psalms, in the irregular metre of the age. I have transcribed the first of these, which was written by the author in January, 1704, as “A Thanksgiving after a Deliverance from Sickness and Trouble.”

PSALM CIII.

Glory, my Soul, and blessing give
 To God alone, by whom you live ;
 To God, whose Mercy did impart
 New Health and Vigour to my heart.
 Nor cease my sprightly blood, to shew
 His love, who taught you how to flow :
 Who raised me from *Disease* and *Sin*,
 From *Ills without*, and *Ills within*.
 Just had they plung’d me to the Grave,
 But *These* he Cur’d, and *Those* Forgave.

His *Melting Pity, Tender Grace*,
 Like a bright *Diadem's* embrace,
 Blazed round my Head, and Lightened in my Face.
 Thou, Lord, art infinitely Good,
 Thou, like an Eagle's, hast renew'd
 My youth ; and like an Eagle, I
 Will mount, and tell thy Praises through the Sky.

II.

Tell how nor Death, nor Hell's more dreadful Stings,
 Can shake a Soul o'ershadow'd with his Saving Wings.
 Tell how *Egyptian Lords* in vain,
 With Iron Hands presume to rein ;
 When for their Tyranny and Wrong,
 Billows on crowding Billows throng,
 And whelm the *Haughty Host* in th' *Erythrean* Main.
 This *Moses* saw, when on the farther Strand
 He waved aloft the *mighty Wand*,
 And th' Amaz'd Sea, his Ancient Strength regain'd.
 O wonders of insuperable Height !
 Above the Stretch of Reason ! shewn
 To *Jacob's* moody race alone :
 Unfathomable Depths of Mercy Infinite !
 So Strong the Rivers of his Goodness flow !
 So Swift his Love ! His Wrath so Slow !
 Which, if it chance to Swell, and Rise
 To meet our Crimes, which dare the Skies ;
 His *Pity* then begins to chide
 His Rage, and Calm the *Rapid Tide*.
 His *Crushing Thunder*, which might justly Slay
 Is only shaken at *Unmindful Clay*.
 And, to lay down so oft the *Lifted Rod*,
 Speaks the *Kind Father*, and *Forbearing God*.

III.

As this Round Globe's inferiour Face,
 Compared with yon' *Etherial Space*,
 Is but a point to those Above :
 So Infinite is Heavenly Love
 To a Religious Race.
 Thy mercy, Lord, from Sin has set us free,
 As farthest East is from the Western Sea,
 So distant are our Crimes from us and Thee.

Though we, through Weakness, every Hour
 Like Idle, Heedless Children, fall,
 Thou like a Father, sparest all
 Who love thy *Goodness*, and who fear thy *Power* ;
 Thou knowest whence we came ;
 How brittle Dust composed our Frame :
 Like Vessels in the Potter's Hand,
 Too Prone to break ! too Weak to stand !

IV.

Can Nature's Dress appear more Gay
 Than in her Darling flowery *May* ?
 Yet must those short-live'd Honours of the Field
 To the rude North their Beauty yield,
 Or to the cruel *Scythe* become a Prey.
 Such are our Days, an empty shade :
 Death stalks behind us, to deride
 Our noisie Vanity and Pride,
 Which smil'd like lillies, and like them decay'd.
 Nothing is sure and permanent below,
 Corruption reigns within us as we grow.
 Thou only, Glorious Father, ere the World begun,
 Wert, and shall be for ever, when all worlds are done :
 When Time's no more : Then shall thy Blessed Saints
 Be rank'd among the Bright Inhabitants.
 They with their Children's Children then shall see
 A long Succession of Posterity ;
 Who practised what the Prophets taught,
 Sincere in Word, and Pure in Thought.
 They with *Repenting Sinners*, shall thy mercies taste,
 And Joys, which never can be told, and never can be past.

V.

High supereminent in Heaven, the Throne
 Of God is fix'd : He Reigns Alone.
 All Things above us, and below, obey
 His Just, his Good, his Universal Sway :
 While the proud Lords of this round Mole-hill here,
 Like Emmets, in his Sight appear,
 Mere Royal Worms, and Gilded Clay.

Praise him, ye holy Angels, which excel
 In Strength, or *Michael*, or *Ithuriel*,
 Or *Gabriel* ; Blest Names ! who fly
 At his Command, from every Corner of the Sky :
 Whose high examples teach us to fulfil
 His Word, and execute his Will.
 His Name let every Creature bless,
 All things in Air, Earth, Sea, their Gratitude express.
 And Thou, my Soul, thy *Pious Offering* bring
 To God, the Wise, the Gracious King,
 Who Life to Thee, and Being gave,
 Who now has snatch'd Thee from the Grave,
 And taught Thee whom to Praise, and how to Sing.

I have given the foregoing specimen of Cobb's treatment of the Psalms, not certainly for its poetical merit, much less because it would not have been easy to have selected a better Version of the beautiful original from almost any other quarter, but mainly because it somewhat strikingly displays that pompous "Pindarick Style," as it was termed, in which so many writers of religious verse indulged about the beginning of the last century. A literary friend, whom I cannot name, having had in his hand my MS. transcript of the Psalm, left upon it the following pencilled note, which I venture, *meo periculo*, to embody in this page :—"I wonder if any human being ever did read this rhodomontade of verbiage a second time,—or if ten during the last hundred years have read it over once. It is lamentable that a better Version or Paraphrase (no matter whether) of this most beautiful, affecting, and earnestly devotional Psalm could not be found among your hundred and fifty competitors. The bow of Ulysses was easier to draw than the harp of David to be struck by any but the Master's own hand."

DANIEL BURGESS.

Noble, the continuator of Granger, after particularising four portraits of this eccentric preacher, mentions Robert Burgess, a common player, who died in 1559, adding, "He perhaps was a comedian ; but his namesake, Daniel, seems to have been full as much of the player : only he acted comedy, not in a theatre, but in a meeting-house, which Sacheverel's mob illuminated at the expense of pulpit and pews." This flippant notice reflects more disgrace on the biographer than on the object of his scorn. He was the son of a Clergyman, at Collinburn-Ducis, Wilts, where he was born, in 1645. In due course he went to the University, where his studies were pursued with attention and success. With reference to his after life, it deserves to be mentioned, as a singular circumstance, that Henry St. John, afterwards the celebrated Viscount Bolingbroke, was for a time under the tuition of Burgess, the mother of this nobleman, whose sceptical notions were afterwards too openly and influentially avowed, having been a devoted hearer of the quaint old Puritan.* It certainly affords a striking illustration of that large chapter of contrarieties which belongs to the history of human conduct, to find the same individual, whose daily task book while a boy was Dr. Manton's one hundred and ninety Sermons on the 119th Psalm, before he was twenty-one years of

* Cooke's Life of Bolingbroke, i. 6.

age, proud of being compared with the witty and licentious Rochester !

In a curious and rare Tract, containing “The Life, Death, and Character” of Burgess, now before me, it is said he was born in 1647. The compiler of this old catchpenny account, and who was evidently no admirer of the pulpit mimic, after describing the marriage, by which he lost his fellowship at Oxford, states that “being recommended to the Earl of Cork, he was admitted to be his domestic Chaplain, and going over with his Lordship into Ireland, was soon presented with a living of three hundred pounds *per annum*. He had an excellent talent in preaching, by which, and his winning behaviour, he gained the hearts and good will of all his parishioners, and particularly of his patron.” His secession from the Church, and his manners as a dissenting preacher, are thus described :—“Festus said to Paul, too much learning has made you mad. Whether that was the case of Daniel Burgess, or what other cause he had to turn apostate, I shall not take upon me to determine. But certain it is, that some wild extravagant notions seizing him one night, he seemed to be light-headed, he raved of several strange things, and was possessed with enthusiasm.” He was, in consequence of this change in his views, dismissed from his benefice, and lost the favour of the Earl of Cork ; whereupon “he repaired back to London, and was kindly received by the Dissenting Ministers, and quickly got a congregation, who subscribed to his preaching. Thus we perceive that a good tree may bring forth corrupt fruit. (?) Daniel, from an Orthodox preacher, became a canting hypocritical Holderforth ; instead of that decent behaviour and

due decorum that ought to be shewn in a pulpit, he used grimaces and antic gestures ; would hum and haw, and draw *Jack Calvin* through his nose, squeeze his handkercher, and often take out his silver snuff-box ; and stopping in the middle of a sentence, put as much tobacco in his mouth as he could well contain in his hands." A number of stories are even yet afloat, embodying his pulpit flourishes ;* and some which affect his character more nearly. Burgess seems in his day to have filled that position in the metropolis, which was occupied in our time by the notorious Huntington, with this difference, that the former descended from a position of " Universal learning" to those pulpit buffooneries, to which the latter arose from the humble station of a " coal heaver." Burgess died in 1713.† In the year following, was published " Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, By the late Rev. Mr. Daniel Burgess, Minister of the Gospel." Prefixed to this work is an engraved portrait of the author, which is said to be " very like him." The Metrical contents are mostly of a homely kind ; but they embody, occasionally with energy, the doctrinal sentiments of the preacher for whose congregation they were in

* The circumstances connected with the mysterious memorandum of the " thoroughpaced doctrine" of Burgess, which was found in the pocket book of Dr. Yalden, and which had nearly convicted the latter of treason, will be recollected by every one who has read Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*.—*Life of Dr. Yalden*.

† To the interest of Mr. Daniel Burgess, who had been Secretary to the Prince of Wales (1723), and was probably a son of the old Non-conformist Preacher mentioned in the text, Dr. Calamy attributes that " considerable taste of his royal bounty and kind regard" to the Dissenters, which George the First manifested by the payment of £1,000 a-year, out of the Treasury, " for the assisting either Ministers or their widows that wanted help, or to be applied to any such uses as the distributors thought to be most for their interest." This *Regium Donum* has, with occasional intermissions, ever since continued to be paid out of a Parliamentary grant.—*Vide Life of Calamy*, vol. ii. p. 466-8.

the first place specially composed. In the "Prefatory Epistle" by John Billingsley, the Psalms and Hymns are spoken of as "having met with great acceptance, and been of singular use in that congregation to which this good man ministered in holy things."

PSALM CXXXI.

O God, that dost abhor the proud,
 Their haughty looks, and scornful eyes;
 My heart thy grace hath lowly made,
 And looks that are no otherwise.

Conscience, ambition does forbid,
 Nor dare I exercise my hands
 In anything above my sphere,
 And that too high above me stands.

Humble, contented, and resign'd,
 In all conditions I do rest,
 And so behave me like a babe,
 That's weaned from his mother's breast.

And O let all the Saints of God,
 Leave trusting in this earth's vain shows,
 And with a meek and lowly heart,
 Their trust always in God repose.

 COTTON MATHER, D.D.

Bishop Beveridge, in his defence of the Version of Sternhold and Hopkins, says, "Another cavil, which some make against this old Translation, is, that the rhyme is not always good. They cannot deny that, for the most part, it is better than could be well expected from the age it was made in, and

as good as can be desired now. But they say it is sometimes faulty. And so it is in most books of English poetry, of the same bulk, that I have seen. But what then? The Psalms were collected into metre, that they might be better sung to God. And while devout people are singing forth the praises of God, do they mind the rhyme? or whether the words sound alike at the end of every other verse or line? This is not their business at that time. Need they ever concern themselves about it? If it was not the mode of our English poetry, and some help to the memory, it would be no matter whether there was any rhyming at all in the Psalms, so long as the metre, or number of syllables in each verse, is proportioned to the tune set to it." Mr. H. J. Todd, after quoting the worthy Bishop's lame defence of lame rhyme, says in a note—"Beveridge did not live to see a publication of this kind: but such there certainly have been; the first, perhaps, bearing the title of '*PSALTERIUM AMERICANUM*: the Book of Psalms, in a Translation exactly conformed unto the Original; But all in *BLANK VERSE*; Fitted unto the Tunes commonly used in our Churches. Which Pure Offering is accompanied with illustrations, digging for hidden treasure in it.'" Boston: N.E. 1718. It is probable the reverend gentleman had not seen the work alluded to, a copy of which, through the kindness of a friend, is now before me: and assuredly, it is one of the most curious books of the class to which it belongs. Its venerable author, Dr. Mather, was born at Boston, in New England, in 1663, and died in 1728. His works are exceedingly numerous: the most valuable, perhaps, is "An Ecclesiastical His-

tory of New England, from its first planting in 1620 to 1624," in folio ; the most curious, however, is one entitled "The Wonders of the Invisible World," in which, as well as in some pamphlets besides, he defends the reality of Witchcraft, of which he was persuaded his own country exhibited some notable examples.

At what time this rare *Psalterium* was executed does not appear from anything in the book itself, beyond the printer's date in the title-page : and it is probable no more than one edition was ever published. It is, however, in many respects a learned, pious, and useful, as well as a singular performance. Prefixed to the Translation there is an elaborate "Introduction" of about forty pages, setting forth, with more unction than elegance, the preciousness of the Psalms, as well according to the testimony of ancient, as the experience of modern Christians. In defence of the peculiarity of his Version, the author remarks, that "our Poetry has attempted many Versions of the Psalms, in such *Numbers* and *Measures*, as might render them capable of being *Sung*, in those grave *Tunes*, which have been prepared and received for our *Christian Psalmody*. But of all the more than twice Seven Versions which I have seen, it must be affirmed, that they *leave out* a vast heap of those rich things, which the Holy Spirit of God speaks in the Original Hebrew ; and that they *put in* as large a heap of poor things, which are entirely *their own*. All this has been merely for the sake of preserving the *Clink* of the *Rhime* ; which, after all, is of small consequence to a Generous *Poem* ; and of none at all unto the melody of *Singing* ; but of how little

then, in *singing unto the Lord!* Some famous pieces of Poetry, which this refining age has been treated withal, have been offered us in Blank Verse. And in Blank Verse we now have the glorious Book of Psalms presented unto us; and so fitted unto the *Tunes* commonly used in the assemblies of our *Zion*, that the *Christian Singer* has his devotions now supplied, with *all* that the Holy Spirit of God has dictated, in this illustrious and celestial bestowment upon his Church in the World; and there is *nothing besides* the pure dictates of that Holy Spirit imposed on him." These testimonies of indifference to rhyme, in lyric compositions, by the English Prelate and the American Independent, are curious, however little modern taste may have confirmed them. It is added—"Most certainly, our Translation of the Psalms, without the fetters of Rhime upon it, can be justly esteemed no prejudice to the character of Poetry in the performance. For indeed, however it is now appropriated, to *Rythme* itself a *Similis Desinentia*, or a *likeness of Sound* in the last syllables of the verse, is not essential. Old Bede will give you such a definition of *Rythme*, and bring other authorities besides Austin's, for it, that Scaliger thereupon holds all Verses wherein regard is had unto the number of syllables, to have a claim unto it." He might have remarked also, that the greater part of our old Metrical Versions, (and some modern ones too) especially when the measure is "eights and sixes," is without rhyme in two lines of every verse—a result, doubtless, in the first instance, of a novel mode of printing the old fourteen-syllable line.

The uncompromising American Translator, however, has not only disregarded the modern prac-

tice of breaking the line, whether rhymed or not ; but he has “run on” (to use a printer’s phrase) the whole matter : so that while each Psalm looks exactly like *prose*, and may be read as such, it is, in fact, modulated that it may be sung as lyric *verse*. For the latter purpose, the syllabic quantities—which it must be confessed the reader would not always recognise,* are also marked by parallels. Baxter’s expedient of lengthening the common measure of the verse, to suit a different tune, by the addition of a word or two in a different character is adopted :—

“Most certainly the thing that is|| Good, with
[**most kind**] Benignity,|| *This* all the days that I
do live|| shall [**still and**] ever follow me ;|| Yea, I
shall dwell, and Sabbatize,|| even to [**Unknown**]
length of days,|| *Lodg’d* in the House which does
belong|| to [**Him who’s**] the ETERNAL God.”||

Psalm xxiii. The verses being printed in this manner, the translator tells us that “the Director of the Psalmody need only say—*sing with the BLACK LETTER*, or sing *without the BLACK LETTER*, and the Tune will be sufficiently directed.” The following specimen is printed, in the first portion of it, as in the *Psalterium Americanum* ; and the remainder, as the matter would appear if broken into lines in the ordinary matter :—

PSALM LVIII.

1. Do ye indeed speak Righteousness,|| O you confederate ones ?|| Do ye judge *none but* righteous things,|| O sons of earthly Man !||

2. Yea, in the heart *contriving it*|| you work iniquities ;|| you in the earth will still weigh out|| the violence of your hands.||

* As in the first verse of Psalm i. for example :—“O what the blessings of the man who is not walking in the counsel of the men that are set for impiety ! The man who stands not in the way of sinful wanderers ; the man who sits not in the seat of scornful cavillers !”

3. The wicked are estranged from God,|| ev'n from the very womb;|| they go astray as soon as born,|| the speakers of a lie.||

4. Their poison's like the poison which,|| a serpent has in it;|| like that of the deaf adder which|| does obdurate her ear.||

5. She will not hearken to the Voice|| of any Charming ones;|| No, though the Charmer should be one|| never so skill'd in Charms.||

6. O God, what teeth are in their mouths|| do thou quite break them out;|| The great teeth of the dragon break,|| O Thou ETERNAL God.

7. Like water let them melt away,
Divide among themselves;
Let him direct his arrows, let
Them yet be as cut off.

8. Ev'en like to a dissolving Snail
Let *each one* pass away,
As a Female's untimely birth,
They have not seen the Sun.

9. Before your Pots can feel the thorns,
As raw flesh *snatch'd away*,
So let wrath carry him away,
Ev'en as a whirlwind would.

10. When that the righteous one shall see
This vengeance, he'll rejoice;
In the blood of the wicked one,
Then shall he wash his feet.

11. Then shall a Man say, Truly, for
The Just there's a reward;
Most certainly there is a God
Who judgeth in the Earth.

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

The progress of this work has now brought us to the period of the publication of a Version, which, while it cannot be said to have produced any revolution in the character of National Psalmody, gave, nevertheless, such a degree of impression, popularity, and permanency to one species of it, that the sweetly versified workings of a single pious mind at the beginning of the eighteenth century, are not only largely adopted at this day, as the public devotional expression of thousands of others, but they appear likely to continue in estimation as long, and to influence as widely, as the English language is heard in singing the praises of God in the Christian Sanctuary. These remarks have, of course, reference to the appearance, in 1719, of "The Psalms of David, Imitated in the Language of the New Testament, and applied to the Christian State and Worship : by Isaac Watts, D.D." This truly eminent and exemplary Dissenting Divine was born in 1674, and died in 1748, leaving behind him a reputation for piety, unsullied by a single stain, and the character of a theologian, a dialectitian, and a poet, which celebrated men of the most conflicting sentiments in other respects, have concurred in honouring. It can hardly be necessary to do more than remind the reader of these pages, that Watts was by no means the originator of the questionable practice of rendering the Psalms not literally but

interpretively—in other words, of imitating them in “the language of the New Testament.” Many persons had more or less previously, but hesitatingly, entered upon a path, which the venerable Doctor was the first to tread with sufficient firmness to render his success permanently influential: it is in connexion, therefore, with the record of his signal experiment, that we may properly notice, somewhat in detail, the “vexed question” of evangelizing the Psalms for the purposes of Congregational singing.

1—That the Psalms do contain prophecies relative to Christ, has never been denied—the testimony of our Saviour himself on this point being most explicit. (Luke xx. 12. xxiv. 44.)

2—Nor, with reference to the applicability to the Messiah, of *certain passages* themselves, has there ever existed any difference of opinion among Orthodox Divines, however they may have been divided as to the *extent* to which this principle of interpretation should be carried.

3—The admission or non-admission, therefore, of the propriety of rendering the Psalms by an accommodated use of the phraseology of the New Testament, has nothing at all to do with doctrinal questions.

4—Neither has it any thing to do with the practice of literally versifying *portions of Psalms*, except this be done for the purpose of bringing such extracts within the scope of any particular system of interpretation.

The main question, then, appears to me to divide itself into these three branches. 1. Is it proper in conversation, preaching, and prayer, to adopt in speaking of, setting forth, or addressing Jesus Christ,

any of those passages of the Old Testament, which indisputably refer to him? 2. Does the conversion of such sentiments, into the form and expression of Hymns, at all alter the propriety of their use among Christians? And 3. Do the Psalms form any exception to this rule, whether admitted or denied?

As to the first position, the universal practice of Christians, demands that the answer be in the affirmative.

The second query can hardly be said to involve any difficulty as to the principle, whatever may be said of precedent or authority; for, to say nothing of the prose Canticles and other Scriptures which are chaunted in the daily service of our Cathedrals and Colleges,—the “Songs, to be sung before Morning and Evening Prayer,” which are sometimes still printed at the end of our Old Version of the Psalms, appear to have been “allowed” to be sung in the Church as well as the Metrical Psalter itself. Nor does there appear any conceivable reason, on merely religious grounds, I mean, why these Scripture Hymns might not have been more or fewer. There are at the end of the authorised Scotch Version of the Psalms, upwards of sixty “translations and paraphrases, in Verse, of several passages of Sacred Scripture,” which were prepared by a Committee of the General Assembly, in order to be sung in Churches. We have thus the practice of the established Episcopal and Presbyterian communities, as well as of Independent congregations, in this country, in favour of Scriptural Hymns: it needs scarcely be added, that the custom of the Romish Church is the same.

It remains that we enquire whether or not the Psalms form any exception to the foregoing conclu-

sions? Strictly speaking, they do not. For, as the only reason why they have been so long and so generally adopted in Christian worship, in preference to other portions of Scripture, is their devotional character, so there appears no valid objection why the phraseology of the sacred text in this as in other cases, may not be compressed, expanded, or transposed, and at the same time intermixed with New Testament matter, so long as the result, whatever its form, shall be in accordance with the “analogy of faith,” and suited to the purposes of edification. The privilege of the Sacred Poet to combine the phraseology of the Psalms and the language of the New Testament, in the formation of Christian Hymns, rests exactly on the same grounds as those upon which a preacher is justified in doing the same, in the structure of his discourse—namely, the exercise of good taste, and the inculcation of sound doctrine.

Such compositions, however admirable as they may be in other respects, can rarely have any claim to the title of Versions of the Psalms, much less to any merit on comparison with the latter, however executed: for it will be obvious to every person in the slightest degree acquainted with the difference between even a clever Hymn, and an equally satisfactory Version of an ordinary Psalm, that the difficulties which have been overcome in the translation commonly far outweigh those of the independent composition—how much more, when the task comprehends—if, indeed, such achievement be possible—a literal Version of the whole Psalter! In closing these observations, I venture to assert, that while in the charms of poetical execution, and for the purposes

of Congregational Singing, Hymns, whether partially derived from the Psalms, or wholly original, will always have obvious advantages over the most successful attempts at exact imitation, the *experimentum crucis* of the metrist who would measure his skill with that of some of the leading authors named in these pages, must ever be the degree in which he equals or surpasses the success of those who have rendered the *whole* Book of Psalms into verse.

Doctor Watts has explained at length in his Preface to the work above named, the principles upon which his Psalms were composed. His judgment on the whole, is that which appears irrefragable on the general question: "I believe," says he, "that any Divine sentence, or Christian verse, agreeable to Scripture, may be sung, though it be composed by men uninspired." He then adds, in reference to his own performance:—"I have not been so curious and exact in striving every where to express the ancient meaning of David; but have rather expressed myself, as I may suppose David would have done, had he lived in the days of Christianity." Notwithstanding, however, this latitude of adaptation, he has "entirely omitted some whole Psalms,* and large portions of many others: and has chosen out of all of them, such parts only as might easily and naturally be accommodated to the various occasions of a Christian life." According to the almost universal testimony of his Christian countrymen of all denominations, Watts has accomplished this glorious service to the Church, as well in his Psalms as in his Hymns, with a measure of success unequalled by any of his predecessors, while he has

* Namely, 28, 43, 52, 54, 59, 64, 70, 79, 88, 108, 137, 140.

rarely been surpassed by any of those sweet singers who have in such numbers, since his time, emulated his glorious renown in this sanctified use of the harp of David. It must, however, be conceded, that the piety of his strains has diverted attention from the defects of his versification: the sweet fluency of the former is at once acknowledged by every heart rightly warmed with devotional feeling: the latter only obtrude themselves on the practised eye and the sensitive ear of a Poet. These "faults," says Montgomery—the most distinguished panegyrist of the Hymns of Watts—"are principally prosaic phraseology, rhymes worse than none, and none where good ones are absolutely wanted to raise the verse upon its feet, and make it go, according to the saying, 'on all fours;' though, to do the Doctor justice, the metre is generally free and natural, when his lines want every other qualification of poetry."*

The praise of originality, which the high authority just quoted claims for Doctor Watts, who, he says, "may almost be called the inventor of Hymns in our language," must not be extended to his celebrated Version of the Psalms. For Dr. Tattershall, in the Preface to his Edition of Merrick, says, "I pretend not to assert that Dr. Watts, the most celebrated Divine and Poet among the Dissenters, took Dr. Patrick's Version in general for his pattern; but upon a careful view of the works of both these authors, there appears so strong a resemblance, particularly in the latter part, that I cannot help thinking Dr. Watts, either purposely imitated and borrowed from the latter, or from a diligent and

* *Christian Psalmist, Introductory Essay, p. xxi.*

frequent perusal of him, fell unawares into his style and manner of expression." Psalms 6, 63, 96, 107, 127, and 142, are pointed out as exemplifying the resemblance alluded to. It is impossible to account for this unexplained circumstance on the ground of coincidence, numerous lines being in both Versions exactly similar: in some cases there are slight, in others more considerable alterations; but instances might be adduced in which whole verses occur word for word alike in Patrick and Watts.

It is creditable to the piety of Dr. Johnson—a piety, the reality of which has too often exposed this great man to the blatant charge of being superstitious—that he has done solid justice to the literary as well as to the moral character of Watts, whose name, we are told, but for the good offices of Richardson, the novelist, would have had a place in the “Dunciad” with that of “one Johnston,” whose offence was that of having made a translation of the Psalms into Latin, which was patronised by Benson, Surveyor of Buildings to George the First.* It may be mentioned as a remarkable circumstance, and not unconnected with the history of Metrical Psalmody, that this couplet of the Dunciad, reflecting on the admirers of Johnston’s translation, led to one of the most impudent literary forgeries on record—“Lauders’ Essay on Milton’s use and imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost.” On the detection of the fraud, this unprincipled author published a sort of confession, in which he assigns the motive which led him to attempt to subvert the reputation of Milton, by convicting him of plagiarism. “About

* “On two unequal crutches propp’d he [Benson] came,
Milton’s on this, on that one Johnston’s name.”

ten years ago," says Lauder, "I published an edition of Dr. Johnston's Translation of the Psalms, and having procured from the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, a recommendation of its use to the lower classes of Grammar-Schools, into which I had begun to introduce it, though not without much controversy and opposition, I thought it likely that I should, by annual publications, improve my little fortune, and be enabled to support myself in freedom from the miseries of indigence. But Mr. Pope, in his malevolence to Mr. Benson, who had distinguished himself by his fondness for the same Version, destroyed all my hopes by a distich, in which he places Johnston in a contemptuous comparison with the author of *Paradise Lost*." Nor was the expression of slight of the Doctor's Metrical labours confined to the wits, some of the popular preachers of the day joined in it: even the amiable and pious Romaine in the first edition of his *Treatise on Psalmody*, spoke contemptuously of "Watts's Whims,"* a sneer which at the instance of Lady Huntingdon, was afterwards expunged from the work.

The following Psalm is selected as a specimen of the versification of Watts, not because it is in his best style, but as coming nearer to the entire substance

* The credit or discredit, however, of this poor pun, belongs to the Rev. Thomas Bradbury, a London preacher, who not only abused the Psalms of Watts, but continued the use of Patrick's Version in his Chapel long after that of the Doctor had been generally adopted by the rest of his brethren in the metropolis. It is said that an unlucky clerk, on one occasion, having stumbled upon one of Watts's stanzas, Bradbury got up and reproved him with "Let us have none of Mr. Watts's Whims." In a letter to this zealous opponent, Watts defends himself from a graver charge than whimsicality:—"You tell me that I rival it with David, whether he or I be the sweet Psalmist of Israel: I abhor the thought; while yet, at the same time, I am fully persuaded that the Jewish Psalm-book was never designed to be the only Psalter for the Christian Church." — *Milner's Life of Watts*, p. 395.

of the authorised prose Version, than many of the Poet's more admired compositions :—

PSALM LXXIV.

The Church pleading with God under sore Persecution.

1. Will God for ever cast us off ?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock ?
2. Think of the tribes so dearly bought,
With their Redeemer's blood :
Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.
3. Lift up thy feet, and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls ;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.
4. Where once thy Churches pray'd and sang,
Thy foes profanely roar ;
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their power.
5. How are the seats of Worship broke !
They tear the buildings down ;
And he that deals the heaviest stroke
Procures the chief renown.
6. With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy Children in their nest :
“ Come, let us burn at once,” they cry,
“ The temple and the priest.”
7. And still to heighten our distress
Thy presence is withdrawn ;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.
8. No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the seers mourn ;
There's not a soul amongst us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

9. How long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?
10. Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine hand.
11. What strange deliverance hast thou shown
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.
12. Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.
13. Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst not thou bid the morning shine
And mark the sun his way?
14. Hath not thy power form'd every coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?
15. And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred pow'r blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first
Avenge thine injur'd name?
16. Think on the covenant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love:
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex thy mourning dove.
17. Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thy own cause, Almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

In 1714, a work was published of a somewhat singular nature, and to which it seems proper to allude in this place. I have not been able to meet with any notice of it beyond what follows, in the words of the author of the *Life of Daniel De Foe*. After speaking of the emissaries and partizans of the Pretender, and of the Jacobite designs immediately preceding the death of Queen Anne, he adds:— So confident were they of success, that they began to prepare their Psalms of thanksgiving against the expected event, and actually published for the use of their people, some select Psalms in English, with the Latin Version of Buchanan. It was entitled “The Loyal Man’s Psalter; or some Select Psalms in Latin and English verse, fit for the times of Persecution.” It opened with the following stanza, accommodated to the occasion:—

“Blest is the *loyal* man whose steps,
No trayt’rous counsel leads aside;
Nor stands in *rebel’s* ways, nor sits
Where God and Justice men deride.”

The work concludes with the following stanzas from the xcviith Psalm:—

“Confounded be those *rebels* all
That to *usurpers* bow;
And make what gods and kings they please,
And worship them below.
The immortal seeds of light and bliss
For *loyal* men are sown;
A joyful harvest will at length,
Their work and sorrows crown.”*

* *Wilson’s Life and Times of De Foe*, iii. 344.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

The distinguished place among the prime wits of England's Augustan age, which by universal consent has been assigned to the name of Addison, as a charming Essayist and a classical Poet, has not sufficed for his admirers, who have claimed for him an almost equally elevated rank among the authors of our sacred lyrics. The *quantity* of verse upon which this latter distinction rests, may almost be said to be the smallest, which in this country is known to support so high and unequivocal a reputation—consisting only of four compositions in the form of Hymns, two of them founded on Psalms 19 and 23. Addison's essays in the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, are too well known to require to be more than mentioned in this place: while of his miscellaneous poems, it may be remarked, that, however little read at present, they are, for the most part, as exquisitely finished and graceful as they were once generally admired. Addison was intended for Holy Orders; but owing either to that singular diffidence which never forsook him, to the persuasion of his political friends, or to some other cause, he never entered the Church—though his talents and his integrity raised him to a station of dignity, much more at variance with his habitual modesty—that of Secretary of State to Queen Anne. It was immediately on his retirement from this elevated post that he executed the few sacred

compositions before referred to,* and which have deservedly found a place in almost every general collection of sacred poetry, and, indeed, in most Hymn books. It is said to have been the author's intention to have rendered the whole of the Psalms into metre; but before he could accomplish more of his design than sufficient to shew how well he was qualified for the task, he died in June, 1719, at the comparatively early age of 47. What might have been the merit or the success of a Version in which Addison, a Churchman, would have challenged comparison with Watts, a Dissenter, it were surely vain to conjecture on so slight evidence, as the elegant imitation of two or three Psalms† by the former. The interfusion of evangelical sentiment and feeling, which has made the Psalmody of Watts so precious in every Christian community, would not, so far as we may judge from the existing

* It may be mentioned that the two fine imitations of the Psalms above named, and which had been attributed to Addison ever since their first appearance in the *Spectator*, were, as well as the celebrated Elegiac Ballad of "William and Margaret," usually printed as Mallet's, claimed as the production of the celebrated Andrew Marvell, in an edition of the works of that writer, published in 1776 by Captain Thompson, of Hull. The notion of Marvell having been so long defrauded of the credit of the authorship of the pieces in question, originated in the mere fact of their being found in a manuscript book, "partly" of his handwriting. But, as Nichols in his "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century" says, "perhaps a more ridiculous and ill-founded charge was never made than that which Captain Thompson has ventured to exhibit against Addison and Mallet."

† "The Editor cannot but regret, in common with every lover of sacred poetry, that this amiable writer did not translate many others; but he regrets far more that Dryden never undertook the task of rendering some of the sublimer Psalms, nor Drummond of Hawthornden any of the pathetic ones; with what spirit would the former great Poet have paraphrased the 24th, the 68th, or the 89th, and how admirably would the 42nd and the 137th have suited the delicious melancholy of Drummond's muse!" The foregoing passage is from the Preface to an interesting volume of "Select Psalms in verse," published anonymously in 1811. Sir Egerton Brydges calls the Editor "a learned and reverend nobleman;" the individual thus characterised was, according to a note in the copy of the book before me, "supposed to be Lord Berrington;" but Lowndes unhesitatingly gives the work to Lord Aston.

specimens, have characterised the compositions of Addison : on the other hand, it may be contended that the absence of that genius which goes to constitute an original Poet of the highest order, as well as of those deep spiritual emotions, in which have originated the real inspiration of some of the most popular hymnologists, would leave an accomplished mind like Addison's, only by so much the more entirely under the influence of the author whose work he might be engaged in translating. The following, which is perhaps with most persons, the favourite Hymn of the four by our author, is, as will be seen, not a complete Version of, although founded upon

PSALM XIX.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue etherial sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied Sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display ;
 And publishes, to every land,
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though no real voice, or sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

The following Version "is intended," says the late Sir Robert Grant, "as a sequel or counterpart to Addison's Hymn, 'The Spacious Firmament.' It corresponds to the latter portion of the 19th Psalm, as Addison's does to the former." The comparison inevitably suggested by this note, between one of the most exquisite Scripture paraphrases in the English language, and the stanzas annexed, will, if candidly instituted, be found much less to the disparagement of the latter, than commonly happens, even in imitations of much less perfect models of composition than the Hymn in question.

1.

The starry firmament on high,
 And all the glories of the sky,
 Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
 So brightly as thy written word:
 The hopes that holy word supplies
 Its truths divine and precepts wise—
 In each a heavenly beam I see,
 And every beam conducts to thee.

2.

When taught by painful proof to know
 That all is vanity below,
 The sinner roams from comfort far,
 And looks in vain for sun or star,
 Soft gleaming then those lights divine
 Through all the cheerless darkness shine,
 And sweetly to his ravished eye
 Disclose the day-spring from on high.

3.

The heart in sensual fetters bound,
 And barren as the wintry ground,

Confesses, Lord, thy quick'ning ray ;—
 Thy word can charm the spell away,
 With genial influence can beguile
 The frozen wilderness to smile ;
 Bid living waters o'er it flow,
 And all be paradise below.

4.

Almighty Lord ! the sun shall fail,
 The moon forget her nightly tale,
 And deepest silence hush on high
 The radiant chorus of the sky ;
 But, fixed for everlasting years,
 Unmov'd amid the wreck of spheres,
 Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
 When heaven and earth have pass'd away.

 ROBERT FLEMING.

I have before me “ The Mirror of Divine Love Unveiled, in a Poetical Paraphrase of the High and Mysterious Song of Solomon ; Whereunto is added a Miscellany of several other Poems, Sacred and Moral. By Robert Fleming, Jun. V.D.M. 1691.” This work, which should have been noticed somewhat earlier in these pages, comprises “ Several Psalms* Diversly Rendered.” They possess no particular merit ; certainly not that of condensation, the first verse of the forcible original being, as will be seen in the following specimen, expanded into four and twenty lines ! Indeed, the general style of the poetry rarely rises above the tone of Pomfret : and yet the author tells his readers that he “ had once

* Namely, Psalms 1, 8, 13, 19, 23, 42, 91, 104, 133, 137.

an intention to have translated all Pindar's works,"
four Odes being printed as an "Assay."

PSALM XCI.

1. What Man is he, that dwells within
The *secret Place* of God !
What Man is he, who in his *Christ*
Hath plac'd his fixt abode ?
Whose Life with God in Christ is hid,
And who in him doth dwell ;
That Man the *series* of his *Life*
May certainly *foretell*.
For since of *God's own Family*
A member he's become ;
Since under God's own roof to dwell
For safety he is come ;
God in his *faithfulness* hath made
With him a *Bargain sure,*
That he will him defend and save
By his Almighty Power.
Under his shadow safe he shall
For evermore abide,
And from the Storms of troubles all
Himself securely hide.
For the most *High*, who is his Lord,
Is the *Almighty* too ;
And what he undertaken hath
Most certainly will do.
2. On this ground I can firmly say
That God's my refuge sure ;
My *Tower* and *Fortress* also, where
I rest my self secure.
He is my God, and that's enough
To give me ground to claim
An int'rest in his *Love* and *Care,*
Which always are the same.
3. If such a one thou be, then sure
He will be thy defence
From *snares* of subtle Foes, and from
The noisome *Pestilence*.



4. He with his *feathers* shall thee hide,
 And cover from all ill,
 His *brooding Wings*, o're thee o'rspread
 Shall thee with comfort fill.
 Under that sweet refreshing *shade*,
 In him thou still shalt trust :
 His Truth shall be thy *Buckler*, and
 Thy *Shield*, lest thou distrust.
5. Thou shalt not need to be afraid
 For *Terrors* of the Night ;
 Nor for the dismal *Accidents*
 That happen while it's light.
6. The *Pestilence* (whose latent Cause
 To God is only known,
 Whose *Poison* walks in secret Paths,
 Whereby are overthrown
 Whole Cities oft,) thou need'st not fear ;
 For God directeth so
 Its *Shafts*, that none are thereby toucht,
 But those whom God doth know.
 Neither needs *Famine* thee affright,
 Whose smart's perceived soon ;
 And which doth walk in open day,
 Most frightfully at *Noon* ;
 Place thou thy trust in God alone,
 And to his Will submit ;
 He shall thee save, and surely feed,
 By ways he thinks most fit.
7. *Thousands* on either side shall fall,
 Even at thy very hand :
 Yet nought shall come so nigh, but that
 Thou shalt untouched stand.
8. Only thou with thine Eyes shalt see
 The righteous *reward*,
 Which God for *formalists*, and for
 The *wicked* hath prepar'd.
9. Because thy *habitation*
 In God is plac'd by thee ;
 Whom by experience I find
 A *refuge* sure to me :

10. No evil, of whatever sort
Shall unto thee befall ;
Nor shall thy *Dwelling* be attacht
By any *Plague* at all.
11. For he shall charge his *Angels*, thee
In all thy wayes to keep ;
12. Who shall thee in their hands bear up,
And save from falls thy Feet.
13. The *Lyon, Adder, Dragon*, thee
Who strive for to devour,
Thou shalt be helped to defeat,
And crush and break their power.
14. For why (sayes God) since such a Man
Hath on me set his Love,
Therefore I will deliver him,
Although I him do prove.
And since I once have savingly
Caus'd him to know my *Name* ;
I never will my purpose change,
But will advance his *fame*.
25. He shall on me with confidence,
As on a *Father* call ;
And whatso'ere he asketh thus,
I'll answer him in all.
And when I send him *trouble sore*,
(For that he must *expect*,)
I'll save him *in* or *from* the same,
And crown him with respect.
16. With *long Life* I'll him satisfie,
As much as he'll require ;
And then my full Salvation shew
Which Saints so much desire.

Fleming was a Nonconformist Preacher, and died in 1716. He was much esteemed by William III. His " Rise and Fall of the Papacy," first published in 1701, was reprinted after the French Revolution, as prophetic : the author having fixed the humiliation of the Gallic Monarchy within one year of the death of Louis XVI.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

The merits of Blackmore, as a Poet, have been too much depreciated. He had the misfortune to fall under the lash of both Dryden and Pope; and living in an age when it was more fashionable to laugh with the witty, than to be grave with the thoughtful, the elaborate philosophical and heroic poems of our author gave way to lighter, but often less meritorious compositions. Blackmore was physician to King William III., who knighted him; and it is probable this circumstance, with its attendant emolument, and the religious character* of several of his works, had at least as much to do in

* It was the lot of Blackmore to be an object of attack by nearly all the wits of his time: Dryden especially, and after him Pope, striving to render ridiculous his name and his poetry. It is clear, however, that something beside, if not exclusive of our author's verses, was the real ground of this incessant hostility: and in his personal piety and professional success combined, we have doubtless a key to the secret. Bishop Burnet calls Dryden "a master of immodesty, and of impurity of all sorts." ("Own Times," i. 395, edit. 8vo. 1753.) Hence the latter, whose licentiousness Blackmore had censured, pursued him with a malignity, which is accounted for on the principle just mentioned; added to which, our Poet, by censuring the dramatic writers, incurred the resentment at once of the authors, and the advocates for the stage. The hostility of Pope is said to have been confirmed, if not excited, by a still more specific cause. Blackmore, in one of his essays, "speaks with becoming abhorrence of a *godless author* who had burlesqued a Psalm; this author was supposed to be Pope, who published a reward for any one that would produce the coiner of the accusation, but never denied it—and was afterwards the perpetual and incessant enemy of Blackmore." Pope, in his "Martinus Scriblerius, of the Art of Sinking in Poetry," has availed himself largely of the poems, including the Psalms of Blackmore, for illustrations, and in some instances it must be admitted, not without a degree of success. As to the criticism of those wags who affected to discover some correspondence between the sounds of his verse and "the rumbling of his chariot wheels," the reproach was the more readily taken up, because it was not likely to be resented identical in terms upon the crowd of pedestrian followers of the Muses, many of whose works would be searched in vain for poems equal in merit to the "Creation," and the versified Psalms of Blackmore.

provoking the malignity of contemporary wits, as the quality of his poetry. "The lovers of musical devotion," says Dr. Johnson, "have always wished for a more happy Metrical Version than they have yet obtained of the Book of Psalms ; this wish the piety of Blackmore led him to gratify, and he produced, in 1721, a *New Version of the Psalms of David, fitted to the tunes used in Churches* ; which being recommended by the Archbishops and many Bishops, obtained a licence for its admission into public worship ; but no admission has it yet obtained, nor has it any right to come where Brady and Tate have got possession. Blackmore's name must be added to those of many others, who, by the same attempt, have obtained only the praise of meaning well." Had the practice obtained in his day, which is common in our own, of making selections of Psalmody by Clergymen for the use of their own Congregations, it is not probable that Blackmore's Version would have been altogether discarded. We are told that our author was in the habit of composing as he walked along the streets on his professional visits, a habit indulged also by the late Dr. Mason Good, himself a translator of the Psalms. Although the old slander of the profession, "*tres Medici, duo Athei*," quoted by Sir Thomas Browne, be no longer current, it would be thought somewhat strange in our day, to meet with a peripatetic Physician, whose street cogitations between the residences of his patients, were upon a new metrical arrangement of the Book of Psalms. Blackmore approached death with a behaviour corresponding to the piety of his life ; Mr. White, of Nayland, in Essex, attended him in his last hours, and attested his devotion : he died in 1729.

PSALM XXXI.

1. Thou art my Trust in my Distress,
From Shame deliver me :
Jehovah, in thy Righteousness,
From Trouble set me free.
2. Bow down thine Ear, my Cause espouse,
And save me, Lord, with Speed :
Be Thou my Rock of Strength, an House
For Safety, which I need.
3. In Thee, my Rock, I still confide,
I Thee my Fortress make ;
Thou, Lord, wilt me direct and guide
For thy own Glory's Sake.
4. To free me from their secret Net,
Lord, make a kind Effort,
And let their Toyl in vain be set,
For thou art my Support.
5. Into thy Hand, Lord gracious, See,
My Spirit I commend ;
O Lord, thou God of Truth, to me
Thou didst Redemption send.
6. Still did I hate them and despise,
Who to false gods apply,
And worship lying Vanities,
But I on Thee rely.

PART II.

7. Joy in thy Mercy, which I own,
And Gladness I'll express ;
For Thou hast me in Trouble known,
And sav'd me in Distress.
8. He has not left me in their Hands,
But me from Foes discharg'd ;
He sav'd my Life from threat'ning Bands,
My streighten'd Feet enlarg'd.
9. To me distress'd, Lord, Mercy show ;
My Eyes are Grief's Repast ;
My Soul is overwhelm'd with Woe,
With Pain my Bowels waste.

10. My Life in Groans and Sighs is spent,
My troubled Spirits fail:
My Bones are dry'd, my Nerves unbent,
Whilst I my Sins bewail.
11. By Foes and Neighbours I was scorn'd,
Fear my Acquaintance Seiz'd;
Those whom I met of Danger warn'd,
Fled at my Sight displeas'd.
12. I like the Dead am no Man's Care,
But wholly out of Mind;
And as the Potter's broken Ware,
Scorn and Dishonour find.
13. By Slanders they express their Hate,
Fears ev'ry way invade;
Designs, while they in Counsel sate,
Against my Life they laid.

PART III.

14. But Trust in thee Submission bred,
Ev'n when I felt thy Rod,
And conscious of thy Truth I said
O Lord, Thou art my God.
15. My number'd Times are in thy Hand;
Me from my Foes defend,
The hateful persecuting Band,
Who Violence intend.
16. Lord, in Compassion make thy Face
On me thy Servant shine;
To save me from the wicked Race
Let Mercy Thee incline.
17. Lord, let me not be cloath'd with Shame,
Whose Cries thy Pity Crave,
Confound th' Unjust, who hate thy Name,
And doom them to the Grave.
18. Let the false Lips, that utter Lies
And insolent become,
That wound the Just with Calumnies,
Be struck for ever Dumb.

PART IV.

19. Thy Goodness Lord, surpasses Thought,
Stor'd safely for the Just,

- Or for their Sakes in Publick wrought,
 Who place in thee their Trust.
20. Thou shalt in Secret from the Pride
 Of Man defend their Life ;
 And them in thy Pavilion hide,
 From Tongues engag'd in Strife.
21. Bless'd be the Lord, for he has shown
 He's wond'rous Good and Kind ;
 He succour'd me when in a Town
 Of strong Defence confin'd.
22. Rash in my hasty Flight I cry'd,
 I'm cut off from thy care ;
 Yet to my Voice the Lord reply'd,
 And heard my earnest Pray'r.
23. O love the Lord, all ye his Saints,
 For he the Faithful guards ;
 The Proud, who cause their sad Complaints,
 He plenteously rewards.
24. Confirm'd, and full of Courage be,
 Establish'd be your Heart,
 Who wait in Hope for God, and He
 Will Strength to you impart.
-

DR. DANIEL.

In the Bodleian, British Museum, and Lambeth Libraries, are copies of "A Paraphrase On some Select Psalms,* By the Reverend Mr. Richard Daniel, Dean of Armagh, the Chaplain to his Grace the Lord Lieutenant. London, Printed for Bernard Lintot, between the Temple Gates, in Fleet Street, 1722." 8vo. pp. 112. He published likewise a Version of the Seven Penitential Psalms, in metre. Under the title of "The Royal Penitent," in 1727,

* Viz. :—1, 3, 8, 16, 20, 29, 34, 48, 49, 50, 51, 72, 103, 104, 139.

of which volume I possess a copy. He thus describes the bearing of each Paraphrase : Psalm 6—The Penitent Pardoned.—Psalm 32—The Instructor.—Psalm 38—The Distress.—Psalm 51—Uriah.—Psalm 102—The Captive.—Psalm 113—The Supplication.—Psalm 142—The Persecution.

PSALM XXIX.

1.

Arise, O Israel, know the Lord,
 With flow'ry Garlands strew the way ;
 A thousand Victims, white and pure,
 Upon the smoaking Altars lay,
 Profusely lavish all your store,
 Confess the Godhead, and adore ;
 With Songs of Praise, your great Deliv'rer meet,
 Unbounded as his Love, and as his Mercy sweet.

2.

When Winds and Waves in conflict join,
 And long the watry War sustain,
 'Tis he, who, cloath'd with dreadful pow'r,
 Asserts the empire of the Main,
 Whilst o'er the Billows' back he strides,
 Or in the furious Eddy rides ;
 Old Ocean at his Voice begins to roar,
 Rolls his insulting Waves, and proudly braves the Shore.

3.

'Tis he the fatal Shaft prepares,
 Which does a guilty Age controul ;
 His burst of Thunder shakes the Earth,
 His subtle Lightnings melt the Soul ;
 The savage kind hear and obey,
 And savage Man, more fierce than they ;
 Whilst his red arm prepares the Bolt to throw,
 Flies from his Wrath divine, and dreads th' impending Blow.

4.

His Anger gives to Winds their wings,
 Which with their breath the Forest rend ;

Tall Cedars split beneath the blast,
 Or like the humble Oziers bend :
 In vain the Herds to covert fly,
 In vain they shun his piercing Eye ;
 Ev'n Libanus and Sirion, whilst they hear,
 Start at his awful Voice, and wonder why they fear.

5.

Happy Israel, chosen Tribes,
 With softer Notes your hours beguile,
 Tune ev'ry Lyre to sing his Praise,
 Who makes the peaceful Olive smile ;
 The happy Fruit securely taste,
 Of glorious Toils, and Dangers past.
 His Word shall cause destructive Rage to cease,
 And bind the jarring World in everlasting Peace.

Contemporaneously with the above-mentioned paraphrase, was published "The Devout Soul: or, an Entertainment for a Penitent, consisting of Meditations, Poems, Hymns, and Prayers, upon Guilt and Repentance ; the Follies and Vanities of the World ; and the Sufferings and Afflictions of Human Life : also upon the love of God ; the dignity of Human Nature ; the benefits of Christianity ; and the happiness of a future state. To which are prefixed Essays on Devotional Books and Divine Poetry. By Thomas Coney, D.D., Prebendary of Wells, and Rector of Chedzoy, Somersetshire, 1722." This work, which shews the author to have been a learned as well as a pious man, contains Versions more or less perfect of eighteen Psalms. As they are almost all plainly rendered in ten-syllable couplets, and are at the same time duplicates of numbers appropriated to names of greater interest in these pages, I have not thought it necessary to give a specimen.

The amiable Dr. Doddridge, whose name is identical with all that is exemplary in the Christian

character, left prepared for the press a collection of very sweet Hymns, which were published soon after the author's death in 1751. This work comprises upwards of forty compositions, based upon passages from the Books of Psalms : but not one of them so complete as to be called a Version.

SIMON BROWN.

Simon Brown, a learned and able minister and writer among the Dissenters, and a most amiable and excellent man, was born at Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire, about 1680, and having passed through the usual preparatory studies, he began to preach at so early an age, and his talents were so conspicuous, that soon after he had completed his twentieth year, he was chosen minister of a considerable congregation at Portsmouth, whence he ultimately removed to the Old Jewry Meeting, London. He is remarkable as having been the subject of one of the most singular psychological delusions recorded in the annals of biography : his case is, in fact, more curious, because less explicable on any of the known principles of mental or religious philosophy, than the melancholy and well known spiritual despair of the Poet Cowper. At the Old Jewry, Brown continued to exercise the pastoral office for about seven years, with great reputation, and was much beloved by his audience ; but in the year 1723, a complicated domestic affliction, the loss of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, and an only son, so deeply affected him, that he was at first in a state little different from

distraction ; and the disorder which his imagination had sustained from the shock that he had received, at length settled into a melancholy of a very extraordinary nature. He desisted from the duties of his function, and could not be persuaded to join in any act of worship, either public or private. He imagined, " that Almighty God, by a singular instance of Divine power, had in a gradual manner, annihilated in him the thinking substance, and utterly divested him of consciousness : that though he retained the human shape, and the faculty of speaking, in a manner that appeared to others rational, he had all the while no more notion of what he said than a parrot. And very consistently with this notion, he looked upon himself as no longer a moral agent, a subject of reward or punishment."* He continued with little variation in this persuasion, till the period of his death, in 1732. Perhaps one of the most strange facts of this singular man's history, is that after, as well as before, he fell under the controul of this monomania, he wrote several works of a religious character, in which, with the exception of what pertained to his predominant illusion, there is no lack either of knowledge or argumentative powers. Before he was overtaken by his affliction, he published " Hymns and Spiritual Songs, in three books." The work comprises, besides, about one hundred and fifty Hymns, Versions of upwards of twenty Psalms. The rendering is neither very exact, nor is the style above mediocrity ; yet the author not only " aimed at being more poetical than some who had gone before him," but he claims, and deserves the credit of " having taken care either to rhyme in

* Biograph. Brit. ii. 643. Folio Edition.

couplets, or in every other line." It is from this volume that the subjoined Psalm is taken. In one of his latest works on the subject of Natural and Revealed Religion, he prefixed a very singular Dedication to Queen Caroline, in which he gravely states that "he was once a man, and of some little name but of no worth, as his present unparalleled case makes but too manifest; for by the immediate hand of an avenging God, his very thinking substance, has for more than seven years been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him." After more matter of a similar kind, he tells her Majesty "that if this fact which is real and no fiction, nor wrong conceit, obtains credit, it must be recorded as the most memorable, and, indeed, astonishing event in the reign of George the Second, that a tract composed by such a thing, was presented to the illustrious Caroline."*

PSALM CXXXV.

Oh! praise the Lord, ye saints, extol his name,
With tuneful heart and with melodious voice :
Ye priests, ye people, his great deeds proclaim,
Display his glories, and improve your joys.

Sure 'tis the noblest work to sing his praise,
'Tis what becomes the people of his love :
The special objects of his saving grace,
Should in the blest employment still improve.

He bids, and soon th' obedient vapours rise,
The lightnings kindle and the thunders roar,
Outrageous tempests sweep the dusky skies,
And rain pours down from his aërial store.

* His friends prudently suppressed this Dedication, but it was preserved, and afterwards published in "The Adventurer," No. 88.

His dreadful power through *Egypt* he display'd,
His tokens sent on King and people too ;
Through Canaan's powerful nations terror spread,
Subdued the people and their princes slew.

In vain must any earthly power withstand,
When the Almighty for his *Israel* fought :
To his own flock he gave the conquer'd land,
Whom from the house of bondage he had brought.

And still his power and goodness are the same,
His people still are his delight and care :
Britain, rejoice in his Almighty Name,
Whilst he's our God we never should despise.

But the vain gods which heathen lands adore,
Are lifeless shapes, of metal form'd or wood :
Men melt the monster out of glittering ore,
Or out of timber hew the stupid god.

Vain is the shew of mouth, and eyes, and ears,
In vain the maker gives it feet and hands,
The pageant neither speaks, nor sees, nor hears,
Nor breathes, nor moves, but ever senseless stands.

'Tis hard to say which are the greater fools,
The gods or they who this blind homage pay,
Who form'd them first with their own hands and tools,
And then fall down to what they made, and pray.

Britons, do you such helpless gods despise,
But make the living God your help and hope :
His powerful word produced the earth and skies,
And should you sink, his hand can bear you up.

ELIZABETH ROWE.

The reputation which Dr. Watts has so long, and so justly enjoyed as the religious Poet of the Dissenters, may be said to have been reflected in all

the softness, delicacy, and grace which belong to the female character, in the accomplished woman above named. Elizabeth, the daughter of the Rev. Walter Singer, an Independent Minister, was born in 1674, near Frome, Somersetshire. When only twelve years of age, she discovered that taste for poetical composition, which characterised her to the end of life. Her mind was vigorous, and her natural disposition lively: the former was highly cultivated, not only with music and drawing, but with French and Italian literature; while the latter was pervaded and influenced by a spirit of piety at once decided and amiable. Miss Singer's personal attractions were not inferior to her intellectual and religious accomplishments: and the principles of her non-conformity were so little shaded by austerity, that she was admired and caressed, not only by several of the nobility, but by more than one of the popular Poets of her day. To adopt the lines of Mrs. Barbauld, which form part of an elegy to the memory of the pious Poetess:—

“ Her pious hand the poor, the mourner blest ;
 Her image lived in every kindred breast.
 Thynne, Carteret, Blackmore, Orrery, approved,
 And Prior praised, and noble Hertford loved ;
 Seraphic Ken, and tuneful Watts were thine,
 And Virtue's noblest champions fill'd the line.”

In 1710, Miss Singer, then in her 36th year, was married to Mr. Thomas Rowe, an amiable, pious, intelligent man, and himself a Poet of no mean promise: he, however, survived his happy union with the subject of this notice, only about five years. Most of the works by which the name of Mrs. Rowe became so intimately associated with our religious

literature in the eighteenth century, were composed during that long widowhood of 22 years, which she devoted to cherishing the most affectionate remembrance of her husband, whose spirit her own rejoined in a better world, February, 1737. Mrs. Rowe published "Friendship in Death," and "Letters Moral and Entertaining." Her "Devout Exercises of the Heart," in Meditation and Soliloquy, Praise and Prayer, were revised and published by Dr. Watts, immediately after her death; and in 1739, her *Miscellaneous Works in Prose and Verse*, including some Poems by her husband, were published in two volumes. In these posthumous works occur several Hymns and Versions of Psalms, some of which have found their way into collections. Of these, as of the rest of Mrs. Rowe's poetical compositions, it may be said in the words of one of her biographers that "the general character is correct and mellifluous versification, and a flow of ornate language, and tender and elevated sentiment."

The following Psalm has repeatedly been printed as a specimen of the poetry and the piety of Mrs. Rowe; and it is creditable to both: but the sentiment of the inspired writer has been so diluted in its transfusion from the prose to the poetic Version, that the latter scarcely retains enough of the taste or tinge of the former, to identify the one with the other, even with the assistance of corresponding numerals.

PSALM CXLVI.

Prepare the Voice, and tune the joyful Lyre,
And let the glorious Theme my Soul inspire:
To thee, my God, I sing; thy mighty Name
With heavenly Rapture shall my Soul inflame.

VOL. II.

N

My tuneful Homage shall like Incense rise,
And glad the Air, and reach th' approving Skies ;
While Life and Breath remain, the sacred Song
Shall fill my Breast, and dwell upon my Tongue.

As some fair Structure, whose firm Basis lies
On Strength of Rocks, the threatning Wind defies ;
So steadfastly my Hopes on Heaven are placed,
Nor Earth, nor Hell, my Confidence can blast.

Let others still for human Help attend,
And on the flatt'ries of the Great depend ;
Relentless Death shall mock their airy Trust
And lay their boasted Confidence in dust.

As the fantastic Visions of the Night,
Before the opening Morning take their Flight ;
So perish all the Boasts of Men, their Pride,
And vain Designs the laughing Skies deride.

But he alone securely guarded lives,
To whom the mighty God Protection gives,
The Mighty God, who made the stedfast Earth,
And gave the Springs that swell the Ocean, Birth ;

Who form'd the Stars, and spread the circling Skies,
And bade the Sun in all his Glory rise ;
No Breach of Faithfulness his Honour stains,
With Day and Night his Word unchang'd remains :

On human Woes he looks with pitying Eyes,
To help th' oppressed, and answer all their Cries ;
The Orphan's soft complaint, and widow's tears
Obtain redress, and fix his listening ears ;
His Throne from Changes stands for ever free,
And his Dominion shall no Period see.

SAMUEL BOYSE.

Few anomalies are calculated to strike a good man more forcibly in reading the Memoirs, and looking over the works of the English Poets, than the fact that compositions having a religious object—or at least a title respective of religion, are frequently found under the names of men, over whose lives no stretch of Christian charity can extend the slightest imputation of personal piety. It may not, perhaps, be difficult to account for this : few men of genius are wholly devoid of regard for the opinions of society, however they may be lost to self-respect ; and hence, while the conduct of the Poet often bitterly reproaches his better judgment, the latter, not unnaturally, seeks to propitiate public censure, if not indeed to pacify its own upbraidings, by the transparent artifice of substituting a religious theme for consistent conduct. The rich vulgar strive to atone for their sins by the bestowment of a portion of their wealth to charitable uses ; the poor Poet, on the same principle gives—not, indeed, money, but, that which alone he has to bestow—religious verse ! But besides this, there are few men of genius, however generally dissipated their lives may have been, who are without some lucid intervals of deep and serious reflection : and in these seasons of penitential retrospection, how likely it is that the mind should fall upon the versification of one or more of the Psalms of David, or the composition of

an original Hymn—and in either case with affecting success! These reflections are almost inevitably excited on reading the works of Samuel Boyse, a man whose poetical attainments undoubtedly entitle him to a respectable place in the ranks of his contemporaries; but whose whole life was a melancholy course of low dissipation, impudent meanness, and consequent merited suffering and neglect. Of such an individual, however useful his history may be as a beacon to warn presumptuous genius against seeking to despise with impunity the decencies and obligations of Society, it is not necessary to say much in this place: especially as the paraphrases of two Psalms—the 4th and 42nd—constitute his sole claim to be mentioned at all. As a Poet, his works are somewhat extensive, and very various in character. “His reputation has been chiefly fixed on the production entitled *DEITY*, which, although irregular and monotonous, contains many striking proofs of poetical genius.” Boyse died in 1749.

PSALM IV.

O thou, almighty Righteousness!
Who oft hast saved me in distress;
In mercy bow thy Sovereign ear,
Relieve my woe, my Sorrows hear!

From men, who slight thy sacred ways,
To thee my wearied eyes I raise,
That nothing here below can see
Worthy to be compared with thee!

Yet men, blind men, their dreams pursue,
Vain shadowy forms of bliss untrue!
And empty images prefer
To thee, the sole all-beauteous fair!

Thy piercing eye that marks the whole,
Through all disguise can view the Soul;

Can see conceal'd where virtue lies,
And innocence unheeded cries !

This keeps the pious mind in awe,
Observant of thy holy law ;
From every dread that heart is free,
That feels the conscious fear of thee !

Supremely merciful and just,
In thee thy faithful people trust ;
To thee their daily incense bring,
And smile beneath thy guardian wing.

Let earth-born souls, with grovelling sight,
In wealth or power, or pride delight ;
More transport gives a ray of thine,
Than Britain's crown, or India's mine !

More from this joy refin'd I taste,
Than Misers from their bags increas'd ;
From thence more gladness fills my heart,
Than all the world can e'er impart.

Fed by thy providential care,
I take content my little share ;
And humbly on thy aid depend,
Eternal father, God, and friend.

When the provided day is done,
And night with sable train comes on ;
In peace my wearied limbs I lay,
He guards the night, who gave the day.

When breaks the dawn of rosy morn,
To thee, the Lord of Life, I turn ;
And my awaken'd senses raise,
Attentive in their Maker's praise.

Thou, great Omniscience ! watch my ways,
Protect my nights and guard my days ;
Give me through life, obscure or known,
To love and fear but thee alone !

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

We have a few Psalms by the elegant translator of “Vida” and “Virgil,” who died in 1748. They are not only faithfully rendered, but exhibit that harmonious combination of numbers, which characterises some of the most successful passages of Pitt in other of his poetical undertakings. The following Version of a sublime Psalm, upon which several versifiers have put forth their best strength, is a favourable specimen of the author’s skill :—

PSALM XXIV.

1. Far as the world can stretch its bounds,
The Lord is King of all ;
His wondrous power extends around
The circuit of the ball.
2. For he within the gloomy deeps
Its dark foundations cast,
And rear’d the pillars of the earth
Amid the wat’ry waste.
3. Who shall ascend to Sion’s hill,
And see Jehovah there ?
Who from his sacred shrine shall breathe
The sacrifice of prayer ?
4. He only, whose unsullied soul
Fair Virtue’s paths has trod—
Who, with clean hands and heart, regards
His neighbour and his God.
5. On him shall his indulgent Lord
Diffusive bounties shed ;
From God his Saviour shall descend
All blessings on his head.

6. Of those who seek his righteous ways,
Is this the chosen race ;
Who bask in all his beauteous smiles,
And flourish in his grace.
7. Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,
With hasty reverence rise—
Ye everlasting doors, who guard
The passes of the skies !

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide
And burst the gates of day.

For see ! the King of glory comes
Along th' ethereal road,
The cherubs through your folds shall bear
The triumphs of their God.
8. Who is the great and glorious King ?
Oh ! 'tis the Lord, whose might
Decides the conquest, and suspends
The balance of the fight.
9. Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,
With hasty reverence rise—
Ye everlasting doors, who guard
The passes of the skies !

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away ;
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day.

For see ! the King of glory comes
Along th' ethereal road,
The cherubs through your folds shall bear
The triumphs of their God.
10. Who is this great and glorious King ?
Oh ! tis the God, whose care
Leads on his Israel to the field,
Whose power controls the war.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

For the little that is known of this Scotch Poet—one of the earliest of his countrymen who wrote English verse with propriety and taste, we are chiefly indebted to the late Lord Woodhouselee, who has mentioned him in his life of Lord Kiames, and to Mr. Chalmers, who has included his works in the voluminous collection of English Poets. To those sources, therefore, the reader is referred for fuller information concerning the author of a number of very graceful poetical compositions, than can be given in this place. Hamilton “of Bangour,” as he is generally called, from the place of his residence, was born in 1704, and died in France in 1754, to which country he had fled ten years before, in consequence of having been concerned in the cause of the Pretender at the battle of Culloden. Elegant and accomplished in mind and manners, Hamilton’s character has been considered to be pictured in his verses. “They are the easy and careless effusions of an elegant fancy and a chastened taste: and the sentiments they convey are the genuine feelings of a tender and susceptible heart which perpetually owned the dominion of some favourite mistress: but whose passion generally evaporated in song, and made no serious or permanent impression.” He has few specimens of religious verse besides the subjoined imitation of—

PSALM LXV.

Thrice happy he! whom thy paternal love
Allows to tread the radiant courts above,
To range the climes where pure enjoyments grow,
Where blessings spring and endless pleasures flow :
Awful in Majesty thy glories shine,
Thy mercy speaks its author all divine.
Thy tender and amazing care is own'd,
Where-e'er old Ocean walks his wavy round ;
Those that explore the terrors of the main,
Embroid'ed with storms in search of paltry gain,
Where tides encounter with tumultuous roar,
Derive their safety from thy boundless power :
Within their stated mounds thy nod contains
The lawless waves, where headlong tumult reigns ;
At thy despotic call the rebels cease,
Sink to a smiling calm,—and all is peace.
Those that inhabit earth's remotest bound
Trembling survey thy terrors all around,
When kindling meteors redden in the air,
And shake thy judgments from their sanguine hair ;
At thy command fair blushes lead the day,
And orient pearls glow from each tender spray,
Night with her solemn gloom adores a God,
And spreads her sable horrors at his nod,
Whole nature cheerful owns her Maker's voice,
Each creature smiles and all his works rejoice,
Thy bounty streams in soft descending showers,
And wakens into bloom the drooping flowers ;
Pregnant on high thy cloudy cisterns move,
And pour their genial treasures from above ;
Earth smiles, array'd in all her youthful charms,
Her flowery infants ope their blushing arms,
And kindling life each vernal blossom warms,
Thus the glad year, with circling mercies crown'd,
Enjoys thy goodness in an endless round.
Whene'er thou smil'st, fresh beauties paint the Earth,
And flowers awaken'd vegetate to birth.
The dreary wilds, where no delights are found,
Where never Spring adorn'd the sterile ground,

At thy command a pompous dress assume,
Fair roses glow, and opening lilies bloom :
Here verdant hills arise on every side,
And shoot their tops aloft with conscious pride ;
There lowing herds adorn the fertile soil,
And crown with fleecy wool the Shepherd's toil ;
While tender lambs their infant voices raise,
And sweetly bleat th' Almighty giver's praise.
Here loaded valleys smile with waving corn,
And golden prospects every field adorn,
They shout for joy, and lowly bending sing,
With sweet harmonious notes their gracious King !

THOMAS PRINCE, A.M.

Mr. Prince was born in New England, in 1686, and was educated at Harvard College. He afterwards visited this country, and for some years preached at Combs, in Suffolk. In 1717, he returned to his native land, and the following year was ordained a Pastor of the South Church, at Boston. He was a man of a vigorous intellect and of eminent piety—excellencies which appear likewise to have adorned in an exemplary degree his children of both sexes. The late Dr. Erskine, one of the Ministers of Edinburgh, who, in 1785, published six of Prince's Sermons, gives an interesting notice of the venerable Minister and his family. Mr. Prince died in October, 1758, his last literary work having been a revisal of the New England Version of the Psalms in metre, which was introduced to the South Church, the Lord's day after his funeral. His name is not prefixed to the book : but I have placed it at

the head of this notice, with the design of repaying to the pious improver of American Psalmody, that tribute of respect which, as will presently be shewn, he has himself so generously paid to those zealous men, who has preceded him in this pious labour.

Baxter mentioned the "New England" Psalm Book as one of those in use among the Non-conformists in his time. Its history will be sufficiently gathered from the following extracts from the Preface of the Edition before me, in which it is stated that "the first settlers of the New England Colonies, who came to Plymouth in 1620; to Salem, with three Ministers for Massachusetts, and one for Plymouth in 1629; and with the Massachusetts' Charter, Governour, Deputy Governour, Assistants, four Ministers, and 1500 people to Boston, and the neighbouring towns, in 1630,—were esteemed in England as some of the most eminent for Scripture Knowledge, Piety, and strict adherence to the Word of God, as any in their day." Amongst these "Pilgrim Fathers," as they have been called, there landed in North America, in 1636, nearly thirty Ministers, most of whom had been brought up in the English Universities: and among other works of learning and piety to which they presently addressed themselves, were Metrical Translations of the Psalms and other Scripture Songs into their mother tongue. "They committed," says Prince, "this work especially to the Rev. Mr. Richard Mather, of Dorchester; the Rev. Mr. Thomas Weld, and the Rev. Mr. John Eliot, of Roxbury, well acquainted with the Hebrew, in which the Old Testament, and the Greek, in which the New were originally written. They finished the Psalms in 1640; which were first

printed by Mr. Day, that year, at our Cambridge : and had the honour of being the first book printed in North America, and as far as I can find in this whole New World." The statement here made forms rather a singular coincidence with the facts, that the earliest specimen of European typography extant, with a date, is also a Psalter : and moreover, that the printer of the first complete Metrical Version of the Psalms in this country, as in New England, was a Mr. Day. The American Version, now under notice, was subsequently committed for improvement to "the Rev. Mr. Henry Dunstar, President of Harvard College, one of the greatest masters of the Oriental languages that has been known in these ends of the earth : who was helped as to the poetry, by Mr. Richard Lyon, an ingenious gentleman, probably brought up at one of the Universities in England, sent over by Sir Henry Mildway, as a tutor to his son at Harvard College, and resided in Mr. Dunstar's house." It was this revised edition, of which Prince says, "I found in England, it was by some eminent Congregations preferred to all others, in their public worship, even down to 1717, when I last left that part of the British Kingdom."

It was to the work thus translated, revised, and generally popular, that the author of the sentence just quoted, addressed himself with the design of its still farther improvement in 1755 ; and it cannot be uninteresting to notice, as mentioned by himself, the elaborateness of the method pursued in so important a work : indeed, the extent to which our author appears to have gone in consulting authors, reminds us of the advice of Roscommon in his "Essay on Translated Verse :"—

“Take pains the genuine meaning to explore ;
 There sweat, there strain ; tug the laborious oar ;
 Search every comment that your care can find ;
 Some here, some there, may hit the Poet’s mind.”

“I. I collected all the different Versions in English Metre I could find, which are above 30, and I think all but 2 : and comparing the 1st Psalm in them, both with the Prose Version in our English Bibles and with the Hebrew, I found about 20 took too great a liberty to vary from the original ; and selected 12, including the New England—as keeping nearer ; to which I added *another*, chiefly for some of the poetry. II. My endeavour then was to gain all the sentiments, especially the great, sublime, and most important in the original. And in order to this—1st. I read over the whole Psalm in our English Bible, with the instructive margin. 2nd. I laboured to put myself in the same external circumstances and internal case, and to have the same sensations and views with the Psalmist. 3. I read every verse (1) in the said *English Bible* ; and having the *Polyglot Bible* before me, (2) in the *Hebrew* with *Montanus’s Interlineary* : (3) the *Septuagint* ; (4) the *Chaldee* ; (5) the *ancient Latin* ; (6 and 7) the *Latin Versions* of the *Syriack* and *Arabick* ; (8) *Castalio* ; (9) *Tremelius* and *Junius* ; (10) *Ainsworth* ; (11) *De Muis*. 4. When I met with difficulty, I searched the following famous lexicons, (1) *Avenarius*, (2) *Schindler*, (3) *Pagnine* and *Mercer*, (4, 5) *Buxtorfs* 2 Lexicons, viz., *Hebrew* and *Chaldaick*, &c., (6) *Leigh*, (7) *Castellus*, (8) *Bythner*, (9) *Martin Albert*.” There is much more to the same effect : but the foregoing is sufficient to shew how deep our author dug, for his materials,

and how solidly he laid the foundations of his Version on the rock of ancient erudition : nor has his success been incommensurate to his pains ; he displays with a vigorous fidelity of interpretation, a diction neither crabbed nor inharmonious. Having allowed myself to be so long detained in noticing the pious labour of this good man, I cannot forbear transcribing the closing lines of the Preface to the work before me, dated only six months before his death :—" Having," says he, " begun this work on April 29, 1755, and being encouraged to proceed by the Respectable Brethren of the Congregation I belong to, I desire to praise the MOST HIGH for carrying me on through multitudes of Avocations, Interruptions, and Infirmities, to the end of the *Psalms*, by the last of August, 1756, and to the end of the other Scripture Songs,* by the 20th of March, 1757: and to HIS Glory and Blessing, and the Edification of his people, I humbly resign it. I close with my earnest prayers in the terms of the final clause of the authors of the ancient Preface to the *New England Version*, expressed in their usual beautiful simplicity of language:—' That we may sing in *Zion* the Lord's Songs of Praise according to his own will, until he take us hence, and wipe away all our tears, and bid us enter into our MASTER'S joy, to sing eternal HALLELUJAHS!' "†

* These Hymns are fifty in number, besides several Paraphrases of portions of the Old Testament, including Solomon's Song.

† Who that feels a proper respect for the Word of God, can read a statement like that in the text, without venerating the man who thus amply provided himself with the best means of achieving so glorious a design as the rendering a portion of the Inspired Volume into the vernacular metre of his country? The record of such statement by the writer of this notice, may, at any rate, find some apology in the fact that the copy of the New England Psalter before him, bears in the author's faltering autograph this Inscription:—" To the Honourable Thomas Hutchinson, Esq., Lieut.-Governor, &c., of the Province of

PSALM LXVI.

1. O all ye lands, with shouts of joy,
to GOD your voices raise :
2. Sing forth the honour of his name,
and glorious make his praise.
3. Say ye to GOD ; ‘ In thy great works
‘ how terrible art Thou ;
Thro’ thy almighty pow’r thy foes
to Thee are made to bow :
4. ‘ Yea all the nations of the earth
shall bow and sing to Thee ;
‘ To thine exalted Name shall sing
‘ with joy and melody.’ (*Selah.*)
5. Come, and the mighty works of GOD
with admiration see ;
In doings to the sons of men,
how terrible is He ?
6. He turn’d the channels of the sea
to dry and solid ways ;
Our fathers pass’d the flood on foot ;
and there we sang his praise.
7. He by his pow’r for ever rules ;
his eyes the nations spie ;
Let none who are rebellious dare
to lift themselves on high. (*Selah.*)

PART II.

8. O all ye people, bless our God,
and sound aloud his praise ;
9. Who puts and holds our souls in life,
and feet from sliding stays.
10. For Thou, O GOD, hast proved us,
and try’d as silver try’d ;
11. Into a net hast wound us fast,
our loins hast straitly ty’d.

Massachusetts Bay, in N.E. presented”—here the writer's hand appears to have failed altogether, and another pen has completed the sentence thus :—“ By the Reverend Author ; delivered a few days after his decease, by his Widow.” I am indebted for the loan of this precious volume to the Rev. John Hutchinson, of Blurton, Staffordshire, a grandson of the Governor.

12. Men o'er our heads Thou mad'st to ride,
thro' fire and floods we past ;
Yet Thou into a happy place,
of freedom brought us hast.
13. With off'rings I'll go to thy house,
my vows I'll pay to Thee ;
14. Which my lips utter'd and mouth spake,
when trouble was on me.
15. Burnt off'rings I will offer Thee,
that full of fatness are ;
The best of all my flocks and herds,
with incense I'll prepare. (*Selah.*)
16. O come and hearken now to me
all ye who GOD revere ;
And what He for my soul hath done,
I'll gratefully declare.
17. My mouth to Him in my distress
sent forth my earnest cry :
He heard me, and my joyful tongue
extolled Him on high.
18. If in my heart I sin allow'd,
the *Lord* would not give ear :
19. But surely GOD gave ear to me,
and kindly heard my pray'r.
20. O let this kind and mighty GOD,
for ever blessed be ;
Who turned not my pray'r from Him,
nor mercy held from me.

H. PIKE.

We have already seen that the merit, such as it is, if not of originating the idea of applying Blank Verse to lyric measures, at least the practical exemplification of it to any considerable extent, belongs

to Dr. Cotton Mather. Indeed, till the publication of Southey's *Thalaba*, that "wild and wondrous song," familiarised the public with a novel experiment, the exquisite "Ode to Evening," by Collins, was the only unrhymed lyric generally known. The worthy laureate himself, in the Preface to the collected edition of his *Poems*, thus delivers his opinion on the subject: "Every one who has an ear for metre and a heart for poetry, must have felt how perfectly the metre of Collins's 'Ode to Evening' is in accordance with the imagery and the feeling. None of the experiments that were made of other unrhymed stanzas proved successful. They were either in strongly marked and well known measures, which unavoidably led the reader to expect rhyme, and consequently balked him when he looked for it; or they were in stanzas as cumbrous as they were ill-constructed. Dr. Sayers went upon a different principle, and succeeded admirably. I read his 'Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology' when they were first published, and convinced myself, when I had acquired some skill in versification, that the kind of verse in which his choruses were composed, was not less applicable to narration than to lyrical poetry." It does not appear that Dr. Southey ever saw the curious Version of the Psalms by Cotton Mather, nor the more recent and exemplary attempt in a similar line, to a notice of which, the foregoing remarks are introductory. I was aware of the existence of the work alluded to, in the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth; and to the ready courtesy of the Rev. S. R. Maitland, the curator of that noble collection, I am indebted for what follows. The title of this work (of which there

are two copies in the Lambeth Library) is, "The Book of Psalms in Metre, fitted to the various tunes in common use: wherein closeness of the text, and smoothness of the verse are preferred to rhyme. With a prefatory account of the present attempt, and some thoughts on Singing in Social Worship. *ii. Chron. xxix. 30, Hezekiah the King, and the Princes, commanded the Levites to sing praises to the Lord with the words of David and Asaph the Seer. By Permission of the Company of Stationers. London, Printed by H. Kent, 1751.*" It will be seen that the work was published anonymously: but in one of the copies in question is written on the fly leaf, and apparently in Archbishop Secker's hand, "The Translator, Mr. Pike:" in the title-page of the other, which once belonged to Bishop Percy, is inserted "By Mr. Pike." It may be added that the Psalms generally are in long, common, or short metre, except the 104th, which is adapted to its own tune. There are also three or four pages of Scripture passages versified. It will be seen from the following specimen, that the Version is not devoid of merit: but the occurrence of something like a rhyme in the fourth verse, strongly reminds us of its absence in the others.*

PSALM XLVI.

To the Chief Musician for the Sons of Korah, a Song upon Alamothe.

1. 2. God is our refuge, and our strength,
 In streights a present help:
 Therefore, although the earth be mov'd,
 We will not be afraid:

* "We incline to think, that in some passages, unrhymed verse in the measures of Thalaba, or with occasional rhymes interposed, as in Sampson Agonistes, would best serve the purposes of a translator, who sought to give anything of the effect of Eastern poetry."—*Dublin University Magazine*, Nov. 1839.

3. 4. Tho' mountains move to midst of seas,
And tho' their waters roar,
And are disturb'd ; tho' mountains shake
With the proud swelling waves.
 4. A River is, whose streams make glad,
The city of our God,
The holy place, where the most High
Hath fixed his abode.
 5. The Lord is in the midst of her ;
She never shall be mov'd :
The mighty God unto her help
Right early shall appear.
 6. The Heathen raged furiously,
The Kingdoms too were mov'd :
He utter'd then his awful voice,
The earth dissolv'd with fear.
 7. 8. The Lord of Armies is with us,
Our refuge Jacob's God.
Come see the Lord's works on the Earth,
How desolate 'tis made.
 9. To th' utmost ends of all the earth
He causeth wars to cease :
He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
The chariot burns in fire.
 10. Be still, and know, that I am God ;
Exalted I will be,
I in the earth will be extoll'd
Among the heathen lands.
 11. The Great Jehovah is with us,
Who is the Lord of Hosts ;
The mighty God of Jacob's race,
He is our refuge high.
-

STEPHEN WHEATLAND AND TIPPING
SYLVESTER.

These names are here coupled together, as they are in the title page of the “Psalms of David, translated into *Heroic Verse*, in as literal a manner, as rhyme and metre will allow,” 1754. This selection of a metre, which, whatever advantages it may possess in some respects, can scarcely at all be adapted for singing, appears to have originated in the remark of Sir John Denham, who acknowledges that he should have succeeded better in various instances had he indulged himself in the verse of ten syllables—“which,” say our authors, “may vindicate the use of the English Heroic in this work, that is intended for the pocket or the closet, and not to be set to Church Music, or for the Public Worship.” “Now,” continue the authors, “though its one continued measure is not well adapted to be set to various Tunes, yet all poetry is music in itself; and as the Heroic verse is the favourite of some ears, it may with such persons have an advantage over a prose translation, or one in other measures, for private use, and in their devotional retirements: for which end the Book of Psalms is sweetly suited; as well as for Public Worship.” That the verse is smooth, and the sense of the original satisfactorily transfused in this Version cannot be denied; but, for the crabbed phraseology sometimes apparent in unskilful attempts at a close Version in lyric measures, we have the

insertion of enfeebling expletives, to a greater degree than is absolutely necessary, either "to serve the end of perspicuity," or "to gain a scope for the rhyme to turn in;" indeed, it must be obvious, that the monotonous march of uniformly long lines, even when most skilfully conducted, must needs sink much of the leading character of the inspired Ode—its sublimity. And in this respect, the old Prose Version, which admits of the most perfect rhythmical arrangement, with every variety of pause, will ever have greatly the advantage of any rhyming Version, which shall be *wholly* in decasyllabic lines. But whatever other merit the work from which the following lines are quoted, may be allowed to possess, convenience for the pocket can hardly be claimed, since it is a tolerably thick octavo volume.*

PSALM LXXIX.

O God, a strange and numerous heathen band
Have made their inroads o'er thy chosen land :
Thy sacred palace basely have defiled,
And into ruin'd heaps thy Salem piled :
Thine holy servants' flesh have given to feast
Th' ærial fowl, and earthly savage beast ;
Their blood, like water, pour'd the city round,
Whilst their unburied corpses taint the ground :
Severe reproaches aggravate our fate,
The jest and scorn of every neighbouring state :
Still wilt thou, Lord, retain thy dreadful ire ?
And shall thy jealous fury burn like fire ?
On heathen kingdoms pour the raging flame,
Who know not Thee, nor own thy powerful name.

* Of the authors I know nothing more than their names and their Version ; and it appears they were not better known to the Archbishop of Canterbury. That primate, Dr. Herring, writing to Mr. Duncomb, July 8, 1754, says—" I had a Paraphrase of the Psalms, in long verse, by Tipping Sylvester and another, sent to me the other day. I want to know who these people are, and where they are to be found. I thought some of the Psalms done extremely well."

For they have eaten up thy *Jacob's* race,
 And made his tents a sad and desert place.
 Forget, O God, forget our former crimes,
 Hasten thy kind rescue in these troublous times.
 May, for thine honour, we thine aid partake,
 Our sins hide freely for thine honour's sake.
 Why should such bitter taunts thy name defy?
 Where is their God? why should the Heathen cry?
 Now make it flagrant through their bloody host,
 That vengeance waits them for thy servants lost.
 Hear thou the sighs, which the poor captives breathe,
 And save through thy strong arm the *sons of death*.
 Give back, O Lord, our neighbours' scornful jests,
 Render them sevenfold shame into their breasts.
 Then we thy people, from our thralldom freed,
 Thy sheep, which in thy verdant pastures feed,
 Ever and ever will confess thy name,
 And through each age will blazon forth thy fame.

THOMAS CRADOCK.

Mr. Cradock, who appears to have been a native of Staffordshire, was Rector of "St. Thomas's Parish, Baltimore County, Maryland," U. S. His "Poetical Translation of the Psalms of David, from Buchanan's Latin into English Verse," was printed in 1754, for "Mrs. Anne Cradock, at Wells, in Somersetshire"—probably the widow of the author. In a very brief Preface, he merely avows his admiration of "that great master in Divine Song—the immortal Buchanan,* whose memory can never be too dear to the Learned." Bound with this book,

* A *Prose* translation of Buchanan's Version, by Mr. Waddel, was published at Edinburgh, in 1772.

in the Bodleian copy, is “a new and improved Version of the Psalms,” in lyric metres, by an anonymous hand; but founded, as we are told, in the Preface, on the Psalter contained in that Version of the Scriptures into the Swedish language, which at the command of Gustavus III. was made by Dr. Tingstadius, of the University of Upsal. Cradock’s translation is entirely in heroic couplets, of which the following Psalm is no unfavourable specimen.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1. Ye priests by night, that in his temple wait,
The praises of your gracious God repeat;
2. To Him your hands in adoration raise,
And mingle humble worship with your praise.
3. So He, yon starry heavens, this earth, who made,
And shields his favoured Zion with his aid,
With eye benign your holy transports view,
And all the blessings of his love bestow.

 ELIZABETH TOLLET.

Mrs. Tollet, who was characterised by Hughes,* the Poet, as “a lady of genius, learning, and fortune,” was born in 1694, and died in 1754. In the year after her death appeared under her name a small volume of “Poems on Several Occasions,” comprising *Susannah*, a Sacred Drama; an Epistle from Anne Boleyn to Henry VIII., and besides other pieces, the following Psalm:—

* Hughes’s Letters, i. p. 231.

PSALM XCVI.

To God from whom immortal blessings spring,
 Let all the earth with sounds seraphic ring ;
 With heavenly Zeal and Ardour praise his Name,
 Throughout the World his saving Grace proclaim.

To all the heathen Nations wide around,
 The Power and Greatness of our God resound :
 Through all the World with joyful Songs declare
 His wondrous Works how excellent they are.

Enthron'd he sits above the starry Skies,
 No Numbers can to his Perfections rise :
 Oh ! Great Adored ! How can we have Regard
 To other Gods, when unto thee compared ?

Dumb senseless Stocks the Heathens call upon ;
 Creation's Lord, we'll fall before thy throne,
 Exalt and praise thee still in Wonder lost,
 Since thou alone Omnipotence canst boast.

O ! *Israel's* Sons, within his Temple bend,
 Whose bounteous Hand doth every blessing send ;
 There chant his praise, and in harmonious Songs
 Ascribe the Glory which to God belongs.

Give Honour due unto his holy Name,
 And let our Practice testify the same ;
 In beauteous Holiness the Lord adore,
 On swiftest Wings let your Petitions soar.

The Lord is God let all the Heathen know,
 The Earth unmoved his mighty Power doth shew ;
 He'll judge Mankind by his eternal Word,
 Guilt self-condemn'd shall meet its just reward.

Let Heaven, let Earth, the Air, and raging Seas,
 Proclaim our God within their just Degrees ;
 Our Woods and smiling Meads with Verdure crown'd,
 And all Creation echo to the Sound.

For he in Equity will judge the World,
 Then from their Seats the Impious shall be hurl'd ;
 His Justice then aloft will hold the Scale,
 And Truth triumphant ever shall prevail.

In the Archbishop's Library, at Lambeth, there is a volume marked Q. 3. 27. containing "A Select Collection of the Psalms of David, as Imitated or Paraphrased by the most eminent English Poets, viz., Mr. Addison, Mr. Blacklock, Mr. Barton, Mr. Daniel, Sir John Denham, Dr. Gibbs, King James I., Mrs. Leapor, Milton, Mrs. Masters, Mrs. Rowe, Sir Phil. Sidney, Dr. Trapp, Mrs. Tollet, Dr. Woodford, and Several others. Together with some Originals never before printed. To which is added an appendix of Several Divine Hymns and Poems not to be found in any other collection. London. Printed for the Editor. 1756." The work is anonymous, but on the back of the half-title, Bishop Percy has written, "This Collection was made by Henry Dell, sometime a bookseller in Holborn, who added some new translations of his own." Of Dell, I know nothing more than is here stated; but he deserves to be mentioned as having been the first person, since the time of Sternhold and Hopkins, who ventured to publish a variorum Version of the Psalms, comprising the names and labours of so many authors. I have not thought it necessary to give a specimen of his own contributions to his book: nor of those of Mary Leapor, who was born in 1722, and died in 1746, within which period, two or three volumes of poetry from her pen, were published. Her versification is smooth and pleasing; but exhibits, on the whole, rather the reflex images of what she had read in books, than original thoughts of her own. She was the daughter of the gardener of Judge Blencour, of Marston St. Lawrence, in Nottinghamshire. The only remaining name in the foregoing list, under which I give no specimen, is

that of Dr. Trapp—the same, I suppose, who died in 1747, beneficed in two or three London parishes. He was a voluminous writer in prose and verse, Latin and English ; his works being chiefly on theological topics. It may here be added that a “ Book of Psalms,” compiled from the labours of more than twenty individuals, and giving in the case of several Psalms, five or six Versions, was printed at Salisbury for Benjamin Williams, in 1781, and contains a larger mass of valuable poetry of this class than is perhaps to be found in any similar volume : several of the Psalms, however, are not printed quite entire, while others have undergone verbal alterations unsanctioned by the authors.

MRS. MASTERS.

Mary Masters published, by subscription, two volumes of “ Familiar Letters and Poems,” the first in 1733 ; the second in 1758. Her circumstances appear to have been originally humble ; for the Preface to her first volume informs us, that she had “ never read a Treatise of rhetorick, or an art of poetry, nor was ever taught her English Grammar ; that her education rose no higher than the spelling book, or the writing master ; that her genius was always discountenanced by her parents ; and that till her merit got the better of her fortune, she was shut out from all commerce with the more knowing and polite part of the world.” She resided with Edward Cave, and appears to have been deservedly respected

by the literati of the day, particularly by Dr. Johnson, whom she occasionally visited, and who, according to Boswell, not only revised her volumes, but was believed to have “illuminated them here and there, with a ray of his own genius.” She was characterised, in a contemporary periodical, as being “chaste, moral, and religious, as well as an agreeable and ingenious writer. We mention this circumstance,” adds the writer, “as certain daughters of the Muses have been less eminent for their virtue than their wit; but Mrs. Masters’s character, as a *woman*, is such as must have had a considerable share in inducing her numerous friends to subscribe to the *Poetess*.*” She is supposed to have died about 1759.† Her volumes contain Versions of several Psalms in the style of the subjoined specimen. Except for many flat rhymes, these lines would be good, and quite in character with the original, which is peculiar in its kind as a lesson of moral prudence, under the sanction of devout and holy principle.

PSALM XXXVII.

1. Fret not thyself when wicked men prevail,
And bold iniquity bears down the scale;
They and their glory quickly shall decay,
Swept by the hand of Providence away,
As verdant grass cut from its vital root,
That with’ring dies beneath the heedless foot.
2. In piety resolv’d, on God depend;
His hand shall feed thee, and his arm defend;
Delight in Him who hath the power to bless,
And what thy soul desires, thou shalt possess;
In all thy ways on Providence recline,
So shall he vindicate each just design.

* *Monthly Review*, vol. xiii. p. 158.

† Croker’s Boswell, vol. i. p. 225.

3. Thy virtue in full prospect shall be shewn,
Clear as the moon, bright as the mid-day sun :
In humble silence ever patient be,
Wait the event of His divine decree ;
Though guilty policy her schemes fulfil,
Fret not thyself, nor imitate the ill.
4. Sudden the sons of vice shall be destroy'd,
And desolate the place they once enjoy'd ;
But he that's humble, merciful, and just,
And in his God reposes all his trust,
Shall see his days protracted, void of cares,
And pass with pleasure his remaining years.
5. The humble pittance by the good enjoy'd,
With labour gain'd, with probity employ'd,
Is better far, and more to be desired,
Than wealthy stores by wicked men acquired ;
Whose arms shall fail, whose strength shall weakness prove,
But the just man no power on earth shall move.
6. When heavy judgments sweep o'er guilty lands,
Secure in conscious innocence he stands ;
Should fountains fail, and earth deny her grain,
Should pinching want, and meagre famine reign,
His soul confiding in Jehovah's care,
Nor dire alarms, nor pining want shall fear.
7. What splendid virtues grace the pious mind !
Here mercy is with cheering bounty join'd,
Here open-handed Charity is seen,
And soft compassion, with a gentle mien ;
Such form the man, who now heaven's favour shares,
And leaves at last, a blessing to his heirs.
8. A good man's steps are all with caution trod,
At once the charge and favourite of God :
And if he slips (as sure the best may err)
He's still supported by Almighty care ;
To heaven he looks, expecting to obtain
Sufficient grace, and never looks in vain.
9. Observe what's right, let sin be e'er abhorr'd,
Immortal life shall be the great reward ;

For truth and virtue are by heaven approved,
 And the just man shall be by heaven beloved ;
 Protected by his good, he knows no fear,
 For ever safe beneath his Guardian's care.

10. That friend of Saints will lengthen out their days,
 When sudden death cuts off the wicked race ;
 The man whose life is regular and pure,
 Shall make his name to latest times endure ;
 Nor, through unnumber'd ages, shall decline
 The patrimonial honours of his line.
11. To the just man prosperity is given,
 And his Redeemer is the Lord of heaven :
 What wisdom dictates he with pleasure tells,
 While his glad tongue on sweet Instruction dwells ;
 Within his heart his Maker's law presides,
 And firm he treads whom true Religion guides.
12. Behold the man, whose life's unblemished round
 Is with fair truth and bright perfection crown'd,
 With what composure he resigns his breath,
 Serenely smiling in the arms of Death !
 His God is his support, his joy, his rest,
 And to eternity he shall be blest.

JAMES GIBBS, D.D.

Under the name of Dr. Gibbs we have a thin quarto volume, entitled "The First Fifteen Psalms of David, translated into Lyric Verse ; proposed as an Essay, supplying the *Perspicuity*, and *Coherence* according to the *Modern Art of Poetry* ; not known to have been attempted before in any language." This brochure, which was printed in 1761, is introduced by a Preface, "containing some observations

on the great and general *defectiveness** of former Versions in *Greek, Latin, and English*:" it is dedicated to her "Royal Highness the Princess," whose hand, the author reminds her, he "had lately the honour to kiss upon a very mournful occasion"—the death of William Duke of Gloucester. But notwithstanding this somewhat confident prelude, and the fact that the author was "encouraged by several Right Reverend Bishops and others," no more of his Version was ever published: nor does it appear from the specimen to have possessed any claims either to merit or novelty.

PSALM XI.

On God securely I rely,
 Why then this vain Advice, that I,
 Like tim'rous Birds, my Foes should shun
 I fear not, though they all come on,
 Though all the threat'ning force of War
 Against the guiltless they prepare;
 For if the Power, in which they trust,
 Should fail, how helpless are the Just!
 But still the God of Equity
 Resides in Heav'n, and there his Eye
 Does all the thoughts of men explore,
 And strictly views their actions o'er;
 The Just with Favour he surveys,
 He sees, and hates th' Oppressor's Ways,
 And on their impious Heads will pour
 Of snares and flames a dismal shower;
 And this their bitter cup must be
 To drink to all Eternity:
 But still the GOD of RIGHTEOUSNESS,
 The Just will with his Favour bless.

* It is remarkable how many Psalm versifiers, who have avowed that they undertook the task of supplying the deficiencies and remedying the faults of those before them, have merely added each his own modicum of faults and defects to the heap, in few cases obviating those of their predecessors.

JOHN ROBSON.

An attempt very much in the style of Wheatland and Sylvester, and in which their authority for certain renderings is repeatedly cited, appeared in the same year with their Version. After the utmost difficulty encountered to obtain a sight of the book, a copy is now before me : it is entitled “ The First Book of the Psalms of David, Translated into English Verse of Heroic Measure, with Arguments and Notes. By John Robson, M.A., Rector of Blatchington, in Sussex. Υαλτηριον διεβλον εις πεντε βιβλια οι Εβραιοι ωσε ειπαι και αυτο αλλην πεντατευχον. EPIPHANIUS. London, 1761.” The Version, which extends to Psalm xli. contains nothing to recommend it in a poetical point of view : the author has apparently had in sight the style of Pope without any where overtaking it : and it will scarcely be denied that had that Poet himself cast the Psalms into his own exquisite versification, the monotony of an unvarying mass of ten-syllable couplets would effectually have lulled all interest in the performance. Speaking of the only peculiarity in his work, Mr. Robson says :— “ The appellation itself of *Power Supreme*, or *Supreme*, used, in the following verses, instead of Jehovah or Lord, it is humbly presumed, will not be considered a material objection against them.” It is certainly no recommendation : nor can it be admitted either that “ it carries with it a peculiar force and propriety”—that it appears “ not improperly

adapted to a period in which the Deity no longer bears the denomination of a local Being"—and least of all that "in our language at least, it is more agreeable and pleasing to the ear."

PSALM XXXIV.

At all times I will bless the Power Supreme,
 His praise shall be my tongue's perpetual theme,
 In Power Supreme my soul shall glorying boast,
 And that shall glad who seem in misery lost ;
 Ye loud with me the Power Supreme proclaim,
 Our songs together swell his echoing name,
 I fervent pray'd the Power Supreme to hear,
 And he propitious freed from every fear.
 They look'd to him and felt the chearing ray,
 Their cheeks no more the reddening shame display,
 " There cried the man with fears oppress'd below,
 " And Power Supreme retriev'd from every woe."
 The angel bright of Power Supreme shall spread
 The tent around who bear the reverent dread,
 O taste and see how good the Power Supreme,
 Who trusts in him shall shun the dire extreme,
 With awe, ye just, the Power Supreme adore,
 No pining dearth his votaries true deplore,
 The lions lack amid the spacious plain,
 Young lions bear the famine's ravening pain,
 From Power Supreme who seek the grateful food,
 No want shall know of every smiling good.
 O come, ye young, O lend the listening ear,
 My faithful strain shall teach the sacred fear,
 Who thou that would'st the life protracted know ?
 Who see the days exempt from every woe ?
 " From evil talk the slanderer's tongue refrain,
 " Thou keep thy lips from fraud's inveigling strain,
 " With cautious step from sullyng crimes recede,
 " Thine hand benign perform the bounteous deed,
 " The pleasing peace be thy unvarying aim,
 " And tho' strife rise yet thou pursue the same,"
 God o'er the just suspends the guardian eye,
 His ear is turn'd to virtue's trembling cry,

He tow'rd the wicked bends the frownful face,
 He from the land will blot the lingering race;
 The righteous cry and Power Supreme attends,
 From every woe he fair deliverance sends,
 He near is found to chear the faltering heart,
 He favoring saves who bear the suffering part,
 Tho' numerous ills the man innocuous know,
 The Power Supreme dispels the various woe,
 He keeps his bones from each impetuous aim,
 Not one is broke amid the wondrous frame;
 Pernicious fate shall slay the treacherous train,
 Who wrong the just shall not secure remain;
 His servants' souls shall Power Supreme restore,
 And none be lost who sacred aid implore.

JAMES MERRICK, M.A.

Mr. Merrick was a fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and as a translator of the Psalms, he brought to the task, in perhaps a greater degree than they had been combined in any previous versifier, the accomplishments of the Scholar, the Poet, and the Christian. His translation of Tryphiodorus is allowed to afford "a striking proof of his classical learning and taste:" while his "Annotations, critical and grammatical, on the Gospel of Saint John," and his "Annotations on the Psalms," attest his attainments in Biblical literature, to which, indeed, both Bishop Lowth,* and Dr. Hunt, the Hebrew Professor

* Lowth, in a note to his *Prelections on Hebrew poetry*, mentions Merrick, as "a man of great learning, who had lately finished a Version of the Psalms in English; an admirable work, distinguished by many splendid marks of learning, art, and genius." On the other hand, Archbishop Secker published some strictures upon Merrick's Version, which were deemed sufficiently severe to call forth a series on the subject from the pen of Dr. Sharpe, the learned Master of the Temple, 1769.

at Oxford, have borne honourable testimony. Of his talents for poetry, the work by which he is now best known, is an imperishable memorial: it was first printed at Reading, in 1765; under the title of "The Psalms translated, or paraphrased, in English Verse." The claim, however, to easy, harmonious versification which has rarely, if ever, been denied to this elegant "paraphrase," has not prevented its admirers generally from acknowledging that neither the spirit of the original Hebrew, the vigour of our English Prose Versions, nor even the metrical force of more than one of the author's predecessors in the same delightful exercise, had been at all equalled by him. But whatever might be the merit of Merrick's compositions in a poetical point of view, they were not, as he himself admits, "calculated for the uses of public worship." To obviate this inconvenience, and give them a fair chance in Churches, the late Rev. W. D. Tattersall, A.M., Vicar of Wotton-Under-Edge, published an edition, in which the whole of the Psalms were "divided into stanzas for Parochial use." Merrick's Version, thus ingeniously recast, made its appearance in 1797, in a thick quarto volume—doubtlessly the handsomest form in which any Metrical Version of the Psalms had theretofore been printed—with an elaborate introduction by the amiable Editor, and a dedication to the King—George the Third. The work, in this expensive form, appears chiefly to have been designed for presents—or at least, to give the experiment the best chance of success with an influential class of purchasers, who should not be prejudiced against the claims of the Version by the mean appearance of the book. It was afterwards more than once

republished in a cheap form, with the prose translation from the Prayer Book, in a parallel column, and a collect prefixed to each Psalm from the works of Archbishop Parker. Mr. Tattersall has divided the Psalms, as left by Merrick, into stanzas of from four to twelve lines, by which means, he observes, "the purpose of variety is fully answered." In doing this, it was, of course, very frequently necessary to alter the original phraseology of the Poet—a delicate task, as the Editor seems to have been well aware: he has, however, so discreetly yielded to this necessity in most instances, that if the Version can really be said to have suffered at all, as a mere poetical composition—which will hardly be affirmed—the injury has been abundantly compensated by the admirable adaptation to the use of the Sacred Choir, or rather of the Christian Congregation of strains, which probably were but little read by pious families in the devotions of the social circle, or by the poetical student in the retirement of his closet. To what extent, or whether at all, the Psalms of *Merrick and Tattersall* are at present used in Churches, I am not aware. The Version, however, is always resorted to by compilers of selections for singing; while the Preface contains several judicious observations, which are well worthy of attention: and it is due to the memory of the reverend author to add that the whole is characterised by a kindliness of expression, in reference to the authors of different Versions, which is the more remarkable as well as praiseworthy, when it is considered that his object was to recommend one of those Versions as pre-eminently meritorious. It

may be further mentioned, that Merrick died in 1769; his zealous editor and admirer in 1829.*

PSALM XVII.

1. To Thee, the Judge enthroned on high,
Shall injured innocence apply :
O let my prayer by Thee be heard,
From undissembling lips preferred.
2. O let my doom from Thee proceed,
And gracious mark the upright deed.
3. When night's dark shades were round me pour'd,
Thy thoughts my spirit have explored ;
Say, to thy all-discerning eyes,
If aught of guilt within me rise—
If offer'd violence and wrong
Have urged to sin my thoughtless tongue.
4. Taught by thy word, my steadfast mind
Has each nefarious path declined ;
5. O still my guardian, still my guide,
Forbid my wavering feet to slide !
6. To Thee, (for Thou the prayer canst hear,)
To Thee my suppliant voice I rear ;
O treat me not with cold disdain,
Nor let my vows return in vain !
7. O Thou, whose hand th' oppressor quelis,
And each invading power repels
From him whose hopes on Thee repose,
To me thy wond'rous grace disclose.
8. What care the pupil of the eye
Demands, that care to me apply ;
“ And keep, O keep me, King of Kings !
Beneath thy own Almighty wings.”†
9. Rich in my spoils, with murd'rous hate,
A pamper'd crowd around me wait,
10. Whose heart, with impious fury stung,
To mad presumption prompts my tongue.

* The collection of Editions of Metrical Versions of the Psalms formerly belonging to Mr. Tattersall, have found an appropriate repository in the Library of the Cathedral of Chichester.

† Bishop Ken.

11. With watchful look they mark my way,
12. As lurks, expectant of their prey,
The lion or his tawny brood,
To rapine born, and nursed in blood :
13. Rise, Lord ! and let me, by thine aid
Preserved, their threat'ning jaws evade :
With sword unsheath'd, and lifted hand
Preventive, crush the lawless band,
14. Whose days, with life's full blessings fraught,
To earth's low scene confine their thought ;
Whose eyes a numerous race behold,
To heir their heaps of treasured gold.
Far other bliss my soul shall own,
A bliss to guilty minds unknown ;
O when, awaken'd by thy care,
Thy face I view, thy image bear,
How shall my breast with transport glow !
What full delight my heart o'erflow !

CHRISTOPHER SMART, A.M.

Poor Smart ! His unhappy life seems to have been a compound of fits of genius, gleams of piety, conflicts with intemperance, and finally, mental aberration. And yet, as Southey remarks, he must not be classed with such as Boyce and Savage, who were redeemed by no virtue, for Smart was friendly, and liberal, and affectionate. His piety was fervent, and when composing his religious poems, he was frequently so impressed as to write upon his knees ; in his fits of insanity it became his ruling passion : he would say his prayers in the streets, and insist that people should pray with him. Dr. Johnson, who knew him well, said, " I'd as lief pray with Kit

Smart, as any one else." He composed a "Song to David," when in confinement, and being denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, indented the lines upon the wainscot with the end of a key. Amidst many brilliant passages which outshine the wildfire of genius, it would be impossible to find in the English language a specimen of more condensed poetic diction, than is displayed by the last stanza of the composition alluded to, and which, as Montgomery says, "alone might give immortality to any name: it is a most perfect specimen of the sublime":—

"Tell them, I AM," Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread:
And, smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,
All Nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, "O Lord, THOU ART."

The principal works of Smart—who died in 1770—are his Poems "On the Divine Attributes," a volume of "Miscellanies," and "A translation of the Psalms of David, attempted in the spirit of Christianity, and Adapted to the Divine Service." Prefixed to this last, a thin quarto, is a large list of Subscribers, comprising the names of most of the persons of note in literature at that day, as well as individuals in all grades of society, from the Archbishop of York, to Ned Shuter, the Comedian. In this work, the author tells us, "all expressions, that seem contrary to Christ, are omitted, and evangelical matter put in their room;—and as it was written with a special view to the Divine Service, the reader will find many allusions to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, which are intended to render the work in general more useful

and acceptable to Congregations.” Of the merit and propriety of the “omissions and commissions” here referred to, different opinions will doubtless be entertained: the versification is generally clever; the double rhymes especially are managed with great dexterity: the diction is sometimes elegant, but not seldom greatly attenuated—perhaps the following specimen will be allowed to exhibit, in some degree, most of these characteristics:—

PSALM XL.

I tarried in the House of Prayer,
 To patient hope resign'd;
 And God in his paternal care,
 To hear my voice inclin'd.

He saved me likewise from the shock
 Of terror and dismay,
 And set my feet upon a rock,
 To regulate my way.

Such mercies in my mouth inspire
 A song of new delight,
 A lesson for the Hebrew lyre,
 And grateful to recite.

This blessed change beyond their thought,
 The multitude shall see;
 And put their trust in God that wrought
 This miracle in me.

Blest is the man, in God assured
 Who has not turn'd his side
 To him that has the tale procured,
 Or him that hears in pride.

O Lord my God, thy works are plann'd,
 How marvellous and great,
 Thy careful love, and bounteous hand,
 What praises shall relate?

If I should set about the task,
Their numbers to recount ;
It would such shining talents ask,
As my mean powers surmount.

Fat lambs and firstlings of the year,
Are better fed than slain ;
For thou prefer'st a duteous ear
To what thy laws contain.

No more the flocks and herds shall die
For sinners to atone—
Then lo ! I come—I come—said I
To give myself alone.

O God, 'tis written in thy book,
That I should do thy will ;
I from my heart have all forsook,
That scripture to fulfil.

Thy righteousness I have declared,
Before th' assembled tribes ;
O Lord, thou know'st I have not spared,
In that thy word prescribes.

I have not been reserved to balk
Thy holy word and ways ;
But all the tenour of my talk,
Was how their light might blaze.

I have not hid thy loving grace,
And thine established truth,
But shewn them to the genuine race
Of Boaz and of Ruth ;

God of mine ancestors and arms,
Do not that truth withhold ;
Preserve me in that love which charms
Reluctance to thy fold.

Woes multitudinous surround,
My grief my spirit wears ;
My sins my conscious heart confound,
Outnumbering ev'n my hairs.

O Lord, in thy good pity please
Thy servant to restore ;
And with thy speedy succour ease
The hardships I deplore.

Give them, O Lord, the sense of shame,
Who seek my soul's distress,
And those with sharp remorse reclaim,
That wish me no success.

Let self-conviction be their lot,
Join'd with the contrite sigh,
Who thus their poisoned bolts have shot,—
“ O fie, upon thee, fie !”

Let them rejoice whose final scope
Is placed in Christ their King ;
And all the sons of love and hope
Their hallelujah sing.

As for my share of all this earth,
It is but mean and poor ;
And yet the Lord esteems me worth
A substance to endure.

Thou art my help, my Saviour thou,
Of all my goods the sum ;
O tarry not, but even now,
O come, Lord Jesus, come.

JOHN GAMBOLD.

I am indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Montgomery, of Ockbrooke, near Derby, the granddaughter of the truly pious man named at the head of this notice, for the subjoined and other specimens of Psalms in the handwriting of her venerable ancestor, Mr. Gambold, who at one time was a

Clergyman at Staunton Harcourt, subsequently joined the United Brethren, and became a Bishop of their Church, in which character he died universally respected in 1771. He was a man of parts and learning, of primitive simplicity of manners, and not without merit as a Poet, as his Tragedy of "*Ignatius*," and various Hymns in the Moravian Brethren's Collection* testify :—

PSALM LXXXIX.

1.

From age to age I will record
The Truth and Mercy of the Lord :
His Faithfulness as firmly stands,
As Heaven established by his Hands.

2.

A Covenant He with *David* made,
And to his Chosen, swearing, said :
Thy offspring shall be blest, thy Throne
Shall stand for ever, like my own.

3.

David my Servant first I chose,
His Head my sacred Oil o'erflows ;
Firmly supported by my Hand,
His strength shall conquer and command.

4.

His enemy shall ne'er prevail,
The Sons of Wickedness shall fail :
Mercy and Faithfulness his ways
Shall point, my Name his Horn shall raise.

5.

Me for his Father He shall own,
His saving Rock ; for He's my Son,

* In the Lambeth Library, there is " A Collection of Psalms and Hymns, London, printed in the year 1738." Somebody has written on the fly leaf :— " This seems to be a Moravian Collection." And in the Catalogue, the book is ascribed to Gambold : but it contains only nineteen Psalms.

The First-born of my heavenly Race :
Above all Empires is His Place.

6.

With Him my Covenant shall stand fast,
My Mercy shall for ever last :
His Seed for ever shall endure,
His Throne as Heaven itself secure.

7.

But if his Sons forsake my Law,
And their Obedience shall withdraw ;
If from my Ways and Rules they stray,
And my Commandments disobey ;

8.

Their Sins I'll visit with a Rod,
Their Backs shall feel the stripes of God :
Yet shall they not to Ruin fall,
My Word I never will recal.

9.

My Cov'nant I will never break,
Nor whatsoe'er my Lips did speak :
By my own Holiness have I
Once sworn, nor will to *David* lie.

WALTER HARTE.

Mr. Chalmers, who has comprised the *Life and Works of Harte* in his voluminous collection of "British Poets," observes that neither the learning nor the personal worth of the Poet have ever been called in question. This negative praise is no small compliment to one, who besides being connected with the heartless Lord Chesterfield, as the tutor of his son, had to earn a precarious livelihood by the

profession of literature. He was also esteemed by Pope, whose style of versification he adopted in some instances, and, as he professes, that of Dryden in others. Harte died in 1774; and, as there is reason to hope, in the faith of a Christian: his celebrated patron, speaking of an illness of the Poet, ten years earlier, uses the following *Chesterfieldian* language:—"Poor Harte is grown extremely devout, which I am very glad of, because that is always a comfort to the afflicted." The same authority afterwards remarks:—"He is going to publish his *Divine Poems*, as he calls them. I am sorry for it, as he had not time to correct them." His works are very miscellaneous—historical, classical, satirical, and religious: the latter include Paraphrases of Psalms 104 and 107, both in blank verse—I transcribe

PSALM CVII.

Mortals, rejoice! with raptures introduce
Your grateful songs, and tell what mercies God
Deigns to bestow on man: but chiefly you
The progeny of David, whom the Lord
Selected from each region of the globe
Beneath the arctic or antarctic pole:
Or where the purple Sun with orient beams
Strikes parallel on Earth, or prone descends
T' illumine worlds beyond th' Hesperian main.

With weary feet, and mournful eyes they pass'd
Erroneous through the dreary waste of plains,
Immeasurable: the broad expanse of Heaven
Their canopy, the ground, of damp malign,
Their bed nocturnal. Thus in wild despair
Anxious they sought some hospitable town,
In shame and bitterness of soul once more
They recognised the Lord, and trembling cried
"Have mercy on us!" he, the source of mercy,

Kindly revisited his favourite race,
 Consol'd their woes, and led the weary train
 Through barren wilds to the long promised land,
 Then placed 'em there in peaceful habitations.

CHORUS.

“O that the sons of men, in grateful songs,
 Would praise th' unbounded goodness of the Lord,
 Declare his miracles, and laud his power!”
 He cheers the sad, and bids the famished soul
 Luxuriant feast till nature craves no more.
 He often saves th' imprison'd wretch that lies
 Tortur'd in iron chains, no more to see
 The cheerful light, or breathe the purer air.
 (The due reward imperious mortals find,
 When swell'd with earthly grandeur, they despise
 The Power supreme), thus Jesse's sacred seed
 Elated with the num'rous gifts of heaven,
 Slighted the giver: then the wrathful Lord
 With-held his hand. They, impotent to save
 Their forfeit lives, in piercing accents cry'd,
 “Help Lord, we die!” he soon with aspect mild
 Commiserates their anguish, and reliev'd
 Those limbs, which sedentary numbness erst
 Had cramp'd, when they in doleful shades of death
 Sate inconsolable—“O then that men
 Would praise th' unbounded goodness of the Lord,
 Declare his miracles, and laud his power!”

Man, thoughtless of his end, in anguish reaps
 The fruits of folly, and voluptuous life.
 Sated with luxury his stomach loathes
 Most palatable meats: with heavy pain
 His eyes roll slowly; if he drops to rest,
 He starts delirious, and still seems to see
 Horrible fiends, that tear him from mankind.
 His flushing cheeks now glow like flames of fire:
 Now chill'd, he trembles with extremes of cold
 That shoot, like darts of ice, through every vein.
 Ev'n then, when art was conquered, prayers and vows,
 Lenient of anger, soon appeas'd the Lord,
 Whose saving providence restored his health,
 And snatch'd th' expiring from the jaws of death.

But mostly they who voyage o'er the deeps
 Observe the works of God. Sudden, from high
 Down pours a rushing storm, more dreadful made
 By darkness, save what light the flashing waves
 Disclose. The vessel rides sublime in air
 High on the surging billows, or again
 Precipitous through yawning chasm descends.
 Heart-thrilling plaints, and hands up-rear'd to heaven,
 Speak well their anguish, and desire to live.
 Shock'd by each bursting wave that whirls 'em round,
 They stagger in amaze like reeling men
 Intoxicated with the fumes of wine,
 Yet when they cry to God, his saving power
 Hushes the winds, and bids the main subside.
 Instead of storms, the whispering zephyrs fan
 The silent deep, and wave their pendant sails.
 Then every heart exults : joyous repose
 Dismisses each terrific thought, when once
 (At Heaven's command) the weary vessel makes
 Her long-expected haven—" O that men
 Would praise th' unbounded goodness of the Lord,
 Declare his miracles, and laud his power !"

To him once more address your songs of praise
 In every temple sacred to his name,
 Or where the reverend senators convened
 In council sit. He turns the limpid streams,
 And flowery meadows to a dreary waste.
 Where corn has grown, and fragrant roses fill'd
 The skies with odoriferous sweets, he bids
 The baleful aconite uplift its head
 (The curse of impious nations) : and again
 In lonely deserts at his high behests
 Soft-purling rills in sportive mazes glide,
 Meander'd through the valleys : there he bids
 The hungry souls encrease and multiply.
 His bounteous hand the while pours goodness down
 Ineffable, and guards their numerous herds.
 Though thousands fall, his mercy still renews
 The never-ending race.—When tyrants, proud
 Of arrogated greatness, without law
 Unpeople realms, and breathe but to destroy ;

Then God his high prerogative asserts ;
Resumes his power, and blasts their guilty heads ;
Then raises from the dust the humble soul,
Who meekly bore indignities and woe.

ANNE STEELE.

There are few names of more certain occurrence in modern collections of Psalms and Hymns, than that of Mrs. Steele—but still fewer, there is reason to believe, of whom less has been known, even by the majority of those persons who have adopted her compositions. She was born in the year 1716, at the village of Broughton, near Stockbridge, Hants ; at which place, her father, Mr. William Steele, was the Minister of a community of Baptists, who appear to have existed there so long as one hundred and fifty years ago. At an early age, Anne Steele manifested a pious disposition, and before she was nineteen, had become a member of the Church of which her father was pastor. To a fervour of devotion which increased with her years, she added a taste for sacred literature, which led her to compose a considerable number of pieces in prose and verse—amongst the latter, those Versions of sundry Psalms,* and Hymns founded chiefly on passages of Scripture, by means of which her memory has been preserved. These fruits of Christian patience and religious meditation, were given to the public in

* Chiefly the following :—1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 13, 16, 19, 23, 24, 27, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 39, 42, 46, 47, 51, 65, 77, 84, 88, 90, 93, 97, 102, 103, 104, 105, 116, 130, 133, 137, 138, 139, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150.

17—, in two volumes, under the title of “ Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional, by *Theodosia*.” Portions of these spiritual lyrics soon found their way into collections, while the diffidence of the authoress, veiled under an assumed name, left her comparatively unknown beyond the circle of her personal friends. Always of a delicate constitution, it appears that her habits were very recluse ; and for many years preceding her death, she was confined to her chamber by bodily affliction, during which period her mind was engaged in the production of Essays, principally of a religious nature, in prose and verse. She died in her native village, on the 11th November, 1778, in the sixty-second year of her age, and was interred in the family vault at Broughton Church-yard. The following lines, which appear on her tomb, were written by Miss Mary Steele, the niece of the deceased :—*

Silent the lyre and dumb the tuneful tongue,
That sung on earth her great Redeemer’s praise ;
But now in heaven she joins the Angelic Song,
In more harmonious, more exalted lays.

In 1780, a new edition of the Poems, comprising a third and posthumous volume of “ Miscellanies,” was published by the celebrated Dr. Caleb Evans, the profits of which were to be given to the “ Bristol Education Society,” by which was meant the “ Baptist College,” in that city, of which he was at that time President. To this volume, the Editor has prefixed a character of Miss—or, as she was more commonly called, *Mrs.* Steele, which I gladly

* Afterwards Mrs. Dunscombe ; and said by one who knew her, to have “ possessed no small share of *Theodosia’s* poetic genius and Christian excellence.”

copy in the note below,* the more so, as the Rev. Hugh Russel, who has resided for more than thirty years among the descendants of the family of *Theodosia*, and to whom I have been indebted for some of the foregoing particulars, assures me that, all he can learn concerning this excellent lady, has only been in corroboration of what her friend, Dr. Evans has said, with a scrupulous adherence to truth.

PSALM CXLIV.

Blest be the Lord, my strength, my shield,
Amid the dangers of the field.
'Tis he instructs me for the fight,
And arms me with resistless might.

* The original edition of Theodosia's works—imperfect, however, I believe, is in the Library of the Baptist College, Bristol; and I am indebted to the principal of that Seminary, the Rev. T. S. Crisp, for the subjoined extract of the Introduction to the third volume:—"Mrs. Anne Steele discovered in early life her love of the Muses, and often entertained her friends with the truly poetical and pious productions of her pen. But it was not without extreme reluctance she was prevailed on to submit any of them to the public eye. It was her infelicity, as it has been of many of her kindred spirits, to have a capacious soaring mind inclosed in a very weak and languid body. Her health was never firm, but the death of her honoured father, to whom she was united by the strongest ties of affectionate duty and gratitude, gave such a shock to her feeble frame, that she never entirely recovered it, though she survived him some years. The duties of friendship and religion occupied her time, and the pleasures of both constituted her delight. Her heart was apt 'to feel' too often to a degree too painful for her own felicity, but always with the most tender and generous sympathies for her friends; yet united with this exquisite sensibility, she possessed a native cheerfulness of disposition, which not even the uncommon and agonizing pains she endured in the latter part of her life could deprive her of. In every short interval of abated suffering, she would, in a variety of ways, as well as by her enlivening conversation, give pleasure to all around her. Her life was a life of unaffected humility, warm benevolence, sincere friendship, and genuine devotion. A life which it is not easy truly to describe, or faithfully to imitate. Having been confined to her chamber some years before her death, she had long waited with Christian dignity for the awful hour of her departure. She often spoke not merely with tranquillity but joy of her decease. When the interesting hour came, she welcomed its arrival, and though her feeble body was excruciated with pain, her mind was perfectly serene. She uttered not a murmuring word, but was all resignation, peace, and holy joy. She took the most affectionate leave of her weeping friends around her, and at length the happy moment of her dismissal arriving, she closed her eyes, and with these animating words on her dying lips, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' gently fell

His constant love, his saving power,
Is my defence, my sacred tower ;
Rebellion hears his potent word,
And my glad people own their Lord.

Lord, what is man, that he should share
Thy kind regard, thy constant care ?
Can all the weak, the wretched race,
Deserve such condescending grace ?

Man's short existence, frail at best,
Is empty vanity confess'd ;
His life, a shadow, fleets away,
And leaves no traces of its stay.

Descend from heaven, Almighty Lord,
And earth shall tremble at thy word ;
The smoking hills with conscious fear,
Shall own their awful Maker near.

While thy keen-pointed lightnings fly,
Like flaming arrows through the sky,
My foes dispers'd shall rise no more,
Nor dare the terrors of thy power.

O let thy potent arm controul
These threatning waves that round me roll,
These sons of vanity that rise,
With fraudulent hands, and impious lies.

Then shall thy name new songs inspire,
And wake to joy the sounding lyre,
And every tuneful string shall raise
In various notes, my grateful praise.

'Tis power divine, 'tis God alone,
Whom Kings preserv'd in dangers, own ;
Who saves, in war's tumultuous strife,
From raging swords his servant's life.

O Lord, thy saving power oppose
To these invading, threat'ning foes ;

asleep in Jesus." Since the foregoing extract was transcribed for the press, I have been favoured with the use of the uniform edition of Miss Steele's Poems, printed in 1780, by a friend.

These strangers to thy sacred laws,
Whose boast is vain, and false their cause.

Then shall our sons beneath thy care,
Grow up like plants erect and fair ;
Our daughters shall like pillars rise,
Where royal buildings charm the eyes.

Then plenty shall our stores encrease,
Plenty, the lovely child of Peace ;
The flock its fleecy wealth shall yield,
And pour its thousands o'er the field.

The well-fed ox shall then afford
His cheerful labours to his Lord ;
No more shall cruel plunder reign,
Nor want nor misery complain.

O happy people ! favour'd state !
Whom such peculiar blessings wait ;
Happy ! who on the Lord depend,
Their God, their guardian, and their friend.

JAMES MAXWELL.

The unrelaxing rigidity of adherence to the authorised Psalmody, displayed by the Church of Scotland, appears to have prevented in a great degree the execution of those experimental Versions, as they may be called, which have been so often not only published in this country, but “ allowed to be sung ” in our Churches. It would seem, however, as if the success of Tate and Brady in England had stimulated a corresponding effort to supersede the old metres in the worship of our Presbyterian neighbours, the Scotch. In 1773, was published at Glasgow “ A New Version of the whole of the Book

of Psalms in Metre ; by James Maxwell, S.D.P." These letters were meant to signify "Student of Divine Poetry;" and are illustrative of the tendency to singularity evinced by our author, who was born in 1720, in Renfrewshire, and before he was out of his teens, he started for England with a "hardware pack." After various adventures, he finally returned to his native country, and sought by the joint vocations of Schoolmaster and Poet to obtain a livelihood : but in 1783, a famine in Scotland rendered his situation so destitute, that had it not been for the Laird of Castlehead, who was a namesake, the Poet might have been starved, as he had to apply himself to breaking stones on the highway. Most of our author's works* appeared after this period, he usually designating himself in their title-pages as "Poet in Paisley," in which town he died in the Spring of 1800. Piety, Poetry, and Poverty, appear to have been his companions to the close of his life : and when on his death bed, almost forgotten and forsaken by the world, he wrote in a Bible this inscription :—

"As I am so apparently near the end of this life, and am reduced to poverty that I have nothing to reward those who have been so kind and favourable to me in this last period of life, that I partly ought to consider them and reward them after my death, viz., Andrew Stewart, my present inmate, I assign this Bible and the Psalm Book of my New Version of the whole Book of Psalms into Metre, and whatever articles may be added hereunto. Written and signed by my own hand, James Maxwell. Feb. 6, 1800."

* It will hardly be denied that "for the quantity, if not for the quality of his writings, James Maxwell is entitled to notice," when it is stated that the titles of between thirty and forty separate productions of the Paisley Poet are preserved. An interesting account of Maxwell—the only one, I believe, ever compiled, appeared in the *Paisley Magazine*, 1828, and was written by W. Motherwell, the Poet. I am indebted to Mr. Leechman, of Glasgow, for the sight of this long since defunct, and now rare periodical.

Maxwell's poetry was for the most part of an exceedingly humble character, chiefly indeed in his smaller pieces on local or current topics especially downright doggrel,—and yet, amazingly enough, he sometimes expresses a high degree of contempt for poetasters! His Psalms are, perhaps, the most creditable specimens of his skill in rhyming. Prefixed to these is “An humble Address to all the Ministers of the Church of Scotland, relative to the undertaking,” in which the author, after assuring these “reverend gentlemen” that he is satisfied theirs “is the purest National Church at this day in the world,” yet that their Psalmody nevertheless wants amendment, thus propounds the leading peculiarities of his own Version:—“I have purposely changed two things which frequently occur in the book of Psalms, viz., *brutal sacrifice*, and *instrumental music*: both of which, I think, were peculiar to the Jews; and instead thereof have substituted in place of *brutal sacrifices* the *sacrifice of Christ*, once offered for all: and, instead of *instrumental music*, I have put *singing with grace in the heart*, &c.” It might be thought that the latter peculiarity, whatever may be thought of it besides, would occasion some perplexity to the Poet, especially in such cases as the 150th Psalm; but the following verses will shew how adroitly he reduces to practice the principles of this anti-musical theory:—

“As did with instruments the Jews,
 His praises high proclaim;
 Let us our hearts and voices use
 To magnify his name.
 As they with timbrels in the dance,
 And instruments well strung,

Praised God, let us his praise advance,
 With well-tuned heart and tongue.
 Like cymbals let our cheerful tongues
 His praises sound on high :
 And let our sweet harmonious songs
 Transcend the lofty sky."

Whether it was that our Scottish neighbours, amidst all their antipathy to instrumental accompaniments in Congregational Singing, were not willing to acknowledge our author's principle of *thus* evangelising the Psalms—i. e. of allowing the substitution of his commentary for the sacred text, or from some other case, this Version never appears to have obtained any footing. Maxwell has, nevertheless, performed his task in a manner highly creditable to his skill as a versifier : if he has few claims to elegance, he still seldomer offends by anything like those displays of affectation, which so often betray a want of taste in modern Versions.

PSALM L.

1. Hark ! hark ! Jehovah sends
 His awful summons forth :
 Ev'n to the world's remotest ends,
 From east, west, south, and north.
2. From Zion's holy hill,
 Whose beauty all excels,
 Our God hath shone ; thence he his will,
 And glorious power reveals.
3. Behold our God shall come,
 And silence keep no more :
 A fire before him shall consume,
 And all his foes devour.
4. With a tempestuous flame
 It shall around him blaze :
 'Twill fill his enemies with shame,
 Dread, horror, and amaze.

He to the heavens shall call,
 And bid the earth draw near,
 That he may judge his people all,
 And make his truth appear.

5. But gather all my saints,
 The Judge commands, with care;
 I'm come to answer their complaints,
 And banish all their fear.

All who by faith have made
 A covenant with God,
 Through that great sacrifice once paid
 Of the Redeemer's blood.

6. The heavens his righteousness
 Shall openly declare;
 For God is Judge, who will redress
 All partial dealings there.

PART II.

- 7, But, O my people hear,
 And give attentive heed :
 And thou, O Israel, hear and fear,
 For I'll against thee plead.

8. For lack of sacrifice
 I will not thee reprove :
 Nor that burnt offerings seldom rise
 In fumes to me above.

- 9, No bullock will I take,
 Nor he-goat from thy fold :

10. For all are mine, I did them make,
 That hills or vallies hold.

11. All flying fowls I know,
 And wild beasts of the field,
 They all to me their being owe,
 That land or waters yield.

12. If hungry then I were,
 Need I complain to thee,
 Since heaven and earth, and all that's there,
 Wholly belongs to me ?

13. 'That I bulls' flesh would eat,
 Couldst thou presume to think ?
 Or that I need my thirst to abate,
 The blood of goats to drink ?
14. A horrid blasphemy !—
 Give thanks and praise to God ;
 And pay thy vows to the Most High,
 Nor more provoke his rod.
15. Then call by faith on me
 When troublous times appear ;
 I'll answer and deliver thee,
 And thou my name shalt fear.

PART III.

16. But to the wicked race
 God says, what right have you
 To name my covenant of grace,
 Or call my statutes true ?
17. Ye hypocrites, who hate
 Instruction in your mind,
 How dare you practice such deceit,
 And cast my words behind ?
18. When thou a Thief didst see,
 Thou gavest him thy consent ;
 And with adulterers didst agree,
 With heart on mischief bent.
19. Thou givest thy mouth to guile ;
 To wickedness thy tongue,
20. Nor sparest with slanderers to revile,
 And do thy brother wrong.
21. Those things mine eyes have seen,
 Although I silence kept,
 Till thou thought'st I had like thee been,
 Or that my justice slept.
 But I will thee reprove,
 And to thy sad surprize,
 The secret sins which thou didst love,
 I'll set before thine eyes.

22. Consider this with fear,
Ye that forget the Lord,
Lest I your souls in pieces tear,
When none can help afford.
23. But whoso offers praise,
He honour gives to me :
And he that walks in righteous ways,
Shall my salvation see.
-

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

The Rev. Augustus Montagu Toplady, B.A., well known as a voluminous and fiery controversialist during the latter half of the last century, was Vicar of Broad Hembury, Devon. Beneficed Churchman as he was, and personally disinclined to irregular preaching, he was as attachedly the friend of Whitefield and other of the preachers of Lady Huntingdon's connexion, as Fletcher and Grimshaw, likewise Clergymen, were the fast friends of Wesley. Toplady's polemical tracts are mostly in favour of hyper-Calvinistic doctrines; they were, in many instances, first published in opposition to the opinions maintained by the Wesleys and their coadjutors; and are certainly written in a most trenchant style. Their author had paid some court to the Muses at an early age—a collection of his “Poems on Sacred Subjects,” written between fifteen and sixteen years of age, having been published. Among these, as well as included in the “Poetical compositions written in mature years,” are Paraphrases of several Psalms, which if they do

not, as indeed could not be expected—equal many of the well known Hymns of the same author in depth of evangelical feeling and concentrated energy of diction, are rarely devoid of some traces of the force and fervour of the spirit of him whose breathings they express. Toplady died in 1778.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1. Ye friends and followers of God,
With robes made white in Jesus' blood,
Approach the throne of grace:
His temple's hallow'd court draw nigh,
By day and night renew the cry,
And sound the trump of praise.
2. With ardour lift your hearts and hands;
In yonder heaven Immanuel stands
To offer up your prayers:
From Sion he your souls shall bless;
Builder of heaven and earth he is,
And dwells above the stars.

 GEORGE COLMAN.

In 1787, this popular dramatic author published three volumes, under the title of "Prose on several occasions, accompanied with some pieces in verse." Among the latter, is an imitation of the thirty-ninth Psalm, in blank verse, dated MDCCLXXXVI. It displays no particular merit as a composition; but, as the casual meditation of a witty play-writer—of a man who calls Cowper his "worthy and ingenious friend"—and, moreover, as a smooth Version of that solemn monition of mortality, which the Church of

England has so appropriately introduced into her Service for the Burial of the Dead, Colman's lines can hardly be read with indifference.

PSALM XXXIX.

I will take heed, I said, I will take heed,
Nor trespass with my tongue ; will keep my mouth
As with a bridle, while the sinner's near.
—Silent I mused, and even from good refrain'd ;
But, full of pangs, my heart was hot within me,
The lab'ring fire burst forth, and loosed my tongue.

Lord, let me know the measure of my days,
Make me to know how weak, how frail I am !
My days are as a span, mine age as nothing,
And man is altogether Vanity.
Man walketh in an empty shade ; in vain
Disquieting his soul, he heaps up riches,
Knowing not who shall gather them. And now
Where rests my Hope, O Lord ? It rests in THEE.
Forgive me mine offences ! Make me not
A scorn unto the foolish ! I was dumb,
And open'd not my mouth, for 'twas Thy doing.
Oh take thy stroke away ! Thy hand destroys me.
When with rebukes thou chasten'st man for sin,
Thou makest his beauty to consume away ;
Distemper preys upon him, as a moth
Fretting a garment. Oh, what then is Man ?
Every Man living is but Vanity !
Hear, hear my prayer, O Lord ! Oh, hear my Cry !
Pity my Tears ! for I am in Thy sight
But as a stranger, and a sojourner,
As all my fathers were. Oh, spare me then,
Though but a little, to regain my strength,
Ere I be taken hence, and seen no more !

All things considered, this Psalm by Colman may be pronounced good—perhaps, only less exact than the prose Version in the Bible. Were it not that to gain much by any poetic form, it must be adapted to be sung, and then the lyric metres become indis-

pensable—it might be all that could reasonably be desired, though hardly to be hoped for, to have a Metrical translation as little below the vernacular prose one as this is—how far the best that can be produced in our language may be below the original, it would require a Jew of King David's day with a perfect knowledge of the English of Queen Victoria's, to judge.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

This elegant Poet was born in Scotland, 1734 ; he wrote "Sir Martyn," a poem in imitation of Spenser, and another piece entitled "Almeida Hill." The work, however, by which he is now best known in English Literature, and which bears the stamp of true genius, is a translation of the "Lusiad" of Camoens, from the Portuguese. Mickle died in 1788. The following spirited Ode occurs among his other pieces, as a translation of

PSALM LXVIII.

Arise, O God, assume thy might !
Shall proud oppressors still unaw'd devour,
Still trample on the poor man's right,
And lewdly scorn thy power ?
When roaring from the western deep
The black-wing'd tempests rush,
When o'er the hills with headlong sweep
The inundations gush ;
As then the whirling chaff is driven,
So swept away shall be,
All who despise the laws of heaven,
Nor honour pay to thee.

But, O ye just, with rapture raise
 Your cheerful voices in his praise ;
 With sacred awe, and holy mirth
 Resound the God of heaven and earth,
 The God whose mercy knows no end,
 The poor man's and the widow's Friend,
 The helpless orphan's Sire ;
 Who, round the meek, afflicted, just,
 Though crush'd and humbled in the dust,
 Is still a wall of fire.

When thou, O God, didst march before
 Thy people to the promised shore,
 Then shook old earth : the sky
 Shot lightnings from on high ;
 The rapid Jordan bared his bed,
 The Ocean saw his God, and fled ;
 The lofty cliffs of Sinai nod
 And tremble at the presence of their thundering God.

The Lord Jehovah gave the word,
 And loud the tribes resound,
 And mighty kings and mighty hosts
 Lay scatter'd o'er the ground :
 Dispers'd as snow in Salmon's plain,
 So fell, so lay the mighty slain,
 And with their purple spoils are crown'd
 The tender virgin train.

Thousands of angels at thy gate,
 And great archangels stand,
 And twenty thousand chariots wait,
 Great Lord, thy dread command !
 Through all thy great, thy vast domains,
 With godlike honours clad,
 Captivity in captive chains
 Triumphing thou hast led.
 That thou might'st dwell with men below,
 And be their God and King.
 From Bashan, and the land of woe,
 Shalt thou thy people bring :
 From Bashan, and the desert shore,
 To blooming fields and cities fair,
 While sacred songsters march before,

And Jacob's princes faint no more,
 Shalt thou the way prepare.
 Lo ! Egypt's kings and wisest men
 Shall bend the duteous knee,
 And Ethiopia, wide and great,
 Through all her vast extended state,
 Shall stretch her hands to thee.
 But, awful Sovereign ! who can stand
 Before the terrors of thy hand,
 When thy right hand impends the blow
 To strike a proud obdurate foe ?
 Yet to thy saints, O God of prayer,
 How mild thy mercies shine !
 The tenderest father's ardent care
 But ill resembles thine :
 Thy mercies far, oh, far above
 Thy other wonders shine,
 A mother's ever watchful love
 But ill resembles thine !

MOSES BROWNE.

Several years before the publication of "The Task," had given celebrity to a spot, the claims of which to association with sacred song were more distinctly advanced by the "Olney Hymns," the secluded Buckinghamshire Vicarage House, where the fervent spirit of John Newton, and the chaste genius of William Cowper first coalesced, had become, in some degree, "holy ground" with the Christian Muse.* The Rev. Moses Browne, who

* It is somewhat surprising that neither Cowper nor Newton have left any composition which can be properly regarded as the Version of a Psalm, though both have, in their Hymns, occasionally *adopted* the phraseology of the "Sweet Singer of Israel." Compare the Olney Hymn, beginning "Glorious things of thee are spoken—Zion, city of our God," with Psalm lxxxvii.

died in 1787, published, while Vicar of Olney, several Poetical Essays of considerable length, and which found numerous readers, especially among religious persons about the middle of the last century. Of these Poems, "An Essay on the Universe," and "Sunday Thoughts," have passed through several editions; and though little adapted to the highly stimulated and more fastidious appetites of the present day, they, nevertheless, contain much that a pious individual even of refined taste may enjoy,—and not a little, that has rather been superseded by a more elegant recomposition of the same themes, than that it has become obsolete through any defect in the original selection. Several of the descriptive and moral passages in the "Sunday Thoughts," while they lack the exquisite finish and concentration of Cowper's style, often remind us forcibly of the cast of thought of that most delightful of Poets. The Fourth Part of Browne's Poem last named, comprises, under the designation of "Occasional Night Songs," Versions of Psalms cxxx. and cxxxix.

PSALM CXXXIX.

Omniscient GOD ! who all this vital frame
 Searches and knows throughout with clear survey,
 My rising—sitting—Life's minutest arts,
 Most private, *self*-unmark'd ; thy noting eye
 Observes with cognisance : dread Judge of man !
 Ideas, faintly working into thought,
 Or ere they rise to consciousness ; far off
 Thy knowledge comprehends. My daily path
 Mazy, and intricate, my nightly couch
 Shut with thick glooms, before thy vision lie :
 Dread intimate of all my secret ways.
 Thy open ear marks audible each sound,
 Each whisper of my scarce pronouncing tongue.

Before—behind—thy widely-reaching hand
 Around—on every side—engirds me sure.
 O ! how unable my reflective powers
 To reach the high conception, vast and full !
 Where from thy Spirit,—from thy presence, where
 Shall my vain-shifting soul attempt to fly ?
 If through yon upper space immense, that holds
 Planets and suns in regions infinite,
 To thy own Heaven I soar ; or turn my flight
 Precipitately back to downmost Hell ;
 Thine essence, unconfined, rules awful there.
 Should I invite the morning's fleetest wing,
 And seek the deeps of Ocean's farthest bed,
 Fast would thy wondrous hand retain me still.
 Let Night arise in all her depths of shade,
 To cover me, her depths of shade obscure,
 Shall shine about me with tremendous day ;
 From Thee in vain its umbrage would conceal,
 Blank dark, and mid-tide beam to Thee the same.
 Thou in the womb recluse, form-giving Power !
 My reins possess'd and fashion'd me, unseen.
 O ! let me praise thee ! wonderful and wise
 Thy work of goodness in my structure rare.
 Each atom of this regulated frame,
 Hid in the mass of matter as it lay,
 Was all discern'd ; thy care through ages past.
 Ev'n from eternity thy perfect eye
 Contemplative, my shapeless substance view'd ;
 Writ in thy fix'd decree, heaven's volume large,
 Sure work ordain'd ere man existence found.
 Great God ! O praised ! and ever to be praised !
 To my admiring soul the thoughts of thee
 How precious !—how innumerable swell the sum !
 Not the enormous heaps of ocean sands
 Yield an account so large : perpetual theme
 Of my long waking hours ; nor wish they change.
 The wicked, sons of violence and blood
 Obdurate, shall thy arm vindictive waste.
 Far from my path be their assembly foul.
 They breathe reproach malign, in treason bold,
 Thy foes avowed ; and with irreverent mouths
 Thy name tremendous use, that awful name !

Be witness thou for me, JEHOVAH blest !
 Acknowledged LORD ! if this, inseparate breast,
 Hates not the broods that thee, disloyal, hate ;
 If grieved I view not their rebellious rise.
 Implacate is the hate, intense its rage,
 I count thy enemies all doubly mine.
 —O ! with thy pure and inmost piercing eyes
 Search me, great God ! this heart of darkness know ;
 Try the deep mine of latent thoughts within.
 —Turn, if I err :—my wandering steps reclaim—
 And lead me—(thy unwilling wanderer) lead,
 In thy blest path, my everlasting way.

A Poet of a very different order from Moses Browne, has versified a portion of this beautiful Psalm, as a motto for one of his “ Divine Emblems.” I regret that I can only thus incidentally introduce the name of Quarles into this volume : the general terseness of his style, as well as the specimen contained in the few vigorous triplets here adverted to, entitles us to believe that a Psalm from his pen, could not have been without merit. Amidst many things that are quaint and some that are coarse, Quarles, often presents us with sterling thoughts, clothed in the happiest diction—his jewels are sometimes oddly cut—but they are generally of pure water, and however old fashioned the workmanship of their setting, the materials upon which the artist commonly labours are precious stones and fine gold. Byrom has likewise a fine imitation of the first part of the foregoing Psalm : and Blacklock has versified the whole of it : but, perhaps, the best of all the existing Versions, is that by Tate and Brady, as previously mentioned.

ROBERT BOSWELL.

The "British Psalmist" was first published in 1784, and again in 1786; both editions being anonymous. The author, however, was well known to be the late Robert Boswell, a writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and who was born in 1746, being a descendant of the Auchinleck family of that name in Ayrshire. He received a classical education, and early in life attached himself to the religious opinions of the Rev. John Glass, one of the earliest Dissenting Ministers from the Church of Scotland. He was so highly esteemed by the denomination of Christians called "Glassites," or "Sandemanians," that he was chosen by the Church in Edinburgh to be one of their teaching elders. He was an excellent Hebrew scholar, and appreciated highly the Version of Psalms used by the Church of Scotland, regarding it as the most literal translation from the original that had been made. He thought, however, that it was susceptible of improvement, on account of the harshness of its metre; and after many years of close study, and of anxiety to give the "Mind of the Spirit," as revealed in the original, his Version was published, and delivered to the community of which he was a member. He died in 1804.* To

* Mr. Boswell's death was remarkable. He was on a visit to his friends in London; and preached in their Chapel there on Sabbath the 1st, April, 1804. His text was 1st Peter, 24th and 25th verses, "All flesh is as grass, &c." In the middle of the Sermon he was seized with illness, and was carried from the pulpit to an adjoining room, where, in the arms of two of his daughters, and amid the lamentations of many attached friends, he, in a few minutes, yielded up his spirit to his Almighty Father, thus illustrating by his death, the truth and faithfulness of his latest text.

the acknowledged merit of being a faithful interpretation of the sacred text, the claims of Mr. Boswell's Version must be confined : for, with many happy lines, and occasionally whole stanzas that may be said to be perfect, with the exception of their not rhyming throughout, he rarely, in an entire Psalm, surpasses the authorised Version—certainly not in the following specimen, as compared with the sonorous “Old Hundred” by Hopkins.

PSALM C.

1. Shout to JEHOVAH, all the earth,
With loud triumphant voice !
2. JEHOVAH serve with gladness great ;
before Him come, rejoice.
3. Know that JEHOVAH He is GOD !
—He, not ourselves, us made :
We are his people, ev'n the sheep
within his pasture fed :
4. O eſter then his Gates with thanks,
and to his Courts with praise ;
Adore ye Him ! and to his Name
glad songs of blessing raise :
5. Because JEHOVAH'S ever good,
his mercy is moſt ſure ;
His truth, through generations all,
for ever doth endure !

JOHN BARCLAY, A.M.

Mr. Barclay was born in 1734, in Perthshire, and having been educated for the ministry, he preached in the Kirk of Scotland for ſomewhat more than twelve years. About 1773, having promulgated as

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well from the pulpit as the press, some opinions which were disapproved by the General Assembly, Mr. Barclay left the communion of the Church of Scotland, and became the pastor of an Independent congregation, calling themselves "Bereans,"* of which society a remnant still exists in Edinburgh. He appears to have sustained an unblemished character, and died July 29, 1798. Besides some other works, he published in Edinburgh, "THE PSALMS, Paraphrased according to the New Testament Interpretation, and adapted to the common Church tunes. With an Illustration at the beginning of each Psalm, or else a reference to its parallels; and an Introductory verse, expressive of its spirit and scope.—To the whole is prefixed a General Preface, serving to shew, that these inspired Songs are not expressive of the private frames and experiences of the Penmen; but are either historical and commemorative of public events concerning the Church; or prophetic and descriptive of the Person, Character, Mission, Offices, and Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Designed to be sung in Churches and Families. By John Barclay, A.M., Minister of the Berean Assembly, in Edinburgh. MDCCCLXXVI." The foregoing prolix title, in connexion with the note at the foot of this page, may be said to indicate the general drift of the Seceder's opinions, which have so far survived the reputation of his Psalms, that the common Scottish Version with Barclay's "Dissertation,"† and a Memoir of its author prefixed, is chiefly in use by the "Bereans."

* The assumption of this title by Mr. Barclay, was on the ground, that he exhorted his hearers to search the Scriptures like the Bereans of old, to ascertain whether these things were so. Acts xvii., 10, 11.

† "In this Dissertation," say his friends, "he has, written perhaps, somewhat warmly against those who, though professing to be the ministers of Christ, yet

PSALM CXLI.

*The Angel of the covenant,
Who brings the mercy that we want,
Stands up for all his chosen seed,
And smites the Serpent on the head.*

1. Lord, how I mourn and cry to thee,
O swiftly fly and answer me ;
Give ear unto my plaintive voice,
And change my sorrows for thy joys.
2. Thine own Messiah intercedes,
And in the breach before Thee pleads,
The High Priest of thy Saints, O God,
Who sheds for them his sacred blood.

O let my Meditation be
My God accepted now by thee,
And let my prayer before thee rise
As clouds of incense to the skies ;
Accept my evening sacrifice,
My lifted hands before thine eyes ;
Accept me with my every gift,
Upon my cross when they me lift.
3. They strive to catch me in my words,
While their own tongues are brandish'd swords ;
Be thou the watch, Lord, of my mouth,
And let my lips be kept by truth.
4. Incline thou not my heart unto
The evils which I should not do ;
But draw away my heart from those
Who work the works that bring them woes.

opposed, what was manifestly the doctrines of the Gospel, by pleading, that a state of doubt and uncertainty of a personal interest in Christ, was consistent with the character of the Christian ; and that the Christian ought to possess a greater degree of holiness on communion occasions : which last doctrine, he said, gave too much room for many to conclude, that such high degrees of holiness on these occasions, in their opinion, would in some measure make an atonement for their short-comings at other times." On the other hand, his opponents in the Presbytery, charge him with heresy, for maintaining "that believers have, in the word of God, assurance given them of their salvation, and that they enjoy this assurance at all times :—That Christians should be equally holy in all places, and at all times :—That the Psalms do not speak of the penmen, but only of Christ and his Church, and predict the destruction of his and its enemies."

- O rather let me ne'er be blest,
 Than that their dainties I should taste ;
 Their works of wickedness I hate,
 And scorn the pleasures of their state.
5. O let the righteous God me smite,
 To do his will is my delight ;
 Let mercy thro' my sufferings come,
 My blood shall bring the banish'd home.
- Let God correct me for their sin,
 My soul for that shall ne'er repine ;
 It shall be like a precious oil
 Which shall not bruise, but cause me smile.
 My head shall never bruised be
 By all my God shall do to me ;
 My prayer to him shall ever rise
 To save my Saints from miseries.
6. And when their judges are o'erthrown,
 Who rise against thy Holy One ;
 I will not leave them fatherless,
 To wander lone in wilderness.
 I'll cause my voice invade their ear,
 And strike them all with joy who hear
 How pleasantly my words shall greet
 And turn their bitter things to sweet.
- For I am with my chosen still
 Their Shepherd on my holy hill :
 What though our bones are scatter'd round
 Like cloven wood upon the ground :
7. What tho' the grave devour us up ?
 We lay us down in certain hope,
 That we shall rise in joy anon—
 Behold, O God, thy risen Son !
8. Mine eyes to thee with boldness look,
 For I have borne thy fierce rebuke,
 Thine indignation for my flock,
 Jehovah, look on Zion's Rock.
 In thee I trust, O leave not me
 Now destitute, whose hope's in thee.
9. Preserve me from the deadly gin
 Of men who glory in their sin.

10. In their own nets let sinners fall,
Whilst that my soul escapes withal ;
And let my saints escape with me,
My blood their Passover shall be.
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CHARLES WESLEY.

Charles Wesley, a younger brother of John, the celebrated founder of the Methodist Societies, and like him also a Clergyman, was emphatically the "Sweet Singer" of the people with which his name is inseparably associated : he was born in 1708, and died at the mature age of 80. As a writer of Hymns he belongs to the very first class, if, indeed, his be not the first place in that class. Mr. Montgomery has assigned pre-eminence as a hymnologist to Dr. Watts, but chiefly, as it would seem, on the ground of priority of time, and the more general scope of his subjects : while "next to Dr. Watts," he places Charles Wesley, of whom he says :— "Christian experience, from the deeps of affliction, through all the gradations of doubt, fear, desire, hope, expectation, to the transports of perfect love, in the very beams of the beatific vision,—Christian experience furnishes him with everlasting and inexhaustible themes ; and it must be confessed, that he has celebrated them, with an affluence of diction, and splendour of colouring rarely surpassed. At the same time he has invested them with a power of truth, and endeared them to the imagination and the affections, with a pathos which makes feeling conviction, and leaves the understanding little to do but

to acquiesce in the decision of the heart." Blessed, surely, must be the memory of the bard, who has thus made his muse the handmaid of holiness! My honoured friend, whose testimony I have just transcribed, and to whose judgment the greatest deference on such a subject is always due, has elsewhere spoken of our Poet as "that sweetest of all the sweet singers of our whole Christian Israel." This praise is not too strong: it may indeed be said, on comparing these most celebrated Hymn writers of modern times, that, if Dr. Watts be the Poet of the Christian Assembly, Charles Wesley is the Poet of the Christian heart: if the one illuminates, the other inflames: while the former places us on the mount of transfiguration, where we stand like Peter, James, and John, beholding our Lord, as he "appeared in glory," the latter takes us to the feast of Pentecost, where believers, like the Apostles, are "filled with the Holy Ghost:" the songs of one sweet singer diffuse the influence of evangelical truth through the Church generally—those of the other, concentrate the experiences of spiritual privilege in the soul of the individual believer.

Besides his very numerous highly popular and almost inspired compositions in the Methodist Hymn Book, Charles Wesley left behind him a mass of versification* on sacred themes, portions of which

* The fertility of his genius was amazing: he published during his life time as many Hymns as would make about ten ordinary duodecimo volumes, and left compositions in manuscript that would fill at least ten more! The Rev. Thomas Jackson, in his interesting *Life of Charles Wesley*, whom he calls "the Prince of devotional Poets," after mentioning that "he left a Poetic Version of a considerable part of the Book of Psalms," adds, "but his chief work, and that upon which he bestowed the greatest pains, consists of Hymns on the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, in *five quarto volumes*." At the end of the last of these volumes, which was "finished April 24, 1765, @, Δ," are a

have been published since his death : if this adds nothing to his reputation as a religious Poet, it happily detracts almost as little from it. The latter praise is perhaps as much as can safely be awarded to his Versions of about a score of the Psalms, which were mainly published during his life time in the *Methodist Magazine*, from which I extract the specimen below.

PSALM LXII.

1. In true and patient hope,
My soul on God attends,
And calmly confident looks up,
Till he salvation sends :
My Rock and Saviour, He
Shall answer to my call ;
And while to Him for help I flee,
I shall not greatly fall.
2. How long, ye violent men,
Mischief will ye devise ?
Ye all shall suddenly be slain,
And perish with your lies :
Who shake your bloody hand
'Gainst injured innocence,
Lo ! as a bowing wall ye stand,
And as a tottering fence.
3. Wretches,—tis all their joy
And study to disgrace,
With lies and slanders to destroy,
Whom God delights to raise :
His ruin to ensure
They practice all their art ;
Blessings are in their mouth impure,
And curses in their heart !

series of memoranda indicative of the labours which the pious author bestowed upon the work, consisting of minutes of eight successive revisals running through a period of twenty-two years, " the LAST finished, May 11, 1787. HALLELUJAH !"
—*Life* ii. 451.

4. But still in patient hope,
My soul, on GOD attend,
And calmly confident look up,
Till he salvation send :
I shall his goodness see,
While on his Name I call ;
He now defends and strengthens me,
And I shall never fall.
5. JESUS is my defence,
Almighty to redeem ;
My Rock is his Omnipotence,
My Glory is in him :
Into his Name I fly,
My Refuge and my Tower,
And on his faithful Love rely,
And find his saving power.
6. Trust in the LORD alone,
Who helps us from above,
Ye people all, surround his throne,
And hang upon his Love.
Pour out your hearts in prayer,
And still on him depend,
And he that doth your burthen bear,
Shall keep you to the end.
7. But never can ye place
Your confidence in men,
A faithless and delusive race,
And altogether vain :
Deceitful are they all,
Of high and low degree ;
Both “ the great vulgar, and the small,”
Are lies and vanity.
8. Ye powerful to oppress,
Boast not your lawless might,
Your wanton violence, to disseize
The needy of his right :
If GOD increase your store,
Do not in riches trust,
Nor let your grovelling souls adore,
Or lick the golden dust.

9. The LORD hath oft declared,
 And I his voice have known,
 'Tis his to punish or reward,
 All power is his alone :
 In perfect righteousness,
 Thou dost condemn,—approve ;
 Thou art the GOD of boundless Grace,
 And everlasting Love.

NATHANIEL COTTON, M.A.

Dr. Cotton died in 1788, at the age of 81, after having, for many years, deservedly enjoyed the reputation of his “ Visions in Verse,” which still continue to answer the original design of their estimable author—“ the Entertainment and Instruction of Younger Minds.” As a Physician he was honourably distinguished for his skill and humanity in the treatment of disorders of the mind, in which character he secured the gratitude and the friendship of the Poet Cowper, during the time his afflicting mental malady compelled him to reside in the retreat of St. Alban’s. After the Doctor’s death, appeared two volumes of “ Various Pieces, in Prose and Verse, by Nathaniel Cotton, M.D.,” including, besides the “ Visions,” Sermons, Essays, Fables, &c. Among the Metrical pieces are Versions of Psalms xiii. and xlii., and in the prose portion, two Essays on the same.

PSALM XIII.

Offended Majesty ! how long
 Wilt thou conceal thy face ?
 How long refuse my fainting soul
 The succours of thy grace ?

While sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
 And black despondence reigns,
 Satan exults at my complaints,
 And triumphs o'er my pains.

Let thy returning Spirit, Lord,
 Dispel the shades of night ;
 Smile on my poor deserted soul,
 My God, thy smiles are light.

While scoffers at thy sacred word
 Deride the pangs I feel,
 Deem my religion insincere,
 Or call it useless Zeal.

Yet will I ne'er repent my choice,
 I'll ne'er withdraw my trust ;
 I know thee, Lord, a powerful friend,
 And kind, and wise, and just.

To doubt thy goodness would be base
 Ingratitude in me ;
 Past favours shall renew my hopes,
 And fix my faith in thee.

Indulgent God ! my willing tongue
 Thy praises shall prolong ;
 For oh ! thy bounty fires my breast,
 And rapture swells my tongue.

GEORGE GREGORY.

Dr. Gregory, of East Ham, in Essex, where he died in 1808, is chiefly known to theological readers as the translator from Latin into English, of the learned work of Bishop Lowth—" *Prælectiones Hebraicæ*." In this work occur various Psalms in Latin verse, by the Bishop. For these, Dr. Gregory has in several instances adopted such existing

translations, as appeared in his judgment sufficiently to comport with the original : where this was not the case, he rendered the classical Version into English himself. In these specimens he is allowed to have combined with the skill of a respectable versifier, an accurate sense of the Hebrew original, as well as of the meaning of the author, whose sentiments he was more immediately concerned to translate. As few of the Psalms have been more admired for their poetical beauty, as well as for the blessed sentiment inculcated, than the 133rd, the following note by Dr. Gregory, on an opinion of Lowth's relative to the meaning of a material term in the original, will not be uninteresting :—"Notwithstanding our author's ingenious defence of his own interpretation of the last verse, I am well convinced that Buchanan's Version is right, and that the particle *shorn* in the last verse relates to the persons, and not to the place : indeed, not only a great part of the general utility, but even the beauty of this Ode is lost, by interpreting it otherwise. The following imitation of Buchanan I submit with all humility to the judgment of the reader. If the measure should seem, in the eyes of some, to bear too near a resemblance to that of their old acquaintance Sternhold, I have only to urge, that its simplicity seems to be more suitable to the subject, than that which Mr. Merrick has adopted."

PSALM CXXXIII.

1. Sweet is the love, that mutual glows
 Within each other's breast ;
 And binds in gentlest bonds each heart,
 All blessing, and all blest.

2. Sweet as the odorous balsam pour'd
On Aaron's sacred head,
Which o'er his beard and down his vest
A breathing fragrance shed.
 3. Like morning's dews on Sion's mount,
That spread their silver rays ;
And deck with gems the verdant pomp
Which Hermon's top displays.
 4. To such, the Lord of life and love
His blessing shall extend :
On earth a life of joy and peace,
And life that ne'er shall end.
-

ROBERT BURNS.

However repugnant to religious propriety, and even to good manners, a large proportion of the published verse of "Scotia's Plowman Poet," must unhappily be considered, there are, nevertheless, not wanting evidences of a better taste—a purer feeling ; the effect, no doubt, of those devout family exercises so touchingly alluded to in "The Cottar's Saturday Night." Who does not wish that compositions of this character had occupied the places of others—alas ! too many—of a far different description ? The quality of the Poet's fame might, indeed, have been greatly modified in consequence—his admirers would have been found in a different class, to that from which they have been mostly derived. Among the traces of an occasional visitation of religious feeling, which mark the pages of Robert Burns, may be mentioned Versions of the First and part of the

Ninetieth Psalms.* The latter—in the Scottish Version—is said to have been a favourite in the household of the Poet's father: the former is thus noticed by Allan Cunningham, in his interesting *Life of the Scottish Bard*:—"I am not one of those who think Burns so happy in his sacred as in his ordinary poetry. Any one who compares his 'First Psalm' with the common Version of Scotland will feel that in simplicity the sacred minstrel of the days of the Stuarts surpasses the Poet of Kyle. The latter is cold and tame in comparison. The verse describing the good man and the wicked man dwells on many northern memories:—

He shall be like a tree that grows
Near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
And his leaf fadeth never:
And all he doth shall prosper well;
The wicked are not so,
But like they are unto the chaff,
Which wind drives to and fro.

A New Version of the Psalms has long been talked of in Scotland; but the General Assembly must proceed warily in this matter. Some of the Psalms are exquisite compositions. I shall instance but the Eighth Psalm: it is Thomson's Seasons in little. The want of elegance which I have heard complained of is but a poor reason for throwing into oblivion a vast body of verse which abounds with such simplicity of language, such sincerity of expression, and wears such an old-world air, as no living bards with all their harmony and polish can equal. Besides they carry upon them the stamp of

* Maxwell, the "Poet in Paisley," mentioned in a preceding page, notices with horror, what he calls "R. Burns' pretended Paraphrase on the xcth Psalm."

pure days and holy hands, and have the advantage of being venerable.”

PSALM I.

The man, in life wherever placed,
 Hath happiness in store,
 Who walks not in the wicked's way,
 Nor learns their guilty lore !
 Nor from the seat of scornful pride
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility and awe
 Still walks before his GOD.
 That man shall flourish like the trees
 Which by the streamlets grow ;
 The fruitful top is spread on high,
 And firm the root below.
 But he whose blossoms bud in guilt
 Shall to the ground be cast,
 And, like the rootless stubble, tost
 Before the sweeping blast.
 For why ? that GOD the good adore
 Hath given them peace and rest,
 But hath decreed that wicked men,
 Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THOMAS MAY.

I have met with several allusions made by versifiers of the Psalms, during the seventeenth century, to the labours of Thomas May in that department of poetry—the name being so used as to lead to the belief that the old dramatist and historian is the person meant. I cannot, however, after considerable enquiry, find any trace of, or clue to compositions of

this class in the voluminous works of that Poet, or any Psalm bearing his name in collections. In Dr. Williams's Library, Red Cross-street, London, there is a Psalm Book, with "T. M." in the title-page, and printed 1688: but whatever name may be indicated by these initials, the volume appears merely to contain Psalms of the old Version, fitted with new tunes, by the compiler. Disappointed as I am, for the present, of the opportunity of giving any specimen of the Psalmody of the Thomas May, mentioned by Milbourne and others, it so happens that there is a synonymous individual, who lived in the following century, who has claims to be noticed in this place.

In the Library of the British Museum there is a book, comprising three small volumes, bound together, and consisting of the Poems of a T. May, printed at Henley, [on Thames?] where it may be presumed the author resided. He seems to have been a very young man when his name appeared before the public. The principal piece is, "King Asa, a Poem, in six Books;" it is in common heroic couplets, and fills 210 pages; at the end is "Ætatis 18." Among the miscellaneous Poems, which chiefly consist of translations from Virgil and Horace, and specimens of what have sometimes been called "Society Verses," as founded on passing personal circumstances, are paraphrases of Psalms xxxiii., xxxix., xcvi. They bear date between the writer's age of 13 and 15 years; and certainly do seem rather extraordinary productions of a youth of whom nothing seems afterwards to have been heard. The volumes themselves are undated, but the Museum Catalogue assigns the

publication of them respectively, to the years 1790, 1791, 1792, so that this could not be the author referred to by Milburne.

PSALM XCVII.

The Lord doth reign ; let all the earth
In Zion's God rejoice ;
The distant isles, with rapture seiz'd,
Attend his awful voice.

Thick clouds and darkness him surround,
In majesty array'd ;
Judgment and righteousness were seen
When God his power display'd.

Before him moves devouring fire
To extirpate his foes ;
His awful lightnings scare the world ;
Earth's convex surface bows.

The mountains melt like yielding wax,
O'ercome with fervent heat ;
Mankind beheld, and, trembling, fear'd
Jehovah's power to meet.

The heavens proclaim his righteousness,
And nations own his joy ;
All those that worship images
Will Israel's God destroy.

Ye fair celestial angel forms,
Jehovah's power adore !
Thy judgments, Lord ! did Zion hear :
Peace thrive on Israel's shore.

Thou art above the spacious earth,
Enthron'd above all gods ;
The Heaven of heavens receives thee there
Eternal, bless'd abodes !

From wicked men, and every harm,
Doth Israel's God defend ;
Love him, ye righteous ! on this rock
Let all your hope depend.

Light for the faithful first was sown,
 Gladness for the upright ;
 Rejoice in God omnipotent,
 Extol his matchless might.*

WILLIAM MASON, M.A.

The Reverend William Mason, M.A., Precentor of York, and Rector of Aston, in that county, was the author of an elegant descriptive or rather didactic Poem, entitled “ The English Garden,” two dramatic pieces—“ Elfrida” and “ Caractacus,” respectively constructed on the model of the ancients, a “ Memoir of Thomas Gray,” the Poet, and several other compositions in prose and verse, including “ An Essay, historical and critical, on English Church Music.” 1795. The character, however, in which he must be more particularly introduced to the reader, in these pages, is announced by a correspondent of the late Mr. Polwhele, in the following somewhat overstrained eulogy :—

“ My soul contemplates with fond exultation the picture of a man, endowed with genius, wit, and every talent to please the great, but *sua se virtute involventum*, resigning himself with complacency to the humble duties of a country pastor—turning select Psalms into verse to be sung in his Church : simplifying,

* There is a Version of this Psalm in irregular stanzas, in a volume of “ Poems,” &c., by the Rev. Samuel Say, 1745. Hughes, the Poet, thus speaks of it to the author :—“ I give you hearty thanks for your ingenious paraphrase, in which you have so generously rescued the noble Psalmist out of the butcherly hands of Hopkins and Sternhold.”—*Hughes’ Letters*, i. 17. Mr. Say succeeded Dr. Calamy as pastor of a Dissenting Congregation, in Westminster : he died in 1743. He became a Unitarian, and various letters and other memoranda relating to him were published in the *Monthly Repository*, vol. v. One of the most curious of these papers is a begging letter from a female, who represented herself as the widow of Alexander Selkirk, the original “ Robinson Crusoe.”

and arranging, and directing to the purposes of devotion his Church Music : and performing his duties as a Minister, with meekness, perseverance, and brotherly love.”

I have before me the seventh edition, of a selection of twenty-five “ Psalms taken from the Old Version, Revised and Altered for the Parish of Aston.” They are likewise sung in several of the Village Churches adjacent. Mason not only prepared these Psalms, but he “ taught his parishioners to sing,” and, adds Granger, “ they perform remarkably well.”

PSALM LXVII.

With mercy, gracious Lord,
The sons of men behold ;
The heavenly brightness of thy face,
To all on earth unfold.

Thy holy will make known ;
Thy saving health reveal ;
That all the world thy statutes shewn,
Their song of praise may swell.

For when thy just command,
And gentle sway they feel,
Then every tongue in every land
“ The song of praise shall swell.”

Then earth of faith and love
Shall bring her full increase ;
While thou shalt bless us from above,
With thine eternal peace.

Mason died at Aston, April 5, 1797, aged 73 years : his executor, the Rev. W. Alderson, being his successor in the Rectory.*

* It would be out of place here to repeat those particulars of the literary life of Mr. Mason, with which most persons at all addicted to reading must be familiar. I may, however, be permitted to recal in these pages the pleasure of a visit which, more than twenty years ago, I made with a friend to the delightfully situated village of Aston. Amidst recorded notices of the Village, Hall, Church, and Parsonage, I find the following allusion to a plot, in which the

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D.

It is somewhat remarkable, when we consider how popular the Psalms of Dr. Watts have been from the moment of their publication, and when Versions of a number of the original compositions are altogether omitted from the metrical collection, that

author of the "English Garden" might almost be said to have realized in his own ground the description given by him of another, in the following lines:—

"He taught one little acre to command
Each envied happiness of light and shade."

"From the Church-yard we gained admission to the Rectory-garden, and it was with pleasing recollections that we found ourselves in these sacred haunts of the *Musæ Masoni*. In entering a beautiful shrubby walk, continued all round a verdant lawn, our eyes were first arrested by a bust of Milton, on a pedestal, cloistered in the trees; on passing this illustrious janitor, and continuing our walk beneath some fine acacias, we reached a sort of summer-house, built of wood, and closely invested with the tendrils and festoons of the evergreens and flowering plants which were disposed around it. Over the front, on a tablet, was painted the following stanza from the early editions of Gray's Elegy:—

"Here scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found,
The red-breast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

This verse perfectly accords with the sweet seclusion of the spot, which is rendered more particularly interesting by having been once honoured with the presence of Gray himself, when he paid Mr. Mason a visit in 1770, a short time before his death. On entering this recess, we at once discovered ourselves in a temple of the Muses: on either hand, the ceiling displayed embossed medallions of Mason and Gray; on a circular stone was engraven a lyre, and around it the following inscription:—ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ: ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ. Upon the floor stood two urns and pedestals, thus inscribed:—

M. S.
THOMÆ GRAY,
Qui vixit anni LIV.
Mens. VII.
Dieb. V.
Amico optime merenti,
Gulielmus Mason posvit;
MDCCLXXI.

M. S.
GULIELMUS MASON,
Qui vixit an. LXXXII.
Mens. I.
Dieb. XIII.
Amico optime merenti,
Chris. Alderson posvit.
MDCCC.

Who could behold these affecting memoria's of departed genius without re-

nearly a century should have elapsed before any one ventured to supply the lacking Versions—and then, that the experiment should have been made, not in England, but in America. The amiable Christian Poet little foresaw, when he entitled one of his sacred Paraphrases, “A Psalm for New England,”* that to a Minister of the Gospel in that very country, one of similar doctrines, and bearing the same titular degree with himself, the English language would be first indebted for the successful completion† of that popular scheme of Psalmody

curring with ineffable pleasure to those lines which open the third book of the English Garden :—

“Closed is that curious eye by death's cold hand,
That mark'd each error of my careless strain
With kind severity; to whom my Muse
Still loved to whisper what she meant to sing
In louder accent; to whose taste supreme
She first and last appeal'd, nor wish'd for praise,
Save when his smile was herald to her fame.
Yes, thou art gone; and still, by Fancy soothed,
Fain would she hope her GRAY attends the call.
Why, then, alas, in this my favourite haunt,
Place I the urn, the bust, the sculptured lyre,
Or fix this votive tablet, fair inscribed
With numbers worthy thee, for they are thine?
Why, if thou hear'st me still, these symbols sad
Of fond memorial? Oh, my pensive soul!
He hears me not, nor ever more shall hear
The theme his candour, not his taste, approved.”

* Psalm 107. Last Part.

† The celebrated Joel Barlow, whose poem entitled “The Columbiad,” has been regarded as the national epic of America, undertook, about 1787, a revision of Dr. Watts's Version of the Psalms, at the request of the General Association of the State of Connecticut, for the sale of which work when printed, as well as of his patriotic poem above named, he opened a book-store in Hartford. After a variety of public employments under successive Presidents of the United States, he died at Zarnawica, in Poland, in 1812. At the moment this sheet is passing through the press, I am favoured by a gentleman at Boston, U. S., with the following :—“The late Joel Barlow was a congregational Minister, orthodox in sentiment in early life, but afterwards sceptical, intemperate, and I believe, at last, Infidel. His collection of Psalms and Hymns were in general use among the Churches of Connecticut, until his bad character brought them into

which he left unfinished. It will be obvious to every one acquainted with the Psalm Book of Dr. Watts, that besides the omissions alluded to, there are many expressions, which, however beautiful and appropriate to the British Churches, became inapplicable to the American States after the Revolution. Consequently, certain Psalms were disused, or various alterations took place in the text, until 1797, when Dr. Dwight, late President of Yale College, in Connecticut, was requested by the General Association of that State, on behalf of the Churches generally, to revise the whole work, and at the same time to versify the Psalms omitted by Watts. The task was undertaken accordingly, and the whole was published in 1800, with an "Advertisement" explanatory of the design and execution of the work, and

disrepute, when the collection by Dr. Dwight was made and introduced. Some Psalms and Hymns of his versification are still in use here," i. e. at Boston. The following is Barlow's Version of

PSALM CXXXVII.

Along the banks where Babel's current flows,
 Our captive bands in deep despondence staid,
 While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
 Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
 When praise employed, and mirth inspired the lay,
 In mournful silence, on the willows hung,
 And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

Our hard oppressors, to encrease our wo,
 With taunting smiles a Song of Zion claim,
 Bid sacred praise, in strains melodious flow,
 While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

But how in heathen chains, and lands unknown,
 Shall Israel's Sons a Song of Zion raise,
 O hopeless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
 Thou land of glory—sacred mount of praise—

If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
 If my cold heart neglect thy kindred race,
 Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame,
 My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.

minutes of approval from the General Assembly and General Association of Connecticut. The additional Psalms comprised in the American Edition of Watts are upwards of twenty, including some aliters. The Versions are, for the most part, respectable ; but the Independents of this country appear never to have considered the American and the English Poets as sufficiently co-equal in merit and authority to induce them to adopt those contributions of Dr. Dwight, which render the work of Dr. Watts more complete, if not more precious.* Dr. Dwight died January 11, 1817, aged 65, leaving behind him a System of Theology, and other works.

* The only trace of exclusive nationality which I have noticed in the book occurs in the four following stanzas of the second part of Psalm 18, which is "applied to the American Revolution," and which I quote for their curiosity : it must, however, be recollected that the lines were composed more than forty years ago :—

" When fir'd to rage, against our nation rose
Chiefs of proud name, and bands of haughty foes,
He train'd our hosts to fight, with arms array'd,
With health invigor'd and with bounty fed,
Gave us his chosen chief our sons to guide,
Heard every prayer, and every want supplied.

" He gave their armies captive to our hands,
Or sent them frustrate to their native lands,
Burst the dark snare, disclosed the miry pit,
And led to broad, safe grounds our sliding feet ;
Bounteous, for us extended regions won,
The fairest empire spread beneath the sun.

" When, dark and threatening, civil broils arose,
Each hope grew dim, and friends were chang'd to foes,
God was our stay, our help, our heavenly shield ;
His grace preserv'd us, and his arms upheld ;
Sav'd us from tumults dire, and deep distress,
Enlarg'd our blessings, and confirm'd our peace.

" No more against our land shall strangers rise,
But fade, and fall beneath avenging skies :
Pleas'd, the fierce heathen yield to happier sway,
The groping savage hail the gospel day ;
Low sink the proud, the Sons of blood be slain,
Nor injur'd Zion lift her cries in vain." &c.

PSALM CVIII.

1. Again my tongue thy silence break,
My heart, and all my powers, awake ;
My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Awake, and sing Jehovah's name.
2. Ye saints, rejoice ; ye nations, hear ;
While I your Maker's praise declare ;
High o'er the clouds his truth ascends ;
Through earth, thro heaven his grace extends.
3. O'er heaven exalted on his throne ;
In every world his glory shewn ;
The church he loves, his hand shall save,
From death, and sorrow, and the grave.
4. Ye kingdoms, hear his awful voice ;
" In Zion shall my heart rejoice ;
" This hand shall all her foes dismay,
" And make their scattered strength a prey.
5. " Mine are the sons of Zion, mine
" Their glory, grace, and truth divine ;
" My sceptre shines in Judah's hands,
" And still my strength in Ephraim stands.
6. " My foes to ruin shall be given,
" The shame of earth, the scorn of heaven ;
" Their eyes shall see my church prevail ;
" Their strength shall shrink, their courage fail."
7. O thou, beneath whose sovereign sway
Nations, and worlds, in dust decay,
Though thy sweet smile has been withdrawn,
Thine aid denied, thy presence gone :—
8. Yet wilt thou still with love return ;
With duty teach our hearts to burn ;
Our dying graces, Lord, revive,
And bid thy fainting children live.
9. Save us from sin, and fear, and wo,
From every snare and every foe,
And help us boldly to contend,
Falsehood resist, and truth defend.

JOSEPH COTTLE.

Mr. Cottle was for many years a respectable bookseller in Bath; and during that period, his intimate friendship with, and his substantial encouragement of three of the most original Poets of our day, were such as ought inseparably to identify his name with theirs in the regard of posterity, even if his original compositions themselves were not entitled to somewhat more respect than they have met with. In 1805, appeared "A Version of the Psalms of David, attempted in Metre: by Joseph Cottle." "It appears to me," says the Poet in his Preface, "that the two following objects should primarily be aimed at by all who undertake to write a Version of the Psalms; in the first place, to introduce as much as possible of the real language of the Psalms; and in the second place, to aim uniformly at the dignified simplicity of the originals. As the Psalmist adopted the vehicle of poetry for the communication of his sentiments, so the Psalms at present exhibit, in our common translation, not only the finest imagery and the most exalted ideas, but retain a large proportion of the most correct verse, which admits of being incorporated, with the greatest advantage, into a Metrical Version. From a conviction of the truth of this remark, I have endeavoured to adopt on all occasions, as far as it was practicable, lines derived from the rich phraseology of the Psalms themselves." It is not from the

novelty of this principle, but from the manner in which it is carried out, that any credit can be claimed—almost every versifier of the entire Psalter having acted upon it more or less ostensibly. It must, however, be admitted that Mr. Cottle has often caught the elevated spirit of the sublime original, with the happiest effect, in his verse : and although he is in some instances too paraphrastic, in others he exhibits a no less happy adherence to the text, than a manifestation of poetical truth and feeling in rendering it. The following specimen is at least equal in merit to the average execution of the best Version of modern times :—

PSALM I.

1. Bless'd are the men who walk with thee,
And prize, O Lord ! what thou hast said ;
Who from the scorers' counsels flee,
And shun the paths th' ungodly tread ;—
2. Who meditate, both day and night,
Upon thy word, with praise and prayer ;
Who in thy holy law delight,
And love to trace their duty there.
3. They, like a tree, by all are seen,
That prospers by the river's side ;
Which bears a leaf for ever green,
And spreads its branches far and wide.
4. Not so th' ungodly ; they, like chaff,
Upon the winds are borne away ;
They lean upon a broken staff,
And fall from everlasting day.
5. No joyful hopes to them belong,
They know no God in whom to trust ;—
They never shall appear among
The congregations of the just.

6. Whate'er the righteous do and say,
Is noticed and approved on high ;
But every false, ungodly way,
Shall, with its wretched author, die !
-

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

In 1801, Richard Cumberland, the friend of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith, &c., and one of the most prolific writers for the stage since the time of Shakspeare, published "a Poetical Version of certain of the Psalms of David." It would be unreasonable to look for concentration of religious expression in the productions of a gentleman, nearly the whole of whose life, with the exception of a period spent in diplomatic residence abroad, was a constant intercourse with players. Cumberland appears indeed, to have suffered as little on this score, as perhaps any man in his circumstances could have done : and he not only wrote a sacred epic poem, entitled "Calvary," but in the bulky quarto "Memoirs" which he printed of himself, thus speaks :—
"I reflect with satisfaction that I have devoted much time and thought to serious subjects, and been far from idle or lukewarm in the service of religion. I have written at different times, as many sermons as would make a large volume ; some of which have been delivered from the pulpits : I have rendered into English metre fifty of the Psalms of David, and upon which I flatter myself I have not in vain bestowed my best attention." As a fair specimen, may be given the Version of

PSALM XXXIII.

1. Rejoice, ye Just, in God rejoice !
Yours still should be a thankful voice.
2. Awake the harp through all its strings,
And strike it, whilst the Minstrel sings ;
3. Attune the lute, and to his praise
Aloud your choral voices raise.
4. In every work, in every word
Justice is seen and truth is heard ;
5. Judgment and equity he loves,
And the whole earth his mercy proves.
6. He spake, and all Creation heard,
Heav'n and its host obey'd the word.
7. He drove the waters in a heap,
And laid in store the mighty deep :
8. Fear him, thou Earth, and all who tread
Thy peopled surface, stand in dread,
9. For thou wast founded by his hands,
And firm thy well-pois'd centre stands.
10. The Gentile world conspires in vain,
He views their projects with disdain ;
11. Their counsels perish, his endure,
And time but makes them more secure.
12. But you are blest, and you alone,
Whom God adopted for his own.
13. Jehovah from his throne on high
Look'd down with all-surveying eye :
Thence with a single glance he brought
Each heart in view and every thought :
14. Well may the Maker understand
The work of his own forming hand.
15. Is Heav'n by kings and armies braved ?
Can man by giant strength be saved ?
16. Can he, who trusts his horse's speed,
Outstrip all danger and be freed ?
17. No, 'tis the Lord who guards the Just,
They're safe, who in his Mercy trust,
18. Nor death nor famine can surprise
Those, whom his Providence supplies.
19. Thy time we patiently abide,
O Lord, and in thy help confide :

20. And the sole joy our bosom knows,
Is the firm hope which we repose :
21. Let then thy saving Mercy be,
Sure as that trust we place in Thee.
-

THOMAS DENNIS.

If there be any merit in reducing the Prose Psalms into regular ten-syllable lines without rhyme, it may be fairly allowed to "A New Version of the Psalms in Blank Verse, by the Rev. Thomas Dennis, Curate of Haslemere, Surrey, 1808." The author disclaims "any fond conceit in the execution of it," content, "if it should prove instrumental to the better support of his circumstances and condition in life." How far this object was attained, or in what way attempted, does not exactly appear ; but nothing can well be more tame than the following lines : how inferior to the Version of the same Psalm by Dr. Watts, which he has entitled "A Song for the Fifth of November !"

PSALM CXXIV.

If God himself had not been on our side,
If God himself had not been with us, when
Men rose against us, we had been destroy'd,
They were so wrathfully displeased at us ;
The stream had overwhelm'd us, the proud waves
Had gone e'en o'er us. Praised be the Lord,
Who gave us not a prey unto their teeth.
Our souls escaped, even as a bird
Out of the fowler's snare ; broken is the snare,
And we delivered. Onr help shall stand
In God the Lord, who hath made heaven and earth.

WILLIAM SAMUEL TOWERS.

In 1811 was "printed, at the very particular request of several of the author's friends," a Version of the Psalms, "by the late W. S. Towers, Esq." My copy formerly belonged to the late celebrated W. Gifford, Esq., who has made several MS. corrections in the work, and in whose handwriting appears the following note at the end of the Preface:—"I knew the author well. He was a kind-hearted, friendly man. He had some literature, with a very extraordinary memory; but his habits were altogether indolent. A strong sense of duty alone could have forced him to this pious undertaking, which soothed and comforted his last hours." It does not appear how "duty" could have anything to do with a work which, we are told in the Preface, "furnished an interesting amusement to the author's leisure hours, during the last years of his life." Several other Versions have originated in a similar pious disposition to appropriate the sublime meditations of the Holy Psalmist, by a sort of personal transcript in the language of the versifier, whose mind, whatever its tone before, may be supposed to be mellowed and tranquillised by the influence of age. In the fruits of such self-enjoyed pastime, it would usually be unreasonable to look for any merit beyond an unoffending mediocrity, unless indeed the exercise happened to form the matutinal delight of poetical genius. The Version of Towers, which

comes not within the specification just named, is mostly in ten syllable couplets, especially in the narrative and descriptive portions.

PSALM XCVIII.

O let our lips new songs be taught !
For wondrous things our God has wrought ;
His own right hand hath victory gain'd,
His holy arm the palm obtain'd.

The Lord, his saving power and might,
Hath publish'd in the Heathen's sight :
His promised mercies hath he shewn,
And all the world his works have known.

O all ye nations of the earth !
Sing, and exult in thankful mirth ;
Your strong and cheerful voices raise,
In grateful hymns of thanks and praise.

Upon the harp, praise God our King,
And Psalms of glad thanksgiving sing ;
With shawms and trumpet's brazen voice,
Before the Lord the King rejoice.

Let roaring seas increase the din,
The earth, and all that dwell therein ;
Floods clap their hands with one accord,
And hills be glad before the Lord.

For see, he comes to judge the earth,
To punish sin, to foster worth !
With justice shall he judge the cause,
And equity direct his laws.

ROBERT WOLSELEY.

In the same year with the last named work, appeared at Lichfield, "A Poetical Paraphrase, of a Select Portion of the Book of Psalms. By Robert Wolseley, F.L.S., and late of the Inner Temple, Esq^r." Twenty-seven of the Psalms are rendered, in what may with more propriety be termed a greatly abridged, than a successfully condensed form. The author, in his Preface, gives the following reasons for his undertaking :—" Enjoying much leisure, and led by inclination, occasionally to dedicate a portion of it to the Psalms of David, in the way herein shewn, a design had suggested itself of undertaking the whole book, if Providence should so permit, and eventually of publishing them, as a manual of devotional poetry, stimulated by the hopes of their being not altogether unacceptable to those who may take delight, or find profit in such sort of Compositions :—what constitutes this little volume is all of the undertaking that is hitherto done, and may be considered as a specimen of the intended work, so as to enable readers of the above description, to judge how far the completion of it, would be desirable." The poetical merit of the specimens, is not of a character to affect us with any surprise that the completion of the Version seems never to have been desired, either for its own sake, or for the charitable object in aid of which " the profits of the sale" were to be given, namely, the " Stafford

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General Infirmary," to the Patrons of which Mr. Wolseley inscribes his publication.

PSALM CXVI.

To Him who hears my fervent prayers
I long to lift my voice,
To Him who soothes my inward cares,
And bids my heart rejoice.

Death's awful terrors spread around
His visionary gloom,
I seem'd in that dread season bound
In Hell's tremendous doom.

Yet in that agonising hour,
When mortal aid was vain,
Thou didst, O LORD, my soul restore,
To life and light again.

Then, O my soul, to thy loved rest,
In faith and hope return,
And in Salvation's high behest,
JEHOVAH's mercies learn.

But oh! to Him who reigns above,
What grateful strains belong:
In praise of such redeeming love,
How low my loftiest song.

Prostrate and mute before thy throne,
My feeble hands I raise,
And with adoring heart alone,
In silence muse thy praise.

JOHN BOWDLER.

Mr. Bowdler was born in London, where also he died in 1815, at the early age of 32 years. He was a member of the Society of Lincoln's Inn; and the

talent which he displayed, associated as it was with a depth of piety too rarely met with in his profession, caused him to be universally respected ; while his death, which deprived the English Bar of a gentleman who gave promise of becoming one of its exemplary ornaments, was a subject of general regret. Two octavo volumes, containing "Select Pieces in prose and verse," from Mr. Bowdler's papers, were published by his friends in 1818. The poetical compositions are on various subjects, including paraphrases of four Psalms ; the remainder is mostly a collection of Theological Tracts, and the Journal which he kept during a residence in the South of Europe, on account of his health in 1810—11. All his writings are pervaded by that spirit of Christian piety which characterised his life.

PSALM CXXIII.

Lord, before thy throne we bend,
 Lord, to thee our eyes ascend :
 Servants to our master true,
 Lo, we yield the homage due ;
 Children to our sire we fly,
 Abba, Father, hear our cry !

To the dust our knees we bow ;
 We are weak, but mighty Thou ;
 Sore distress'd, yet, suppliant still
 We await thy holy will ;
 Bound to earth and rooted here,
 Till our Saviour God appear.

From the Heavens, thy dwelling-place,
 Shed, O shed thy pardoning grace ;
 Turn to save us :—none below
 Pause to hear our silent woe ;
 Pleased or sad, a thoughtless throng,
 Still they gaze and pass along.

Leave us not beneath the power
Of temptation's darkest hour ;
Swift to seal their captive's doom,
See our foes exulting come :
Jesus, Saviour, yet be nigh,
Lord of Life and Victory.

ROBERT DONALD.

In 1815 appeared "The Psalms of David, on Christian Experience, by R. Donald, Woking, Surrey—Printed at the Guildford Press." The author, who seems to have been a pious Congregationalist, and an ultra-Calvinist, evidently mistook his vocation, when he fancied himself yielding to a divine call as a Poet, on evidence which, however indisputable as to his religious experience, cannot be admitted in justification of the claim set up in the following passage in his Preface :—"The following is a feeble attempt (as a weak instrument in the hand of the Lord) on the Psalms of David ; I, the author, first felt the power of a call, either in the Evangelical or the Gospel Magazine, about five or six years ago ; it was a request to have a new publication of the Psalms, on Christian experience, (if I mistake not), in imitation of Cowper and Newton ; when these words came powerfully into my mind, '*Thou art the man,*' thrice, which I could not get rid of some days," &c. Our author, whose judgment seems to have been as feeble as his imagination was lively, instead of allowing the doubts of his own mind to suggest the counsel of a judicious friend,

thus reasons with himself:—"Then I thought it might be a divine call; if so, Oh! Lord, what can I? I am so ignorant, so unlikely, and so unequal to the task, I am but a child in these things. And how can I accomplish any composition fit to appear in public; and how much less any thing to compare with those elegant writers, who were fine judges both of music and divinity; but as for me, I cannot sing, for I never knew one tune from another, having neither voice nor ear for singing, although some little taste for poetry, but had then only attempted to scribble three or four rhymes of unequal metres, just like beginners learning to sing, that are apt to get out of one tune into another. These words came into my mind, 'say not I am a child, for thou shalt go to all that I send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, that shalt thou speak, be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee, to deliver thee, saith the Lord;' then the Lord put forth his hand and touched my mouth, 'and the Lord said, I have put my words in thy mouth, I the Lord choose the weak things to confound that which is mighty,'" &c. I have quoted this specimen of a prolix Preface, to shew how strangely a good man may not only misinterpret his own religious emotions, but also misapply scriptural phraseology in support of an erroneous notion. It need scarcely be intimated, that had an individual thus signally unaccomplished in the leading pre-requisites of a Poet—and who, moreover, was "much indebted" to a friend "for his assistance in correcting the grammar" of his performance—had such an one succeeded in executing a Version of the Psalms, combining the fervour of Newton and the taste of Cowper, we must indeed

have recognised the reality of the divine call and plenary influence, so confidently appealed to in the Preface. It cannot, however, be denied, that, while the origin of Mr. Donald's work is referred to the highest possible source, its execution must place it in the very humblest rank of its class. This remark applies to the poetry: the style of spiritualizing carried out in every Psalm, and the peculiar doctrinal tinge, which is perceptible in almost every stanza, are peculiarities, which will be more particularly reprehended or applauded according to the sentiments and tastes of different readers.

PSALM LIX.

PART I.

1. "O Lord, deliver me again,"
The Psalmist said, "from bloody men;"
For it made human nature fret,
His enemies did lay in wait.
2. But David's Lord is figur'd here,
As in most Psalms it doth appear;
Not for transgressions of his own,
When try'd by Satan he found none.
3. His wiles the strong man armed tries,
For to seduce our Lord with lies;
And all his agents doth combine,
Redemption's work to undermine.
4. But when the Lord's own pow'r doth wake,
The heathen nations all must shake;
Those pow'rs ally'd shall be all broke,
"It is my will," the Father spoke.
5. Jews are scatter'd by God's power,
And Popish bulls shall not endure;
The judgement seat they do assume,
For Christ to pardon leave no room.
6. They to themselves the glory take,
Their helpmate only Christ they make;
But Jacob's God that rules on high,
Those greedy dogs our Lord will try.

7. Immanuel, God with us, I'll sing,
 The mighty works of Christ my King :
 In trouble be thou my defence,
 Till thou see'st meet to call me hence.

PART II.

1. Defend me, O my God,
 From enemies without ;
 But more within, a heavy load,
 Which often makes me doubt,
2. Whether I really am,
 A child of God or no,
 That if my help from Jesus came,
 Should I thus feel it so ?
3. Save me from bloody men,
 The murderer and thief ;
 Thy guardian angel send again,
 Come quick to my relief.
4. From evil workers keep
 Thy poor unworthy worm ;
 That lays a burden on the sheep,
 Themselves cannot perform.
5. Those bitter preachers bind
 The soul in Satan's chains ;
 For blind the leaders of the blind,
 Till Jesus take the reins.
6. Those mighty men doth make,
 Of human souls a trade,
 And to themselves the glory take,
 But all such works are dead.
7. But Jacob's God shall reign
 And in his wrath consume,
 In time, the works of wicked men,
 And at the day of doom.
8. They wander up and down
 And Satan's drudges are,
 But we will put on Christ the crown
 Which he gain'd in the war.
9. I'll of God's mercy sing,
 It is a gift so free,
 For my defence is from the King,
 He guards unworthy me.

EDWARD GOODWIN.

The following Psalm is from a Version made by the Rev. Edward Goodwin, one of the Assistant Ministers of the Parish Church of Sheffield, and who died in 1817. Mr. Goodwin was brother-in-law to the Poet Cawthorne, and his own name occurs several times in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for 1767, as the writer of some curious particulars relative to the executioner of King Charles the First. His Version of the Psalms, although quite complete, and fairly written out, has never been printed, nor is there any Preface or other evidence that its publication was ever contemplated. It seems, indeed, to have been a pious labour, undertaken for its own sake, in the green old age of the worthy Clergyman, to the kindness of whose son and namesake, long a highly-esteemed Minister in the Church above named, the present compiler was indebted for the loan of the MS. The Version, altogether, is by no means devoid of merit of a solid kind, as the subjoined specimen will evince: in what precise year it was executed does not appear—but its phraseology seems to exhibit a delicate tinge of that old fashioned loyalty which characterised the author, and the expression of which, as in the rendering of this Psalm, was exceedingly seasonable and appropriate, at more than one period in the long and eventful reign of King George the Third, of religious memory.

PSALM XXI.

1. Joy shall attend our Sovereign saved,
Jehovah, by thy Power ;
A grateful joy for safety given,
In martial danger's hour.
2. For thou hast graciously approved
His piety sincere,
And to his fervent prayer hast lent
A kind and ready ear.
3. Preventive blessings Thou on him
Hast plenteously bestow'd—
The golden circlet round his head,
From thy free bounty flow'd.
4. When, press'd with danger, life he craved,
And life to him was given,
A length of days of large extent,
Long as the days of heaven.
5. By this protection safe preserved,
His head's with glory crown'd,
And honour, dignity, and fame,
His radiant throne surround.
6. Eternal blessings from thy hand,
Now all his thoughts employ,
And gladness, which thy presence yields,
The spring of endless joy.
7. For on Jehovah's help alone,
Our pious King relies :
And mercy, from its boundless source,
Shall guard him from surprise.
8. From thy right hand shall all thy foes,
A refuge seek in vain :
No shelter from thy sovereign power,
Shall impious men attain.
9. Fierce as the heated furnace glows,
Shall be their awful doom,
Jehovah's wrath shall them destroy ;
His fire their strength consume.
10. Thy vengeance shall with hasty steps,
Exterminate their race :
Vainly shall men in future times,
Attempt their seed to trace.

11. For they with causeless malice sought
Thy endless power to rein ;
They schemes of wickedness devised ;
But all their schemes are vain.
 12. For this thy Justice, wing'd with wrath,
Shall crush their boasted might :
Soon as thy pointed shafts appear,
Their pride shall turn to flight.
 13. Jehovah ! Lord of earth and skies,
Thy matchless strength display :
So we, thy People, saved from wrong,
Shall bless Thee day by day.
-

WILLIAM GOODE, M.A.

Several editions have appeared, of “ An Entire New Version of the Book of Psalms ;” by the Rev. William Goode, M.A., the present Rector of St. Antholine’s—the very first London Church in which, as the reader will remember, Psalm-singing began in connexion with the Protestant worship. In this work, the author has endeavoured, first, to keep as closely as possible to the originals ; secondly, to preserve the utmost simplicity of language ; and thirdly, “ to express with clearness the typical intent of the Psalms in the corresponding view of the New Testament dispensation, convinced that the only method of rendering the Psalms acceptable to a Christian congregation is to make them Christian.” This latter design the worthy and reverend author has very successfully pursued, giving at the same time, an additional degree of usefulness to his work by the “ variety of measures” introduced. Goode’s

Version is characterised by the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, as “ a learned and valuable help to the critical as well as devotional understanding of the Psalms.”

PSALM XLIV.

PART I.

1. Oft have our ears, Great God, been taught,
What for our fathers Thou hast wrought ;
While, with adoring minds, they told
The wonders of Thy works of old !
2. When Thine own arm Thy people led,
The heathen race from *Canaan* fled :
The trembling nations driv'n afar,
Thy *chosen tribes* were planted there.
3. Not by *their sword* the land they gain'd
Not *their own arm* their right sustain'd ;
Thy gracious presence, and Thy hand,
Bade them possess the promis'd land.
4. O God, command—THOU still our KING,
Thy *Church* deliv'rances shall sing :
While, thro' Thy name, we boldly tread
O'er prostrate hosts, beneath us spread.
5. Still we disclaim *our bow or sword*,
And wait salvation from the LORD ;
On HIM we trust, His mercies claim,
Whose presence puts our foes to shame.
6. From *morning* dawn till *evening* close,
Firm on our GOD our hopes repose :
Our SAVIOUR, to Thy name we'll raise
The tribute of eternal praise !

PART II.

7. Why LORD, forsaken of Thy aid,
Cast from Thy care, with shame dismay'd,
No more our troops, (Thy presence nigh)
With ardour fir'd, to vict'ry fly ?

8. But, quick retreating from the field,
Thou bid'st their wonted courage yield ;
While the fierce foe, whose malice burns,
Triumphant to the spoil returns.
9. Like *sheep* beneath the slaught'ring hand,
Destin'd for food, we trembling stand ;
Dispers'd we fly ; or captive sold
For nought—Thy foes Thy servants hold.
10. LORD, while Thy wrath to vengeance grows,
The neighb'ring realms their rage disclose :
Our name the proverb and the sneer
Of nations which despise Thy fear.
11. Confusion rushes o'er our heads,
And fierce derision round us spreads ;
Yet will we not forget Thy name,
Nor e'er Thy *cov'nant* oath disclaim.
12. Ne'er shall our hearts rebellious stray,
Nor wander from Thy sacred way,
Tho' 'midst th' oppressor's fiery breath,
Or cover'd with the glooms of death.
13. GREAT SEARCHER of the inmost heart,
If e'er from Thee our thoughts depart,
If e'er to other gods we turn,
Shall not Thine eyes the guilt discern ?
14. But, lo ! while men for vengeance call,
'Tis in Thy cause our armies fall ;
Devoted in th' unequal strife,
Like victims to the slaught'ring knife.

PART III.

15. Almighty LORD, Thy slumb'rings break,
Why sleep Thine eyes ? to *justice* wake :
Arise—nor, casting from Thy care,
Sink Thine own people in despair.
16. Why should Thy face, where mercies dwell,
Its beams of majesty conceal ?
Regardless of the woes that wait
Around our long afflicted state ?

17. Behold ! our soul with sorrow bends,
And down to dust our life descends ;
And, while Thy arm its aid denies,
Prostrate on earth deserted lies.
18. Rise for our help, Eternal LORD !
Salvation shall attend Thy word :
On *Mercy*, LORD, alone we claim,
Redeem us : and exalt Thy name !
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LORD BYRON.

The introduction of the name of Byron among those of men, chiefly remarkable for the success with which they have echoed the strains of David's Harp in English verse, may to some seem almost like a violence done to propriety. And yet, when it is recollected that his Lordship has given the title of "Hebrew Melodies" to one portion of his multifarious works, he would seem to challenge consideration, even as a writer of sacred Song. The only composition, however, of the noble bard, which at all identifies his muse with the object of these pages, is a partial Version of the 137th Psalm—a theme upon which so great a number of Poets have tried their skill, that a volume of specimens might easily be collected. The Psalm even in its old English prose garb is so poetical and touching, that few are the attempts to give it a metrical form, in which the authors have not succeeded, at least, in the average ratio of their other compositions. It can, however, hardly be denied that the stanzas quoted below form something like an exception to

this general success. Dr. Drake has, indeed, called them "a most lovely copy of the Hebrew bard;" but surely we look in vain in his Lordship's Version for any merit beyond the common place neatness of almost any adroit versifier—how much more for striking indications of affinity with the flashing brilliance of the "Bride of Abydos," the graphic grandeur of "Childe Harold," or even with the melodious flow of "Sennachrib"—the only poem among the so called "Hebrew Melodies," in which the genius of the illustrious Poet really shines out.

PSALM CXXXVII.

We sate down and wept by the waters
 Of Babel, and thought of the day
 When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
 Made Salem's high places his prey;
 And ye, oh, her desolate daughters!
 Were scattered all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
 Which roll'd on in freedom below,
 They demanded the song; but, oh never*
 That triumph the stranger shall know!
 May this right hand be wither'd for ever,
 Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended;
 Oh! Salem, its sound should be free;
 And the hour when thy glories were ended
 But left me that token of thee;
 And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
 With the voice of its spoiler by me!

It will be seen, that Byron has omitted the clause containing the prayer for Jerusalem's retribution, at the end of the Psalm—several others have done the

* Byron frequently in his rhymes betrays his Scottish lineage by slips of his mother-tongue, in speaking the language of his father-land.

same ; while some, especially among the old Poets, have developed it more expressively than fidelity required.*

The reader will be glad to see, in contrast with Byron's feeble lines, the rugged but sinewy Version of the same Psalm by Dr. Donne, who died in 1631, and was characterised by Dryden as "the greatest wit, though not the greatest Poet of our nation." With the exception of the first stanza, I have run the first and second, and the fourth and fifth lines into one respectively, to save space.

PSALM CXXXVII.

By Euphrates' flowry side

We did bide,

From dear Judah far absented,

Tearing the air with our cries,

And our eyes,

With their streams his stream augmented.

When poor Sion's doleful state,—Desolate :

Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,

And the temple spoil'd, which we—Ne'er should see,

To our mirthless minds we called :

Our mute harps, untun'd, unstrung,—Up we hung,

On green willows near beside us,

Where, we sitting all forlorn,—Thus, in scorn,

Our proud spoilers 'gan deride us.

* There can surely be no more reason why these sentiments should be omitted in a Version of the Psalm in question, than why several other passages which might be mentioned, should be dealt with in a similar manner : with metrists, however, the inclusion or rejection of any portion of the text, will be matter of taste. It may be hoped that in our day no person could be found fanatic enough to derive from the verse alluded to, a preceptive meaning, as was done in the time of Cromwell. Stephen Marshall, one of the authors of "*Smectymnuus*," preaching in 1641, says :—"What soldier's heart would not start deliberately to come into a subdued city, and take the little ones on a spear's point, to take them by the heels and *beat out their brains* against the wall ! Yet if this work be to revenge God's Church against Babylon, he is a *blessed man* that takes and dashes the little ones against the stones." God's Church—the Presbyterian !—Babylon—the Church of England !—*Vide Bowles's Life of Bishop Ken*, vol. i. 118.

"Come, sad captives, leave your moans—And your groans
Under Sion's ruins bury ;
Tune your harps, and sing us lays—In the praise
Of your God, and let's be merry."

Can, ah ! can we leave our moans ?—And our groans,
Under Sion's ruins bury ?
Can we in this land sing lays—In the praise
Of our God, and here be merry ?

No ; dear Sion, if I yet—Do forget
Thine affliction miserable,
Let my nimble joints become—Stiff and numb,
To touch warbling harp unable.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,—Let it still
To my parched roof be glewed,
If in either harp or voice—I rejoice,
Till thy joys shall be renewed.

Lord, curse Edom's trait'rous kind,—Bear in mind
In our ruins how they revell'd,
"Sack, kill, burn," they cried out still,—“Sack, burn, kill,
Down with all ; let all be levell'd."

And thou Babel, when the tide—Of thy pride
Now a flowing, grows to turning ;
Victor now, shalt then be thrall,—And shalt fall
To as low an ebb of mourning ;—

Happy he who shall thee waste—As thou hast
Us, without all mercy wasted,
And shall make thee taste and see—What poor we
By thy means have seen and tasted.

Happy, who thy tender barnes—From the arms
Of their wailing mothers tearing,
'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,—Ruthless stones
With their brains and blood besmearing.

HENRY LOWE.

A volume of very sweet religious verse, was published in 1820, by the gentleman named at the head of this notice, under the title of "Psalms and Hymns, adapted to the Service of the Church of England for every Sunday and Holiday throughout the year." This is only a portion of the rather prolix title, but it explains the general object of the Book. The author "being," as he says in his Preface, "a sincere admirer of the formularies of the Church of England, he has often lamented, that that part of the service which the congregation ought to sustain, is, too generally, either performed by the Parish Clerk, or a small choir of singers; and this he is well assured has principally arisen, from the very little interest that could be excited, by two or three detached verses of a Psalm, frequently with either no beginning or no end: long consideration of the subject has strengthened his opinion, that a service of Hymns, adapted to the subjects, selected by the Church for each Sunday's meditation, would by living upon the interest such portion of Scripture had excited, induce all, who are capable of expressing praise to God in musical tones, to bear a part in such delightful worship." To persons who are not content with merely using the Book of Common Prayer at Church, but would revive at home, in a new form, the spirit of the worship of the Sanctuary, this volume will be found to contain elegant and edifying resonances to the public services of the day.

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Mr. Lowe exhibits a gratifying, and somewhat rare example of a writer of sacred verse, having not only the taste but the courage to erect a high and independent standard of excellence as the goal at which Hymn writers should aim, instead of making his own measure of success the scale of merit for others. "With those who advocate the doctrine that Hymns should intentionally be verse and not poetry, he decidedly differs." After reminding his readers how far the Hymn written by Moses after the passage of the Red Sea, and the language of Job, David and Isaiah, differs from mere "measured prose"—and asking whether any one would say that "the Hymns of Greece were written by mere versifiers?" Mr. Lowe properly adds, "and shall not the great Jehovah, the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, be praised in the best language our abilities are capable of producing? Shall we smother any portion of the talent with which he has endowed us, and lift up our voices to him in language that, in temporal concerns, we should be ashamed of? No—let the utmost exertion of the intellect be made to celebrate his praise who granted all its powers."

The work comprises Versions of upwards of twenty Psalms, or portions of Psalms, rendered in the form of Hymns: the whole are well adapted for singing; and to facilitate this end, the author has prefixed some explanations relative to metres and tunes. His remark that "the anapæstic is *too light* to be frequently used for sacred subjects," is rather true of the ordinary use than of the inherent quality of that measure. The following lines are given less as a favourable specimen of the versification, than because they happen to embody the substance of an entire Psalm:—

PSALM XI.

My trust and shelter is the Lord :
 Oh ! wherefore speak the taunting word,
 " Swift to your hill as bird depart ?"
 His bow the guilty sinner bends,
 The arrow on the string extends,
 To darkly strike the upright heart.
 If he, the impious jeer employ ;
 " Should fate thy rock and hope destroy,
 " Will help the Just-One's arm invest ?"
 Know this, the Lord is throned on high,
 Th' afflicted stand before his eye,
 That pierces through the human breast :
 And on the wicked He will rain,
 Sulphureous fire and racking pain,
 The blasting tempest fills their bowl :
 But God, the righteous Lord, will love
 Those who his righteousness approve,
 And smiles his blessing on their soul.

WILLIAM COLDWELL.

There is no class of books of which the existence is ordinarily more fugacious or obscure, in a certain sense, than that of amateur Versions of the Psalms. Mr. Coldwell's work is an illustration of this fact : for although I well recollected to have seen a large stack of copies on the counter of a bookseller's shop in the town where the author was residing at the time of its publication, I enquired in vain after the sight of a copy in the same town twenty years afterwards. I was ultimately indebted to a daughter of the author for the use of the volume which is now

to be noticed. This Version of "The Psalms, or Sacred Odes of the Royal Psalmist David, and others, the Prophets of Jehovah, in metre ; by William Coldwell ;" appeared in 1821. The author was at that time residing in Sheffield as a "Geological Surveyor and Architect." He was a respectable man, and exerted himself religiously as a "local Preacher" in the Methodist New Connexion. In the Introduction and Arguments to his "Psalms," we have evidence both of the sound sense and undoubted piety of the author—both, however, marred in the expression by offensive quaintnesses of style. Although Mr. Coldwell published this Version of the Psalms, and two other volumes of metre, and left in MS. other and more elaborate pieces, there is not in the whole a single spark of poetry. It seems that his first "attempt was to translate the Psalms into English verse, terminating with rhyme ;" but disliking, and having burnt the fruits of that attempt, he essayed an experiment in blank verse. "Finding myself," he adds, "more at home in this mode of procedure than in the former attempt, and much more than I expected, I was led to try another Psalm, and from this another, until I seriously meditated a translation of the whole : nor did I cease until thus far my purpose, casually adopted, is realized : and, should this first book, or part, [Psalms i. to xli.] meet with acceptance from the public, the remaining books will be laid before them in succession." These were never published. Had Mr. Coldwell's felicity of expression in metre been equal to the vividness of his perception of what was required in a translator, his Version, instead of being perhaps the poorest ever executed, might have been

one of the best. There is not exhibited in the whole series of Versions recorded in this work, a finer appreciation of the relative positions of the English Versifier and the Hebrew Psalmist, than is contained in the following passage :—

“Homer, Virgil, Horace, and a host of heathen Poets, from their original languages, have met with translations, conveying much of their spirit into the English language; and much, alas, of their unhallowed fire has burned in the bosoms of myriads who have read and admired these works. Why, then, should not a live coal be snatched from the altar of Israel, in order to kindle up a hallowed flame in the bosoms of men devoted to Jehovah? The attempt is made: I wish the hand had been more able: but it is all I could—and more can no man! It requires an inspiration equal to that inspiration which dictated the Divine Original to do justice to these sublime effusions in any language but their own. To perfectly understand them in the now dead language through which they were originally ushered to mankind, is a task more than mortal; disembodied spirits, like angels, may desire to look into them: and more than mortal is the task of selecting appropriate words in another language, which will perfectly convey their import, with their beauties and spirit unimpaired. It is like rendering intuition into sentences, clothing vision with words, or reducing the flights of intelligence to the rules of grammatical construction.”

There is one peculiarity in the work now under notice, which must not be passed over without remark, since it so strikingly illustrates the proverbial danger of a “little learning.” Mr. Coldwell had acquired a smattering of Hebrew, and on the strength of it he ventures to retain in their original sounds, the various appellations of the Supreme Being! “I see no reason,” he says, “why, in a translation, these several appellations should be sunk in the two general names used in our authorised translation, viz., The Lord: and God. We do not translate other Hebrew names: Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,

to wit ; but clothe them with Roman characters, corresponding with the Hebrew. Why then translate the names of GOD ? or why sink all these names into two ; which can each have but one signification ? “ The result of the application of the principle here laid down, is the production of such uncouth lines as the following :—

“ A Fortress to me arise, O EL ; in Thee
Is my confidence ; My spirit, of JEHOVAH,
Aloud exclaims, ‘ Thou art My ADONI ! ’ ” *Ps. xvi.*
My EL ! My EL ! why hast thou forsaken me ?
Far away, my help, amidst My groanings !
O, My ELOAH ! &c. *Ps. xxii.*
Lo, the heavens display the glory of EL ! *Ps. xix.*

The following Psalm is a fair specimen of the work, including, as it does, several of the untranslated Hebraisms referred to above :—

PSALM XXXV.

Arise, arise, O JEHOVAH ; in power
Appear against my enemies ; the warriors
Rebuff who assault me : like a buckler,
Let thy presence stand my bulwark to men !
Stretch the spear ; the offensive thy attitude,
My persecutors denouncing ; to my spirit
Cry aloud, “ Behold me, thy salvation ! ”
Lo, thus shall the portion of persecutors
Become confusions, who seek to slay me ;
And thus, in vast dismay shall they be routed !
For, like chaff before the whirlwind, the foes
Of JEHOVAH, by the Angel of His
Presence are discomfited. Lo, dark and slippery
Is their flight ; in fury they persecuted ;
The Angel of JEHOVAH persecutes them !
Ah ! privily and without occasion,
Have they digged deep a pit, o’er the surface
Smoothed deceitfully, and laid nets for my soul !
Destruction, unawares and instantaneous,

To themselves become their nets, snaring them ;
 Their pit becomes their ruin ; lo, they fall therein !

Be joyful, O my soul, in **JEHOVAH** ;
 With triumph rejoice in his salvation !
 Proclaim, O my bones, "**JEHOVAH** glorious !"
 Aloud cry ye, " Who is like unto Him ?"
 " The oppressed He delivers from the strong one ;
 " The bondaged and the needy from the spoiler !"

Lo, witnesses of lies arose up, vehement,
 With things I knew not criminating me ;
 For my good, evil to me awarded they ;
 Yea, even to the bereavement of my soul.
 Yet, when with sickness were their spirits wasted,
 Was sackcloth my clothing. Behold, my soul
 With fasting was humbled ; I supplicated ;
 Sincere, to my bosom turned, moaning my prayer.
 Like a friend, like a brother sore bereaved,
 Was I bowed down with heaviness ; mourning,
 As in anguish one mourns for his mother.
 Yet, in my adversity loud rejoice they,
 Congregating, tumultuously in triumph.
 Yea, the abjects, against me in array,
 Spoil me secretly ; they tear and cease not ;
 Feasting, vile, hypercritical mockers,
 In derision, upon me gnash their teeth.

O **ADONI** ! How long wilt Thou look on ?
 My spirit rescue from destructions : O haste
 From the jaws of these lions save my soul !
 Then midst the great congregation will I praise ;
 And to Thee rear gratitude with multitudes.

Rejoice not, O ye, my enemies, in triumph ;
 With the eye wink ye not in derision
 Over me ; without occasion, hating me.
 Lo, peace dwelleth not in their bosoms ; away,
 They desire not its presence ; deceitfully,
 Devising quiet to surcease from the land !
 Yea, against me is their mouth extended,
 Crying, " Aha, his ruin ! Our eye hath seen !"
 Thou hast seen, O **JEHOVAH** ; let silence
 Cease from Thee : O **ADONI**, enlarge me !
 Awake, arise to my judgment ; save Thou

Me, O my ELOAH, my ADONI!
 Judge me, O JEHOVAH, my ELOAH!
 O in mercy, judge me in righteousness;
 Lest the iniquitous rejoice over me;
 Crying, "Aha, so would we he should perish!
 "Behold, now hath our potence consumed him!"
 Shame shall cover and confusion those who joy
 Together in my tribulation: with shame
 Shall they be clothed, dishonourably, who
 Exalt themselves impiously against me;
 And with joy shall they shout, loud exulting,
 Who laud my righteous cause, unceasingly;
 Crying, "Acclaim to Jehovah! His name,
 "O magnify for ever! In His saints
 "Hath he pleasure and joy in their prosperity!"
 Behold my theme shall be thy righteousness;
 Upon my tongue shall thy praise dwell for ever!

BASIL WOODD, A.M.

In 1821, appeared "A New Metrical Version of the Psalms of David," with an Appendix of Hymns, &c., by the Rev. Basil Woodd, M.A., of Trinity College, Oxford, Rector of Drayton Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, &c. In this work, which is very creditably executed, the Psalms are reduced to the Hymnic form, and generally also, to such a number of verses as may be conveniently sung at one time: hence, they cannot properly be called translations. "The first effort of the editor was to modernize the Old Version; but upon trial, this proved so extremely difficult, that it was relinquished, and an entire New Version attempted." In a brief, but comprehensive Preface, some account

is given of the leading Versions; and the opinions of those Prelates who have spoken in favour of them, are quoted. "It has frequently been asserted," says the Editor, "that the introduction of Metrical Psalms and Hymns is a violation of the Act of Uniformity, Caroli ii. 1662. But it may be justly asked, upon what part of the Act can this objection be established, when no reference whatever is made by that Act to any Metrical Psalms and Hymns, and no recognition occurs of the Version of Sternhold and Hopkins, which at that period was in ordinary use? It therefore follows, that neither the Old or New Version, or any other Version can plead the protection of the Act of Uniformity, till it shall be established by Parliamentary authority." The promulgation of this opinion, which after all, appears to be legitimately deduced from the state in which the law has left the question, subjected the pious author, as might be expected, to animadversion from various quarters. Mr. Woodd was among the earliest of that class of Clergymen, who, from the zeal and success with which they preached the Gospel, were denominated *evangelical*, a term happily no longer either rare or reproachful in the Church. He died in 1831, aged 71 years, and was characterised by his biographer as "if not one of the *greatest*, one of the most *amiable* and *exemplary*, and it may perhaps, be safely added, one of the most *useful* characters of his day." The living of Drayton Beauchamp is memorable as having been held by the celebrated Richard Hooker; and I should have been gratified to have associated the execution of this Version of the Psalms, with the *genius loci* which has been consecrated, as it were, by the production of "Eccle-

siastical Polity ;” but, strangely enough, the author of “ A Family Record, or Memoirs of the late Rev. Basil Woodd, M.A., and of Several Deceased Members of his Family,” published in 1834, says not one word about the New Metrical Version of the Psalms, though it had been before the public under the name of the venerable author more than a dozen years.

PSALM LX.

1. O God, why hast thou cast us off?
Thine anger, Lord, we mourn ;
Thou art displeased—just is thy wrath,
Return, O Lord, return.
 2. Prostrate we fall, oppress'd with shame,
And terror fills our land :
Yet there's a banner through thy name,
Display'd by Thy right hand.
 3. Jehovah speaks in holiness ;
In Him, ye saints, rejoice :
Join, heathen lands, our God to bless,
Praise Him with grateful voice.
 4. Ephraim and Judah now employ
Their songs in praise divine ;
Philistia's sons, with holy joy,
Their shouts of triumph join.
 5. Arise, O God, assert thy right ;
Vain is the help of man :
Go with our armies to the fight,
And grant Thy help again.
 6. Through Thee we valiantly shall do ;
Thine enemies shall fall ;
While heathen lands thy glories shew,
And own Thee Lord of all.
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THOMAS DALE.

In 1821, the Rev. Thomas Dale, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, subsequently Professor of English Literature in King's College, London, and now Vicar of St. Bride's, one of the most elegant and popular Preachers in the Metropolitan Churches, published "Specimens of a New Translation of the Psalms." These specimens are the fruit of a highly cultivated poetical taste—in other words, the productions of a vigorous mind, richly imbued with the devotional spirit of the Psalmist, and thoroughly conscious of what kind of vehicle is best suited to harmonize that spirit with the singing of a Christian Congregation. Mr. Dale is the author of one or two Poems of a highly respectable character, as "The Widow of the City of Nain," the "Outlaw of Taurus," and several other pieces.

PSALM II.

PSALMIST.

1. Why do the heathen powers combine,
And nations form the vain design ?
2. The Kings of earth embattled rise,
And Statesmen schemes of war devise.
They rage against th' eternal Sire,
Against th' anointed King conspire :
3. " Come, let us break their iron sway,
And cast their servile cords away."
4. But He, who sits enthroned on high,
Sole Monarch of the boundless sky,
Shall smile indignant, and deride
Their empty vaunts of senseless pride :

5. Then will JEHOVAH speak in ire,
While from his frown the foes retire :
6. "I set my King on Zion's hill,
There shall he reign triumphant still."

MESSIAH.

7. "I will declare the high decree ;
To me JEHOVAH spoke—to me :—
Thou art my Son—a name divine,
From this auspicious day be Thine.
8. Ask—for the heathen tribes shall be
A sure inheritance to Thee ;
And earth, to her remotest bound,
Thy sway shall own, thy praise resound.
9. Yes!—Thou supreme, with iron rod
Shalt rule the prostrate foes of God,
And break at once their firm array,
Frail as the vessel's shivering clay."

PSALMIST.

10. Ye then, O Kings! be wise, and fear !
Ye lords of earth, instruction hear !
11. To God prefer the suppliant vow,
To God with instant reverence bow.
12. Bend, while ye may, in prostrate prayer,
And woo th' anointed Son to spare ;
Lest he arise in sudden ire,
And ye from Wisdom's path expire.
A moment—and in fearful flame
Shall Heaven his kindling wrath proclaim ;
Then blest are they—and they alone—
Whose refuge is th' Eternal Son.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

It will, I believe, be universally admitted, that there is not one among the sweet singers of " Britain's living choir," to whom the appellation of " Religious

Poet," applies so properly, and, indeed, is accorded so frequently, as to James Montgomery. The almost entire tenor of those compositions which have won for him so distinguished a place among the greatest masters of modern song, may be said to be religious : and to this distinction, his lays in honour of liberty—political liberty, as sung in the " Wanderer of Switzerland"—personal liberty, as hailed in his " West Indies"—and last, but not least, that liberty, with which Christ makes all his subjects free, which inspired the Missionary Song of " Greenland"—form no exceptions. While, however, these exquisite works, with the " World before the Flood," and the " Pelican Island"—both Poems of still higher aim, must be allowed to constitute the " triumphal arch" of Montgomery's fame—there is a series, and an extensive series too, of lyric compositions from his pen, in themselves more than sufficient to build a reputation, such as cannot be claimed for any other living bard.

As a popular Hymn writer, our author is perhaps the most fertile, as he certainly is the most perfect composer of the day. Considerations of personal friendship may, and doubtless do bias my partiality in his favour ; but I think I may safely venture to assert—appealing to competent judges for decision—that Montgomery's original Hymns in the " Christian Psalmist," and his Imitations of Psalms in the " Songs of Zion," are all but faultless, taken together—while some of them, the verses on " Prayer," and the stanzas hereafter quoted, for example, are models of purity of taste, sweetness of execution, and vital piety. To the advantages of an ear the most refined, and a knowledge of the

mysteries of metre, the most exact, he adds the rarer elements of a piety at once chaste and fervent. From this long-cherished union of devotion and genius have emanated the works above named, and several others in prose and verse—"Prose by a Poet," and verse the most immaculate.

Nor has he done more towards enriching our stores of congregational lyrics, by the precious contributions of his own pen, than he has endeavoured in a variety of ways to inculcate upon others a perception of the right use of that "divine art" of which he is so perfect a master. Speaking of the composition of Hymns, Mr. Montgomery very properly contends that "A Hymn ought to be as regular in its structure as any other Poem; it should have a distinct subject, and that subject should be single, not complicated, so that whatever skill or labour might be required in the author to develope his plan, there should be little or none required on the part of the reader to understand it. Consequently, a Hymn must have a beginning, middle, and end. There should be a manifest gradation in the thoughts, and their mutual dependence should be so perceptible, that they could not be transposed without injuring the unity of the piece; every line carrying forward the connection, and every verse adding a well-proportioned limb to a symmetrical body. The reader should know when the strain is complete, and be satisfied, as at the close of an air in music; while defects and superfluities should be felt by him as annoyances, in whatever part they might occur."* I venture

* "Christian Psalmist"—*Introductory Essay*—in which much elegant and discriminating criticism on the merits of our leading Hymn writers will be found.

to add, let Montgomery's hymnic strains as compared with those of others, be tried by his high ordeal. As a specimen of his published "Imitations of Psalms," I give the following stanzas, which are quoted by Dr. Adam Clarke in his Commentary, and who says of the Poet and the Version: "I need not tell the intelligent reader, that he [Montgomery] has seized the spirit, and exhibited some of the principal beauties of the Hebrew Bard; though to use his own words in his letter to me, his 'hand trembled to touch the Harp of Zion.' " The learned Commentator adds—and who will not echo his wish?—"I take the liberty to register a wish, which I have often expressed to himself, that he would favour the Church of God with a Metrical Version of the whole Book."

PSALM LXXII.

Hail to the Lord's anointed!
 Great David's greater Son:
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To let the captive free;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

He comes, with succour speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.

By such shall be fear'd,
 While sun and moon endure,
 Beloved, obey'd, rever'd;
 For He shall judge the poor,

Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go :
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest ;

The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His name shall stand for ever :
 That name to us is—Love.

LORD THURLOW.

The following Version of Psalm cxlviii. is from the pen of the late Lord Thurlow, who published another in irregular stanzas.* There is a well-known, graceful, but diffuse paraphrase of this sublime Ode, by Dr. Ogilvie : it has also been versified by Roscommon. The Right Hon. Edward Hovel Thurlow was nephew of the celebrated Chancellor Thurlow, whom he succeeded to the Peerage, and died June 4, 1829, aged 47. His Lordship was an ardent admirer of old English poetry, and himself the author of several volumes of published verse, mostly of an elegant character.

PSALM CXLVIII.

To praise the Lord be our delight,
 Praise him in the arched height :
 Hosts and Angels of his own
 Warble praise to him alone :
 Sun and Moon, the eyes of day,
 And dreary night, his praise display :
 Ye stars, and thou, O light, awake
 Voiced music for his sake :

* Both compositions first appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1819, Pt. I., in which volume will be found two other Versions of the same Psalm, by different hands.

All ye heavens, spread out on high,
Ring with the golden melody :
And ye waters, laid in store
Above the heavens, in song adore :
Let them in grateful concert praise
The Lord, and magnify his ways :
Be his eternal love display'd,
Who spake the word, and they were made :
By whom, let not your voices spare,
They, and all things, created were :
Who has secured them by a law,
Which holds eternity in awe :
And on the earth, O praise the Lord ;
Ye monstrous deeps, your praise afford :
Thou burning fire, and hail and snow,
And vapours, your great author know :
And wind and storm, that keep his word ;
Mountains and hills, O praise the Lord :
And fruitful trees and cedars tall,
And beasts and grazing cattle all :
Praise him, ye birds, on charter'd wings,
And praise him, all ye creeping things :
Ye throned kings and people praise,
And judges, his eternal ways :
And youth, and in his name rejoice,
Old men and babes, with equal voice :
O let them sing his holy worth,
Whose praise is above heaven and earth :
He shall his chosen people raise,
And all his saints consent in praise :
Yea, Israel ; and defend from blame
A people faithful to his name.

BISHOP MANT.

In 1824, appeared "The Book of Psalms, in an English Metrical Version, founded on the basis of the authorised Bible Translation, and compared with the original Hebrew ; with notes critical and illustrative. By the Right Rev. Richard Mant, D.D., M.R.I.A., Lord Bishop of Down and Connor." The leading merit of the Bishop's Version may be said to be its general agreement with the prose translation of the English Bible, and its freedom from the affectation of fine writing. The *Dublin University Magazine* pronounces this to be at once "the most instructive and the most poetical Version of the Psalms;" but there is more truth in the former than in the latter part of this unmeasured eulogy: the versification, indeed, is obviously less that of the professed Poet, than of a sound Divine and a Scholar. The learned Prelate has, however, constantly referred to the original Hebrew for the primitive import of certain terms and idiomatic expressions; for he very properly considered it "the chief part of a translator's duty, to be substantially faithful in the representation of his author's ideas; to exhibit fully and exactly those which he finds in his original, and not to exhibit those which his original does not contain." Speaking of the metaphorical language of the Psalms, in some portions of which the "taste for figurative decoration may appear to have been indulged in a degree, hardly consistent

with our occidental notions of grace and fitness, and verging sometimes upon the very bounds of impropriety—still,” he remarks, “to convey the image, intended by the original Poet, appears to be the duty of the translator. In the great majority of examples, however, the figurative language of the Psalms is as unexceptionable and as exquisite, as it is energetic and impressive : and here the business of the translator is no less pleasing than it is plain. Where the figure is of that more delicate and retiring kind, which is conveyed by a certain secret connexion and relation between particular Hebrew terms and things, rather than distinctly expressed, the translator must acquiesce in the necessity, which the want of such connexion in his own language imposes ; and be content to exhibit the general sentiment of the original writer, at the loss of the peculiar force and excellence of his diction.” A Version which exemplifies the foregoing principles of interpretation must obviously enhance the value of our available Psalmody.

PSALM X.

1. Why, Lord, wilt thou at distance stay,
When times of danger press ?
Why wilt thou turn thy face away
In seasons of distress ?
2. In full-blown pride the impious strives
To snare the poor in thought :
But in the schemes, himself contrives,
Shall he himself be caught.
3. Behold, he vaunts with speech profane
His heart's impure delights ;
With triumph hails his lawless gain,
And thee, Jehovah slights !
4. With eye of scorn, and heart of pride,
“ There is no God,” he says :
His thoughts are all thy truth beside,
And crooked all his ways

5. Above his sight thy judgments lie,
 Nor man he heeds, nor Thee :
 All change his heart's proud boasts defy,
 " Affliction knows not me."
6. His mouth of curses deep is full,
 Of falsehood, fraud, and wrong :
 Ungodliness and foul misrule
 Are bred beneath his tongue.
7. Near village folds in wait he lies,
 In dark and secret ways :
 There tracks the faint with peering eyes,
 And there the harmless slays.
8. In secret place he spreads his toils,
 Like lion in his lair,
 To spoil the weak ; the weak he spoils,
 Entangled in his snare.
9. He bows, he fawns, with fraudulent art,
 Low crouching on the ground :
 Prompt on his helpless prey to start,
 And close his victim round.
10. " God sees it not," with heart consign'd
 To vile conceits he cries :
 " Oblivion clouds Jehovah's mind,
 And distance veils his eyes."
11. Arise, Jehovah ! God of might,
 Thy lifted hand display,
 Nor from the meek withdraw thy sight,
 Nor turn thy thoughts away !
12. Why should the rebel heart o'erflow
 With pride ? Why God despise ?
 And say, " nor eye of thine shall know,
 Nor hand of thine chastise ?"
13. But, Lord, thy eyes th' oppressor see ;
 The proud thy hand shall pay :
 In thee the poor confide ; in Thee
 The orphan finds his stay.
14. The scorner's might, O Lord, subdue !
 The spoiler's power confound :
 His sin with just revenge pursue,
 Till sin no more be found.

15. For aye, and while the world shall stand,
The Lord the sceptre wields ;
He drives the faithless from his land,
And he the faithful shields.
 16. Father of all ! thy watchful care
Prepares the humble breast,
Bends to its plaint a willing ear,
And grants the meek request.
 17. 'Tis thine the arm of pride to break,
And make the tyrant bow :
Thou art the Saviour of the weak,—
The orphan's Father Thou.
-

BAPTIST NOEL TURNER, M.A.

This truly exemplary, accomplished, and highly respected Clergyman, was Rector of Denton, in the County of Lincoln, and of Wing, in the County of Rutland. He was born in 1739, and named after Baptist Noel, Earl of Gainsborough, who was his godfather. He received the rudiments of his education at the Grammar School of Oakham, in Rutland, (of which Seminary he was afterwards some time Head Master,) and completed it at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He was in early life known to, and esteemed by Dr. Johnson, of his interviews with whom Mr. Turner published some interesting accounts. He was the author of several seasonable works mostly of a religio-political character: they shew, as indeed his whole character did, that his loyalty was not less real, than his zeal and ability in the discharge of his duties as a Parish Priest were exemplary—as well among his parish-

ioners at Wing, where he long resided, as at his other living of Denton, to which place he afterwards removed. "Here," says the writer of the interesting obituary in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to which I am indebted for these particulars—

"He continued a constant resident, till within a few years of his death; when attention to his health required him to spend the winter months in London. But during the long period of half a century, this truly pious Clergyman discharged all his sacred functions in person; and few men can be found who have more zealously, faithfully, and conscientiously performed these important duties. As he administered to the spiritual wants of his poorer neighbours, his wife was always ready, with a tenderness and care peculiar to her disposition, to lend her aid in affording them comfort and succour in their temporal necessities. The door of his mansion was ever open to their applications, and none but the idle and worthless applied in vain."*

To a thorough knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics, and the rarer accomplishment of a fine elocution, Mr. Turner added a taste and a talent for poetry, the adventurousness of which, at least, may be judged of from the circumstance, that, being an enthusiastic admirer of Dryden's celebrated Ode, he was so charmed with its beauties, and disgusted with its blemishes, that he attempted to improve it, "by filling out the grand idea, as manifestly intended by the Bard himself; i. e., to render every passion regularly excited by Timotheus, and the corresponding effects produced on the Monarch." In 1824, he published "*SONGS OF SOLYMA*, with a Dedication to the Bishop of St. David's; or a New Version of the Psalms of David, the long ones being compressed in general into two parts or portions of Psalmody, comprising their prophetic evidences and

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xcvi. pt. ii. 467.

principal beauties." I am indebted to J. Turner, Esq., of London, a son of the author, for a copy of the Songs of Solyma, several of which were a few years ago set to music, and published under the auspices of the late Montagu Burgoyne, Esq. Mr. Turner's Psalmody, of which it is no disparagement to say, that it is not more likely than some compositions of much higher merit ever to supersede the Old or the New Versions in our Public Worship, shews that the author's heart was in a work, which has been thus judiciously appreciated in the obituary above alluded to:—"These translations are highly respectable in point of literary merit, (simplicity and unaffected piety being their chief characteristic), particularly when it is considered that they were the amusements of the evening of a literary life, the author having attained his eightieth year when he began the task." Mr. Turner died in May, 1826, aged 86. There is a Memoir and Portrait of him in Nichols's "Illustrations of the History of Literature in the Eighteenth Century."

PSALM XX.

1. Valiant prince, go forth and vanquish,
Jacob's God thy head defend,
And, to keep thy heart from anguish,
From His temple aid extend.
2. May He favour each oblation
Thou hast offer'd at His shrine,
Grant thy wish its consummation,
And to all thy vows incline.
3. Yes—O King, Jehovah lendeth
To our prayers a gracious ear,
Thee from every ill defendeth,
Thee whose life to Him is dear.

4. Some in chariots trust or horses
 To increase their power or fame ;
 God can crush all human forces
 While we combat in His name.
-

MATTHEW SANKEY.

Of this individual I know nothing,—nor is there anything in his Version of the Psalms to excite particular enquiry. His volume, which was published in 1825, is dedicated to the Archbishop of Cashel : and he acknowledges in his Preface that, had he “been aware of the many Versions, authorised and unauthorised, which from time to time have appeared and disappeared, he should never have been tempted to add another.” A Poet who volunteers such a confession of ignorance of what has been done in Metrical Psalmody, is but little likely to supersede the “unhappy ingenuity” of the “commonly received Version.”

PSALM XCIII.

I.

The Lord in Majesty array'd
 And cloth'd with strength for ever reigns ;
 'Tis He the world so firm hath made,
 And it unmoved that still sustains.

II.

Of old establish'd is thy throne,
 Ere worlds began is thine abode ;
 From everlasting, Lord alone,
 To everlasting, thou art God.

III.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord,
 The floods have lifted up their voice ;

But thou, O God, canst with a word,
Subdue the mighty water's noise.

IV.

Thy testimonies, Lord, like Thee,
Display thy constant faithfulness ;
For nought within thy courts shall be
But what becometh holiness.

EDWARD ROWLAND.

Mr. Rowland was originally a timber merchant, in Carlisle, who retired from business in 1810, having realized a comfortable independence. In 1826, he executed, for his amusement, the work published in the same year, with the following title:—"The Psalms of David, attempted in Verse, Regular, Irregular, in the way of Paraphrase, &c. By Senex. A Clergyman.

'He fixed his thoughts upon celestial things,
Seiz'd David's Harp and swept the golden strings.' "

In poetical merit, the Version of "Senex" is below mediocrity: it was, however, a fruit of that pious meditation in which amiable senility has occasionally indulged—and ought, therefore, to be if not generously, yet at least tenderly judged: the more so, as the author neither defies nor propitiates criticism by a single line of Preface. It may be mentioned that most of the Psalms are in the elegiac stanza, like the following specimen, and consequently little suited to singing. I cannot learn on what pretext the designation of "a Clergyman" was

introduced into the title page. Mr. Rowland, I am told, died in 1824, at the advanced age of 81 years, much respected.

PSALM CXVII.

O ! praise the Lord, ye heathen, clap your hands,
 Praise him all nations, praise him in all lands ;
 His love for us encreaseth more and more,
 His truth endures for ever, praise your God therefore.

JAMES USHER.

'The subjoined specimen is from "A New Version of the Psalms of David, from their Original Text," published in 1827, and "dutifully inscribed to the Rev. Robert Hamilton, D.D., by his affectionate pupil, James Usher." Beyond this, I know nothing of the author ; the "First Part" of the work before me, which does not contain a line of Preface, extends only to the Thirtieth Psalm, including some selections : the remainder was probably never published. If the Version does not comprise the entire meaning of the original, the deficiency cannot be charged upon any attempt at compression or brevity.

PSALM XVIII.

To the President, of the Servant of Jehovah, of David, who spake to Jehovah the words of this Song in the Day in which Jehovah delivered him from the grasp of all his Enemies, and from the hand of Saul ; and he said,

1. My strength, Jehovah ! thee I hail,
 My rock Jehovah shall prevail,
 My fortress, my Redeemer just,
 My Saviour God, in whom I trust.

2. My shield, my confidence, and song,
The horn of my salvation strong.
Praise to Jehovah I'll confess,
Who saves when adversaries press.
3. The bonds of death my soul enthrall'd,
The powers of Hell my heart appall'd ;
I pass'd the regions of the dead,
The toils of death about me spread.
4. I to Jehovah rais'd my cry,
Adjur'd my God in agony ;
My prayer his holy presence hail'd,
My prayer before his throne prevail'd.
5. Then was the solid earth convuls'd,
The mountains, from their base, repuls'd,
Lightnings, before his presence, came,
His wrath sent forth devouring flame.
6. The Heavens he bowed, and came down,
Darkness confest his awful frown ;
The cherubim attendant shin'd,
He came upon the subtle wind.
7. Dark waters his pavilion made,
Clouds wrapt his throne in awful shade ;
The brightness which before him past,
Hailstones and bolts of thunder cast.
8. From Heaven Jehovah thund'ring round,
The Highest gave his voice profound ;
Hailstones, and bolts of fire he sent,
With lightning shone the element.
9. His flaming shafts their host pursued,
His lightnings dread their host subdu'd ;
Then was the vast abyss exposed,
The world's foundations were disclosed,
10. At thy rebukes, Jehovah dread !
The wrath thine awful presence shed.
He sent from High, in mercy bound,
He took me from the gulf profound.
11. He rescu'd from the mighty foe,
From all whose hatred fill'd my woe ;
Too strong for me, with quenchless spite,
They urged me in affliction's night :
12. But He, Jehovah ! was my stay,
To victory he led the way

- He rescued me, with love intense,
Jehovah crown'd mine innocence :
13. According to my righteousness,
My purity, he wrought redress.
The merciful thy grace shall trust,
With all upright thou shalt be just.
14. The pure, in purity, shall thrive,
But with the froward thou shalt strive ;
For thou the meek of heart shalt crown,
But quell the lofty with thy frown.
15. My God shall crown with glory bright,
Jehovah make my darkness light ;
When to my God for aid I call,
I break a troop, or leap the wall.
16. Oh, God ! perfections are thy way,
Thy word, Jehovah ! claims assay ;
The fiercest test its worth shall prove,
Thou shield of all who trust thy love !
17. Who's God, Jehovah dread ! beside ?
What rock stands with our God allied ?
'Tis God that girds my heart with might,
My course doth with perfections light.
18. He makes my feet, like hart's to bound,
He sets me on advantage ground ;
My hands he guideth to the stroke,
A bow of brass mine arms have broke.
19. Salvation thou hast given my shield,
My strength is thy right hand reveal'd.
Thy discipline hath made me great,
Thy guidance on my steps shall wait :
20. The path I went thy care enlarg'd,
Till foes in general doom I charg'd
To rise no more : I trode their might,
My strength thou girdedst to the fight.
21. Subdu'dst all 'gainst mine arm that rose,
Thou gav'st the necks of all my foes ;
They cried, but there was none to save,
Jehovah never answer gave.
22. Then to the wind I gave their dust,
Them as from streets the mire—I thrust ;
Thou'st rescued from the people's hate,
And o'er the Gentiles rais'd my state.

23. Nations I know not, hail my sway
And, hearing, my just laws obey :
But the strange children love to lie,
Nor yield, chastis'd by misery.
24. Abjur'd of grace their heirs shall fail,
Nor from despair and bonds prevail.
Jehovah lives ! my rock, my guide !
Be God my Saviour glorified.
25. Ev'n God my glory that renews,
And nations to my realm subdues ;
Yea rescues me from all my foes
And rebels at my footstool bows ;
26. Lifts o'er the man of wrong my throne :
Therefore my Saviour I'll make known,
Among the nations will proclaim
Jehovah ! thine all glorious name.
27. A fortress to the King he loves,
To David his salvation proves ;
All ages shall his offspring bless,
Messiah, King of Kings, confess.
-

MARGARET PATULLO.

Of this lady I know nothing more than was communicated to the public in her volume, entitled "The Christian Psalter, a New Version of the Psalms of David, calculated for all Denominations of Christians." Edinburgh, 1828. To Miss Patullo, a lady of highly respectable connexions in Perthshire, belongs the distinction of having been the only individual of her sex, who, single handed, has versified the whole Book of Psalms : I wish I could add, that her work would be found, on comparison, equal in merit to the average of specimens from other female hands. The fair authoress holds that "the name of

our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ ought not to be omitted in Spiritual Psalms," and accordingly, she introduces it into almost every one of her compositions.

PSALM LXXV.

1. To thee, O God ! we render thanks,
Give praise to him ye different ranks,
Because his glories do declare
How great and wonderful they are.
2. Jehovah's name is very great,
Enthroned in glory is his seat ;
The Saviour, the Lamb of God,
At his right hand has his abode.
3. And when the day of judgment comes,
Will utter forth our separate dooms,
" O come, ye righteous, enter in,
For in my blood ye are wash'd clean ;
4. " But O, you sinful wretches all,
Whate'er your station, great or small,
Depart from me each wicked one,
I know you not,—from me begone.
5. " But all my sheep come here to me,
And now my Father's face you'll see ;
Like polish'd pillars ye shall shine,
Full of his grace and love divine."
6. 'Tis not from south, east, west, or north,
But God promotion does bring forth ;
'Tis he alone exalteth those
That humbly here obey his laws.
7. He is the sovereign Judge of all,
His hand the bitter cup lets fall ;
And the full mixture he pours forth,
Then does the guilty feel his wrath.
8. The bitter draught they must then drink,
Repenting when too late to think ;
But I for ever will declare
How sweet to me God's precepts are.
9. The Lord will humble lofty pride,
And from the proud his saints divide ;
The meek and lowly he will raise
To glorify their Maker's praise.

WILLIAM WRANGHAM.

Mr. Wrangham, who was a tradesman at Louth, in Lincolnshire,* published in that town, in 1829, "A New Metrical Version of the Psalms, adapted to Devotional purposes." The measures are suited to the more common tunes sung in Churches: and the versification, although generally equable, presents little to praise or blame on the score of poetic merit. Some of the Psalms, however, are very pleasingly rendered; indeed an equal freedom, from burlesque, bombast, and obscurity cannot always be claimed for several better learned and more pretentious aspirants to similar distinction. The success of the undertaking is, on the whole, such as might be expected from a pious and intelligent man, little accomplished in the artifices of composition, but who chose this method of solacing himself during the protracted indisposition which preceded his death in 1832.

PSALM XCII.

With what delight, Almighty Lord,
Thy goodness I proclaim;
The wonders of Thy grace record,
And magnify Thy name.

How pleasant, with the morning's light,
To feel Thy pardoning love;
And, in the darken'd shades of night,
Thy faithfulness to prove;

* Similarity of names has led to the affixing our Author's Version of the Psalms on the venerable Archdeacon of Cleveland—indeed the current London Catalogue of Books mistakenly gives the work to "Francis Wrangham," to whose classical pen I am, however, authorised in attributing a Version of the 137th Psalm, printed in the *Cottager's Monthly Visitor*, 1839.

On ten string'd instruments to raise
 The sound of joy divine ;
 With grateful hearts in hymns of praise,
 The harp and lute to join.

 Thy work, which shall for ever stand,
 Has fill'd me with delight ;
 I view the wonders of Thy hand,
 And triumph in thy might.

 How great the power which thou hast shewn !
 Thy counsels, LORD, how good !
 Thy ways to sinners are unknown,
 By fools not understood.

 They know not when the wicked rise,
 As grass which clothes the field,
 That also as it fades and dies,
 So they to death shall yield.

 But thou, O Lord, the God alone,
 Whom heaven and earth adore,
 Where thou on high hast fix'd thy throne,
 Shalt reign for evermore.

 For, lo, thine enemies, O LORD,
 Shall perish from thy sight,
 Shall fall beneath thy vengeful sword,
 Or be dispers'd in flight.

 Thou shalt with oil anoint me o'er,
 Exalt on high my horn ;
 Shalt make me, in thy might and power,
 Strong as the unicorn.

 Mine eyes shall see with joy my foes
 Unto destruction brought ;
 Mine ears shall hear the fate of those
 Who have my ruin sought.

 As when the palm-tree spreads its boughs,
 Or, towering o'er the plain,
 On Lebanon the cedar grows,
 So shall the just remain.

 Planted and nourish'd by thine hand,
 They shall thy courts engage ;

Bear fruit and flourish in the land,
 When furrow'd o'er with age.
 To shew that God's eternal love
 Is steadfast and secure :
 Firm as a rock His truth shall prove,
 His righteousness endure.

W. H. BATHURST, M.A.

The subjoined specimen is copied from a very pleasing and judicious collection of "Psalms and Hymns, for Public and Private use;" published in 1831, by the worthy Rector of Barwick-in-Elmet, near Leeds, who is a nephew of Earl Bathurst. The only copy of this excellent, but unpretending little volume which happens to have fallen under my notice, appears to have belonged to the late William Dawson, the celebrated Wesleyan "Local Preacher," who was a parishioner of Mr. Bathurst's, and by him interred in Barwick Church Yard, in July, 1841.* The Hymns, upwards of two hundred in number, and the Psalms with a few exceptions, are original.

PSALM XCI.

1. The man who can rest on the arm
 Of Mercy, and commune with God,
 Shall find a sure refuge from harm,
 And dwell in a happy abode.
2. The wings of thy mercy, O Lord,
 Shall cover and shelter his head ;
 To ward off the enemy's sword
 The shield of thy truth shall be spread.

* Everett's Life of Dawson, p. 498.

3. No terror shall harm him by night,
Nor arrow that flieth by day ;
The pestilence shall not affright,
For thou wilt forbid it to slay.
4. Though thousands should fall by his side,
Uninjured thy servant shall stand ;
In thee he shall safely abide,
And bless thy delivering hand.
5. For angels, commission'd by thee,
Shall guard him wherever he goes ;
Shall keep him from injury free,
And frustrate the rage of his foes.
6. In vain shall the tempter annoy,
For thou, Lord, wilt answer his prayer,
Wilt grant him thy grace to enjoy,
Thy endless salvation to share.

EDWARD GARRARD MARSH, M.A.

In 1832, appeared "The Book of Psalms translated into English Verse : and illustrated with Practical and Explanatory Notes," by E. G. Marsh. The work has not a line of Preface or Introduction. A brief Advertisement calls the attention of the reader to a useful table which is prefixed, "with a view to facilitate the perusal of the several Psalms in connexion with the events in sacred history, which gave rise to many of them." The "Notes" which fill two hundred pages of an octavo volume, form a valuable body of pious annotation.

PSALM LXXX.

Hear, Israel's Shepherd, thou, whose rod	}
Leads Joseph, like a flock, abroad !	
Between the cherubs shine, O God !	

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For Benjamin and Ephraim fight,
 Before Manasseh plead our right,
 Stand forth, and save us by thy might,
 Turn us, O God! Thy brightness shew,
 And we shall thy salvation know.
 Jehovah, God of hosts, how long
 Wilt thou abhor thy weeping throng?
 While tears for bread sustain our life,
 And plenteous tears thou bidst us quaff;
 We to our neighbours are a strife,
 Our foes at all our misery laugh.
 Turn, God of hosts! thy brightness shew,
 That we may Thy salvation know.
 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
 And made proud nations give it place;
 And when due clearance it had wrought,
 It struck deep roots and fill'd the space:
 The hills were cover'd with its shade;
 Its arms, like goodly cedars grew,
 Far as the sea its boughs it spread,
 Its branches to the river threw.
 Why hast thou rent its fence away,
 And left it, every hunter's prey?
 The forest boar disturbs its root,
 The field-bred swine devours its fruit.
 Return, O God of hosts! explore
 From heaven, thy dwelling, as of yore,
 And visit this thy vine once more.
 The vineyard planted by thy hand,
 The branch made strong by thy command,
 Is burn'd with fire, to ruin doom'd,
 In thy rebuking frown consumed.
 The man at thy right hand behold,
 The son of man, thy champion bold;
 And lest we now from thee withdraw,
 Oh give us life, to keep thy law!
 Jehovah, God of hosts, thy brightness shew!
 Turn us, and we shall all thy goodness know.

HENRY GAHAGAN.

In 1832, was published "A Rhyme Version of the Liturgy Psalms, by Henry Gahagan, Esq., M.A., Christ Church, Oxon; Barrister-at-Law." The author claims no merit for a work, which appears to have been undertaken as a laudable amusement in the intervals of severer studies. The following specimen, taken at random, will not, it is probable, incline the reader to differ from the versifier in the modest estimate of his achievement.

PSALM XCVII.

The Lord is King ; thou may'st, O earth, be glad !
 Ye numerous isles, your exultations add !
 Though clouds and darkness roll around his feet,
 Yet truth and justice occupy his seat.

A fire before him shall his way illumine,
 His foes on every side shall it consume :
 His vivid lightnings to the world gave light,
 The earth did see it, and it shrunk with fright.

Lord, at thy presence did strong hills relax,
 Lord, at thy presence they did melt as wax ;
 The heavens around his righteousness have told,
 His glory all the people did behold.

Yet man's perverse ; confounded be all they
 To carved images who worship pay :
 That in vain gods, mere idols, do delight !
 To him alone, ye gods, allegiance plight.

Sion heard of it—Judah's daughter's hail'd
 The tidings glad ; thy judgments, Lord prevail'd :
 Thou, Lord, art higher than all that are in earth,
 Far 'bove all gods is thy transcendant worth.

Hate all that's evil, ye that love the Lord,
His saints he rescues from th' ungodly's sword ;
So, for the righteous is sprung up a light,
For men true-hearted 'tis a gladsome sight.

In God rejoice, to him your thanks address,
For a remembrance of his holiness.

It may by some persons be thought strange that individuals of no poetic reputation whatever, should not only have set themselves to a task in which so many minds, including some of a high order, have signally failed ; but that such metrical adventurers should have published their failures to the world. But it should be recollected that a disposition to appreciate the "beauty of holiness," which irradiates our common Prose Versions of the Psalms, or, in other words, a religious sympathy, with that deep experience of the "things of the Spirit," which they disclose, is very likely to excite the idea of attempting to versify, first particular portions, and then the whole of them ; and if the individual making the experiment be of an enthusiastic temperament, he is only so much the more likely to mistake the indulgence of his own ardour for a proof of success. It is usually quite the reverse with regard to uninspired compositions. A person of taste reads Spenser, or Milton, or Shakspeare, with rapt enjoyment ; but the more thoroughly he enters into their merits, the less assuredly will he think of imitating, much less of rivalling them—the more he becomes acquainted with them, the more perfect do they seem : but they satisfy as much from their congruity with English associations, as for their accordance with the feelings and principles of human nature.

FRANCIS SKURRAY, B.D.

I believe the Skurrays were transplanted from Wensley Dale, in Yorkshire, into the West of England, by the grandfather of the worthy Clergyman named above, who was formerly Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxon, and is now the respected Incumbent of Horningsham, near Warminster, in the county of Wilts. Several years ago, Mr. Skurray published a pleasing descriptive Poem, entitled "Bidcombe Hill," which has passed into a third edition: and in 1832, another volume of poetry—"The Shepherd's Garland," in which were introduced forty-five specimens of Psalms in metre. The success of this experiment induced the reverend author to finish a Version of the whole Book of Psalms: the work is not yet printed; and I am indebted to a pleasing instance of that epistolary courtesy which I have so repeatedly experienced in the course of this undertaking, not only for a sight of the specimens as they first appeared, but for the revised transcript of the following Psalm, which is by no means selected as a favourable criterion of Mr. Skurray's skill, but as being best suited to my purpose:—

PSALM LXI.

To my complaint, O Lord, attend,
And listen to my prayer
Which from the ends of earth I send
To Thee in my despair.

If on a rock thou fix my seat
To guard and cheer my soul,
Waves may advance and then retreat,
And bellow as they roll.

So when loud Tempests shake the sky,
And Heaven and Earth deform,
Unto Mount Sion I will fly,
And there outlive the storm.

I shall find safety from my foes,
Where dwells the King of Kings,
And I will seek for my repose,
The shadow of thy wings.

There oft in prayer would I engage,
And Thou hast heard the same,
And Thou hast given an Heritage
To those that fear Thy name.

The King for many years shall live ;
Thou wilt his life secure ;
Thy blessing to him Thou wilt give,
And make his years endure.

He shall for ever dwell with Thee :
Thy love and truth prepare,
So he shall be preserved, and we
Will offer praise and prayer.

GEORGE MUSGRAVE, A.M.

It is not surprising, considering the number of Versions of the Psalms that have appeared in this country since the publication of "Paradise Lost," that the idea of turning them into blank verse, should have occurred to more than one person. It can hardly, however, be expected, after the cool reception given by the public to the work about to

be mentioned, that the experiment will often be repeated, except, perhaps, in the case of particular Psalms : not that Mr. Musgrave has been unsuccessful in his effort—but rather because he has, by the very extent of his success, shewn, how little is to be expected from a style of composition, which attenuates the vigour of our masculine prose translation by merely drawing it out, often by the aid of expletive terms, into rhythmical lines of equal length and smoothness. It is true, that in all attempts at metrical rendering, the solemn gravity, and in some degree, of course, the doctrinal precision also, of the old Bible Version, are liable to be affected—but a concentrated brilliancy of expression, an ineffable charm which at once wins the ear and often reaches to the heart, is the grateful harmony of the true Hymnic metres—to say nothing of their choral character. It may, indeed, be asserted, without much fear of contradiction, that whatever susceptibility of poetic translation into the heroic measure, the Psalms may possess—and perhaps it may be added, whatever the talent of the individual making the experiment, either with the numbers of Milton or Dryden, Pope or Young—or even Cowper and Montgomery—those for *reading*, in which the style is farthest from verse, and those for *singing*, in which the construction is least like prose, are the only Versions ever likely to be popular.

The goodly volume, which has suggested these remarks, is entitled—“The Book of the Psalms of David, in English Blank Verse : being a New Poetical Arrangement of the Sweet Songs of Israel : adapted to the use of general Readers, with a view to the more perfect understanding, and consequent

relish and appreciation of the subject matter of those Divine Compositions. By the Rev. George Musgrave, A.M., B.N.C., Oxon." A Dedication to Dr. Burney, dated 1833, is followed by a somewhat prolix Preface, in which the author tells us the design of his work was—"that in a serious and sober form of verse, the structure of which bears, on that very account, a nearer resemblance to the vernacular prose translation of the Psalms, than any other metre, these beauteous effusions of devout and holy thought, praise, prayer, confession, intercession, and thanksgiving, may commend themselves more sweetly to the sense, and more intelligibly to the comprehension of casual readers, than in the crude and uninviting (only because more literal and rugged) diction of the Liturgical Translation." That the author has succeeded in making "the stream of verse to flow in a level course, and with an even current," has been already intimated. The following lines afford no unfavourable illustration of the whole—the subject of the Psalm, being itself not unsuited to the measure :—

PSALM LXVIII.

List, O my people! to your Teacher's voice,
 Mark well the utterance of a mouth, whose lips
 With speech sublime shall open, and the tale
 Of ancient days in pointed truths unfold.
 The records we have heard,—the truths we know,
 And the recital from our fathers learn'd,
 Withold we not :—their children and the race
 As yet unborn our witness shall receive,
 And in His wondrous deeds for Israel wrought
 Their Maker's power—th' Almighty's glory hail.
 To Jacob's race a solemn charge He gave—
 A law ordain'd in Israel, whose decree

Parental care awakening bade our sires
To every child this ordinance reveal,
And to their children's offspring, that the tribes
In ages yet to come, with timely heed
Might hail the heavenly mandate, and that son
To son succeeding should the law declare,
And through their endless line its word record.
THUS of His mighty deeds in their behalf
Reminded ever—To His sacred laws
For ever bound, their soul's eternal hopes
By God Himself to Heaven were raised—their faith
By God required :—faith, whose unswerving course
The rebel and apostate deeds might shame
Of their false-hearted ancestry, a race,
Whose failing truth, by no allegiance held,
And treacherous proved, our Sovereign Lord forsook.
As when of old, the tribe of Ephraim's sons,
With bows accoutred and for conquest arm'd,
In its first onset, fled the battle strife.
God's cov'nant broken, their unfaithful feet
The paths rejected of His law ; their minds
All memory spurn'd of those stupendous works
His power to Israel's wondering eye reveal'd.
What ! did He not e'en in their fathers' sight
On Egypt's plain—on Zoan's torrid field—
His marvellous might discover ? When that arm
Omnipotent the breadth of Ocean cleft,
And, all its waters heaping, bade their waves,
On either side erect, a causeway leave,
Whose track our Heaven-directed people trod ?
The Lord of Armies in His signal cloud
By day reveal'd, their legion'd numbers led—
Their march, by night, obey'd His guiding fire.
RIVEN by the voice divine, the flinty rocks
With instant chasm oped, and Israel's sons
E'en in the desert waste a copious draught
As from the vasty deep imbibed ; while floods
From stony crags, at God's high bidding, call'd,
Like earth's great rivers urg'd their rushing course.
YET did their reckless, sinning spirit strive,
And on those lone and ever barren wilds

To indignation rouse the Lord Most High :
 Their inward longings—yea, their heart's desire
 Was an offence to Heaven ; with such demand
 Arose that cry for food, which bade their God
 The craving sate of their luxurious gorge.
 With taunting challenge was His name reviled,
 His greatness thus upbraided : “ How can God
 In this lone wilderness a banquet spread ?
 True ! He hath smitten rocks, and from their sides
 Have waters gush'd, and streams o'erflowing pour'd—
 Can he give bread to Israel ? Can His hand
 With ample flesh this people's wants supply ? ”
 GOD heard indignant : at that daring cry
 The kindled wrath of Heaven on Jacob's sons
 Flash'd awful flames ; and anger from the Lord
 The tribes involv'd of Israel's sinful host ;
 For sin it was, which from their faithless hearts
 All trust in God had banish'd, and the hope
 Of sure salvation at His hand destroy'd :
 Though, to the clouds above, that voice divine
 Command had given, at whose Almighty word
 Wide oped the portals of th' etherial sky ;
 And manna, raining sustenance and food,
 The grain of Heaven itself—abundant showers
 On Israel pour'd of viands, in whose taste
 The palates of the mightiest would have joy'd ;
 Till each his full-sufficing portion ate.
 THEN the fierce orient breeze in Heav'n, gan blow :
 At their Creator's summons, all the blasts
 Of southern winds arose, and flesh, like dust,
 From sky to earth descending pour'd a cloud
 Of plumed fowls, whose number, like the sand
 On Ocean's shore, in every dwelling swarm'd,
 Or strew'd the midway passes of the camp.
 THUS did they eat, thus satiate, too, with food
 Saw they their cravings answer'd, but while yet
 The meat was in their mouths, the wrath of God
 Dealt vengeance universal, in whose blow
 The fairest met their doom—the youthful prime
 Of Israel's warrior sons untimely died.
 CEASED here their foul transgression ? With new guilt

Resumed they each his course, and in the sight
 Of miracle itself no credence gave
 Nor faith to Him who wrought it ; for with doubts
 Of harden'd unbelief, their days of life
 Were by the sentence of indignant Heaven,
 For evermore to fruitless hope consign'd—
 Their years to soul-consuming sorrows doom'd.
RECKLESS they sought not God, till in their ranks
 The hand of wrath divine its victim slew,
 And waked the eager prayer, with whose appeal
 Returning to its Lord, each recreant heart
 Was fain to hail Him for that Rock of strength,
 Whose might redeem'd them, even God Most High :
 Mouth-honour, only, to the Lord of Lords !
 While the false tongue addressed a lie to Heav'n ;
 For in that host of flatterers, not a heart
 Uprightly dealt before Him—not one soul
 To Israel's God in covenant faithful stood.

STILL did His mercy sway ; His pitying love
 Pronounced the gracious pardon of their sin,
 And linger'd to destroy : Full many a time
 His rising indignation would He stay—
 The promptings of his furious wrath assuage ;
 So mindful was that God, in whose regard
 They were but Men—vain mortals ! merest flesh !
 A breath respiring to return no more.
AND ! then and there were deeds of rebel pride—
 That bold defiance in the wilderness,
 Whose provocation dared the power divine,
 And the dread sanctity of Israel's God
 With wrath-exciting scorn and outrage wrong'd.
 How little reck'd their memories, in that hour,
 The hand that had preserved them ! All regards,
 All record, then, was spurn'd of those great days
 When God himself redeem'd them from their foes ;
 When on the eye of Egypt all His signs
 Portentous gleam'd ; When Kingly Zoan's plains
 Their witness bore to His miraculous might :
 When at His bidding Pharoah's river-streams
 Began to flow in blood, whose gory draught
 No lip could touch—no thirst essay to drink.

At God's high summons warping came the fly,
 Whose all-devouring ravage bared the land,
 While swarming frogs their rank corruption spread ;
 By God's decree, all increase, all the growth
 Of Egypt's fruit became the prey of worms—
 All labour's produce, all the gains of toil
 Were to the locust given : The cluster'd vines
 Scaped not destruction in that freezing storm,
 Whose hailstone crush'd the figs,—whose icy sleet
 Th' abandon'd herds amid their pastures slew,
 While flocks fell lifeless in the lightning's blast.
TERRIFICK fervour of celestial ire !
 What indignation, wrath and grievous woe,—
 What evil Angels in that hour were sent !
 By outrage roused, God's anger hew'd its course,
 Unpitying, nor from death's afflictive blow
 The race of man exempting, sent that plague,
 Whose mortal ravage in th' Egyptian homes
 Each first-born soul destroying, smote to earth
 The pride and prowess of th' abodes of Ham.
THEN onward march'd the Israelites,—the tribes
 Accounted as God's own ! Led on, like sheep,
 Their numbers then went forth, and, by the hand
 Omnipotent conducted, held their way :—
 Yea, as a flock the desert waste they cross'd,
 Unharm'd, undaunted ; while their tyrant foes
 In ocean's overwhelming billows sunk.

THUS to the hallow'd verge of Sion's mount—
 This consecrated steep, which God's right hand
 Victorious made his own,—our favour'd sires
 By heavenly guidance came, and with their march
 Came rout and exile to the Pagan host,
 By God himself, in Israel's sight, out-driv'n ;—
 Till, line by line apportion'd, Canaan's fields
 An heritage to Jacob's offspring fell.
THEN Israel's tribes—so will'd their Sovereign Lord,
 Dwelt in the Heathen's lone abandon'd tents ;
 Alas ! to tempt anew the most High God,
 To wake His wrath, His sacred word to spurn,
 To retrograde again, and, like the bow
 That foils the archer's aim, to turn aside ;

E'en thus revolting swerved they from their truth,
 And, like their fathers, false and faithless proved,
 Dealt foully with their God. What anger roused
 The majesty of Heav'n, when high in air
 Their lofty-piled, forbidden altars rose !
 What fierce, indignant jealousy beheld
 The graven image ! that unholy work—
 That outrage, from whose form the eye divine
 Abhorrent turn'd, to loathe our sinful race.
 Ah ! then of God forsaken was th' abode,
 The dwelling-place in Shiloh, where His might
 And glory's presence shone ; forsaken then
 That tabernacle, fixt amid the homes
 Of mortal men ! The power of The Most High
 Submissive yielded, to its captor's claim—
 The Lord of Heaven Himself to hostile hands
 His glory's pride abandon'd—and the race
 Of Israel, His own people, to the sword.
 For, in that hour of wrath, what heir of God
 His awful anger felt not ? Raging flame
 The chosen ones devour'd of Israel's youth—
 No strain of nuptial hymn the virgins hail'd—
 No Priest, JEHOVAH's Minister, could shun
 The slaught'ring sword—no widow lived, to raise
 The wailing cry of sorrow for the slain.
 But lo ! as when from slumber sudden roused,
 The sleeper starts to action ; or as when
 Some man of might, with ample draughts elate
 Of deep carousal, puts his valour forth—
 Thus, even thus uprose the Lord our God,
 With rearward torment goading all His foes,
 Till in their smitten forms Philistia's sons
 The record bore of everlasting shame.
 REJECTED then of God was Joseph's tent—
 And Ephraim's tribe no longer, as of old,
 Their Lord's adoption hail'd ;—for Judah's sons
 The chosen stood of Heaven, and Sion's mount,
 Beloved of The Most High, His favour won :
 From Sion's steep the Sanctuary's walls
 Their height to Heav'n uplifted—firm as earth,
 And like this globe in strength eternal fixt.

THENCE on that servant who with pastral care
The sheepfold watch'd in Bethlehem,—by whose feet
Attentive track'd, the teeming milch ewes grazed—
E'en on that David lighted all the choice
And countenance of his God : to him alone
Committed was the trust of Jacob's race,—
The nurture of God's people, Israel's tribes,
The heirs of The Almighty :—yea, and well
Did he, the chosen shepherd, tend his charge,
For by a faithful heart their needs were met,
And ablest judgment mark'd the guidance of his sway.

JOSEPH P. BARTRUM.

Of this American contributor to the stock of our vernacular Psalmody, I know little beyond his name in the title page, and his opinions in a Preface to “The Psalms, Newly Paraphrased for the Service of the Sanctuary,” published at Boston, U.S., in 1833.* I believe he was an Englishman, who spent two or three years in the University of Cambridge, U.S., and entered into holy orders : but what became of him after the publication of his Psalmody, which involved him in some pecuniary difficulties, is not known. Mr. Bartrum's aim has been to supply the lack of a “Metrical Version of the Psalms, combining chasteness of interpretation with an application to existing manners, and sublimity of language with a fitness for devotional music.” In this aim, he cannot be said to have succeeded. If, indeed, his own effort had been as successful as his perception

* I am indebted to the kindness of the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, for the loan of Bartrum's Version.

of the defects of his predecessors appears to have been acute, he might, at least, have shared with some of them a reputation, which, however repeatedly disparaged, seems destined to be permanent. The Poet who imputes to Watts, "coarseness of diction, harsh elisions, and general negligence," will be expected, by at least a large portion of the Christian community to bring more than ordinary skill to the renewal of the oft-repeated experiment of tuning the sacred harp of David, to the music of our British choir. Our author speaks of Tate and Brady, as having "unyoked themselves from the letter, (by which "Watts too was bound") which killeth poetry, as well as some other things"—"poetic diction having been among his own chief aims"—and a laudable aim it is, when directed in conformity with the spirit of the sacred original: but, incongruous to the spirit as to the letter of the Psalms, there is a meretricious style, which, however it may be adapted to the lighter lyrics of a merely sentimental character, is but little accordant with the sober sublimity of the word of God. Of this, the worthy Boston paraphrast appears to be so perfectly aware, that he considers himself "bound at least to apologise for the introduction of a phraseology so different from that in which sacred things have usually been exhibited. Poetry has its appropriate language; and why should it be objected to any one, that he has used the well understood language of poetry, in versifying a work of the highest poetical, as well as sacred, character? Is the world for ever to be drivelling over its horn-book? Are we to have a sacred and a secular language, the latter of which, with the exception of a few common places, shall engross all

there may be of the sublime and the pathetic, in conversation and composition? Forbid it heaven! Forbid it, ye solemn duties! ye sublime rewards! Forbid it, all that can raise man above the dull clods of earth, and refine his soul for celestial intercourse! Let the bards of sacred song be allowed access to every means of reaching the heart, which the best writers have employed for a similar purpose; they may then be simple, yet sublime, poetic, without bombast, devotional, without sanctimoniousness." I have given this curious passage, and adverted so much at length to the book, because it is little likely to be in the hands of many persons in this country. It would be easy to quote passages from almost every page of Mr. Bartrum's Version, to shew that he has indeed avoided the "common places" of his competitors, but not so easy, at the same time to reconcile grave religious users, either of those Psalms of Watts, "which, shaped into metre, continue to make a waste of paper," or even those who are familiar with the "authorised Versions," to these light and tinsel measures—these ungraceful elisions, for which the American Poet claims the suffrage of piety and taste. Of the "greater fitness of the present Version, for musical expression," than some others, there can be no doubt: but if the music be as airy as many of the metres are lightsome, the work becomes only so much the less entitled to respect.*

* Of a very different character to Bartrum's book, is the volume, entitled "Church Psalmody: a collection of Psalms and Hymns, adapted to Public Worship," published at Boston, in 1832. It is preceded by a very elaborate, and on the whole, a judicious Preface, signed by "Lowell Mason, and David Greene." The work contains 454 Versions of Psalms, and 731 Hymns, and comprises the names of most of the well known writers or collections of sacred lyrics in England and America. Prefixed to the various compositions, are a set of symbols designed "to indicate, to some extent, the manner of performance." These marks for musical expression are such as are commonly employed in

PSALM LXXXVII.

1. Amid the heaven of heavens
Our God hath fix'd his seat ;
Thence views, with eye intent, the worlds
That roll beneath his feet.
 2. But where the saints abide,
And Zion's gates unfold,
Beyond the bright and blazing orb,
His love hath dwelt of old.
 3. O Church, beloved of God,
How fair, how glad, thy state !
Nor pomp, nor power, nor joy of thrones,
Can rise to height so great.
 4. Within thy courts are born
The sons and heirs of light ;
Thy name, endear'd o'er all on earth,
To bliss secures their right.
 5. In thee our joys revive,
Our hopes shall heavenward spring ;
In thee, with voice of song, our thanks
To heaven's high Lord we bring.
-

THOMAS JAMES JUDKIN, M.A.

The following stanzas are from "Church and Home Melodies ; being a New Version of the more Devotional parts of the Psalms," &c. : by the Minister of Somers' Town Chapel, 1834. A leading peculiarity of this Version, and one of which the merit will scarcely be thought to be made out by the

Music Books, and with which choirs are generally acquainted. I am indebted for a sight of this really excellent Collection to the kindness of the Reverend Gentleman named in the preceding note. I may add, that there was published at Boston, in 1831, "A New Translation of the Book of Psalms," in a sort of measured prose, by G. R. Noyes.

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reason assigned, is the rule the author has laid down, of "allowing no Psalm or Hymn to exceed the compass of four verses, (*that being the very extent of repetition which any tune will bear*;) " he is also "anxious to ascertain, as a son of the Church, how far I could supply from my own resources the nutriment which her members may want—leaving it to them of a bolder wing and a wider range to cull more richly from the same field—that thus, through my example, her own labouring bees might gather honey for her own hive without pilfering from the stores of another. Lyrical embellishment has been sacrificed to a higher object." This is rather an equivocal disclaimer: the judicious use of "Lyrical embellishment," being chiefly that which must distinguish the truly poetical, from the bald literal Version: how different the sentiment of Sandys, who, in presenting his noble Paraphrase of the Psalms to King Charles the First, tells his Majesty that the Muse, having

"Fetch'd from Engaddi, spice; from Jury, balm;
And bound her brows with Idumean palm:
Now old, hath her last voyage made, and brought
To royal harbour this her sacred Fraught: (freight.)
Who to her King bequeaths the wealth of Kings;
And dying, her owne Epicedium sings."

The following, as being a short Psalm, is one of the few which Mr. Judkin, in consequence of his four-verse scheme, has been able to give at length:—

PSALM CXXII.

Great gladness fills my heart to hear
My dear companions say,
Now let us in God's house appear
Upon His holy day.

Yes, Lord, we'll stand with willing feet
 Within thy temple gate,
 Where all thy saints united meet,
 Thy grace to supplicate.

To pour commingling prayer and praise ;
 Since there with joy they see,
 How David's Lord His throne displays
 In truth and equity.

The peace which we desire is there,
 And there in plenteousness,
 Each gift divine to soothe our care,
 All good our souls to bless.*

JOHN BEAUMONT.

An attempt, more enterprising than successful, was made to emulate the devotional lyrics of Dr. Watts, in "Original Psalms, or Sacred Songs, taken from the Psalms of David, and Imitated in the language of the New Testament, in twenty different metres. By John Beaumont, 1834." The author, who dates from Meole Brace, dedicates this work to the Rev. Edward Bather, Archdeacon of Salop.

PSALM LXXXII.

1. Among the mighty sons of earth,
 The great Jehovah stands,
 Let all of high and humble birth
 Obey his just commands.
2. Let not the rich oppress the poor,
 Unjustly in his sight,
 Nor haughty sinners dwell secure
 In worldly pomp and might.

* Bishop Spratt is said to have made a poetical paraphrase on this Psalm : but I have not seen it—nor does it occur in the collection of his poems as usually printed.

3. I've said of Princes, Ye are gods,
And sons of the Most High,
Yet Kings and Emperors, Dukes and Lords,
As men shall surely die.
 4. Arise, O Lord, and judge the earth,
Possess the nations all,
Let all of high and humble birth
Obey the Gospel call.
-

THOMAS DICKSON.

The author of the little volume of "Paraphrases and Hymns," printed at Berwick, in 1834, from which I take the subjoined verses, was a Schoolmaster, at Chirnside. He has neatly versified fourteen of the Psalms: it is pleasant to receive these few flowers of sacred poetry, as an evidence that the dews of Hermon have fallen not unrefreshingly on a spot so remote and so little known, as the residence of this pious Schoolmaster.

PSALM LXXVII.

When with my voice to God I cried,
Awhile no help appear'd:
With tears and groans I still applied,
Till heard in that I fear'd.

When trouble heavy on me press'd,
I sought Jehovah's throne;
My prayers withheld my nightly rest,
Yet comfort found I none.

My thoughts of God, so sweet before,
With dark forebodings pain'd;
My soul was overwhelm'd the more,
The more that I complain'd.

To muse o'er all the days of old,
My pensive hours employs;

Communion with my heart I hold,
 And mourn departed joys.
 Is then his mercy ever fled?
 And can his promise fail?
 Shall I no more in him be glad?
 Shall love no more prevail?
 I said, 'tis sure my weakness all,
 Unchanged Jehovah is:
 The ancient years to mind I'll call,
 Years he was wont to bless.
 What God so great as is our God!
 Thou, God, hast wonders wrought;
 When groan'd our sires in Ham's abode,
 Thine arm salvation brought.
 The waters saw thee then, O Lord!
 They saw and durst not stay;
 Appall'd thy dread rebuke they heard,
 And fled in haste away.
 The clouds pour'd forth their watery load,
 Whilst sounds of dread alarm'd;
 Thine arrows also went abroad,
 With swift destruction arm'd.
 Throughout the heaven thy thunders peal'd,
 Thy lightnings flash'd dismay;
 Earth trembling to her centre, reel'd,
 In that portentous day.
 Thy path was through the stormy main,
 Thy footsteps were unknown:
 With all a father's kindness then,
 Thou ledd'st thy people on.*

* In this Psalm "Selah," a word left untranslated in our Bibles, and never introduced into any Metrical Version at all, is thrice repeated. The term occurs about seventy times in the course of the Psalms. All commentators have acknowledged its obscurity; nor does it appear, so far as can be judged, material to the meaning of the context. It may probably have been originally a mark connected with the musical expression of the passage: this, indeed, is the opinion of a good practical authority in such matters:—"When it is considered that these compositions were sung, and accompanied by a variety of instruments, the points where this term occurs, are the very places where the voices should rest, and be followed by the instruments; and to the eye of a musician its import is at once suggested by the word *symphony*."—*Gardner's Music and Friends*, ii, 561.

H. F. LYTE, A.M.

Of the Clergyman here named, I know nothing beyond the fact that he designates himself "Minister of Lower Brixham," in the title page of the fourth edition of "The Spirit of the Psalms, or the Psalms of David adapted to Christian Worship." 1836. This elegant and useful compendium of devotional sentiment was first published anonymously : but the reception which it met with among religious readers was too unequivocally flattering, to allow the author's name to remain concealed. The foregoing title, although perhaps, unobjectionable enough in the popular meaning of the terms, for distinguishing the work from many others having a similar bearing, is not of very definite or defensible signification, as characterising its contents. For it would surely be as absurd to take it for granted that Mr. Lyte has compressed into five or six quatrains of English rhyme, the meaning, or even, in many instances, indicated the drift—the "spirit" of the Psalmist so often exhibited through five or six times that extent of verbiage in the original, as it would be impossible to believe that those portions of each composition of the sweet singer of Israel, which are not included in its Metrical counterpart, contain none at all, or if any, only a less important measure of "the Spirit of the Psalms." Of course, it is not for one moment intended to place Mr. Lyte's meritorious labours in any such dilemma, as the foregoing remarks might seem to imply : for whatever the strict bearing of the

title, the book does, in fact, consist of *Hymns*, composed, in a certain sense, in "The Spirit of the Psalms;" but on the whole, no more calculated to give any idea of the entire meaning of "The Book of Psalms," than would a series of "Imitations," of the Odes and Epistles of Horace, in which the original names and incidents were dropped, and English sentiments and associations substituted for those of the genuine text, give the reader any real notion of the productions of the Latin Poet. But let us attend to the explanation of our author himself, who tells us that, "instead of attempting a New Version of the Psalms," a majority of which, owing to the "modern practice of using only three or four verses at a time," would, "if literally translated, be unfit, on the score of length, for public worship," he has "simply endeavoured to give the *spirit of each Psalm* in such a compass as the public taste would tolerate, and to furnish, sometimes, when the length of the original would admit of it, an almost literal translation, sometimes a kind of spiritual paraphrase, and at others even a brief commentary on the whole Psalm. He feels in truth that, in order to render the Psalms fully applicable to a Christian audience, considerable liberties must be allowed in the way of adaptation. They ought, he thinks, to be made to express all that David himself would have expressed, had he lived under the superior light which we enjoy, and beheld, not the mere twilight of the yet unrisen 'Sun of Righteousness,' but, like ourselves, the splendour of His meridian day. What, therefore, he darkly intimates respecting Christ and his Gospel (and the Psalms are full of such intimations), the

author has, in many instances, endeavoured to unfold and expand; and, adapting the whole in some degree to present times, usages, and circumstances, he has sought to preserve the spirit of the originals, while he has somewhat altered the letter."

What is said in behalf of brief singing, in the foregoing quotation, may, perhaps, be a good reason for composing Hymns in "three or four verses;" or for dividing a Psalm into parts of similar length; or even for versifying only so much of each as can be conveniently sung at once: but so long as the revelation of God is considered paramount to the sentiments of men, and so long also as every portion of Holy Scripture is received as equally of Divine inspiration, so long will that Metrical Version of the Book of Psalms which comes up the most nearly to the measure of the original, in quantity and quality, be the best entitled to general admiration and adoption,—the temporary interest of beautiful exceptions to this great rule, notwithstanding. As a whole, then, Mr. Lyte's work must chiefly be indebted for its legitimate praise, to the degree in which it approaches the hitherto unsurpassed merit of the Psalmody of Dr. Watts. In this comparison it will probably suffer less than some other, and more pretending competitors; its leading merit, in this respect, is a freedom from many verbal solecisms, and casual turns of expression, which every one must wish away from some of the compositions of the venerable father of modern Hymnology: its striking inferiority consists in the absence of that compact concatenation of thought and expression, which must so generally strike a pious reader on a

first acquaintance with Watts, and which afterwards fixes so firmly in the memory—a few words being often charged with an intensity of meaning, which is sufficient to electrify the soul, on the interposition of any appropriate conductor between the simple verbiage of the Poet, and the spiritual understanding in which his language is lodged. The verses of Mr. Lyte, exhibit a fluency of diction, and a unity of object, which render them very pleasant and profitable for reading aloud: indeed, there is a general buoyancy of thought, and commonly a directly practical appeal, or some soul-exhilarating expression at the close of each Hymn, which is of more importance and effect when delivered by an appropriate emphasis of the voice, than in the more uniform expression of a musical tune.*

PSALM XLVIII.†

Great is the Lord; His praise be great!

Ye lands, your tributes bring:

And, Britain, thou, His chosen seat,

Be first to praise thy King.

* The Rev. Charles Smith Bird, in a small volume, printed at Liverpool in 1833, entitled “*Ever and Ever, and other Poems*,” has forty-two Hymns derived from the earlier Psalms. It was his intention to have “*adapted Hymns to all the Psalms*,” had not the appearance of Mr. Lyte’s work put an end to the design.

† The subjoined is a full rendering of Psalm xlviii., from the authorised Scottish Version:—

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| 1. Great is the Lord, and greatly he
is to be praised still,
Within the city of our God,
upon his holy hill. | 6. Great terror there took hold on them,
they were possess’d with fear;
Their grief came like a woman’s pain
when she a child doth bear. |
| 2. Mount Sion stands most beautiful,
the joy of all the land;
The city of the mighty King
on her north side doth stand. | 7. Thou Tarsbish ships with east wind
8. As we have heard it told. [break’t;
So, in the city of the Lord,
our eyes did it behold; |
| 3. The Lord within her palaces
is for a refuge known. | In our God’s city, which his hand
for ever stablish will, |
| 4. For, lo, the kings that gather’d were
together, by have gone. | 9. We of thy loving-kindness thought,
Lord, in thy temple still. |
| 5. But when they did behold the same,
they, wond’ring, would not stay;
But being troubled at the sight,
they thence did haste away. | 10. O Lord, according to thy name,
through all the earth’s thy praise;
And thy right hand, O Lord, is full
of righteousness always. |

God in thy borders well is known
 A strong and faithful Friend :
 O rest thou still on Him alone,
 And He will still defend.
 Here in thy courts again we stand,
 Thy grace, O Lord, to see :
 Soon let it shine on every land,
 And win all hearts to Thee.
 But, Lord, be Britain still thy choice ;
 Still walk around her towers :
 Still let her sons in Thee rejoice,
 And cry " the Lord is ours !"

MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER.

Mr. Sadler was born Jan. 30, 1780, at Doveridge, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. In early life, he engaged in mercantile pursuits in Leeds ; but the ministerial proposition of the Catholic Relief Bill, in 1829, drew him into public life, and he sat in two successive Parliaments for Newark-upon-Trent, and in a third, till the passing of the Reform Bill, for the ancient borough of Aldborough, in Yorkshire. In politics he was what is termed a Tory ; and as well by his opponents, as by his own party, he was considered one of the most accomplished orators in the House of Commons. As an author Mr. Sadler published among other things, a valuable work, entitled, " Ireland ; its Evils and their Remedies," in which book as well as in his place in Parliament, he strenuously advocated the introduction of a Poor

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|---|---|
| <p>11. Because thy judgments are made
 let Zion mount rejoice ; [known,
 Of Judah let the daughters all
 send forth a cheerful voice.</p> | <p>13. Consider ye her palaces,
 and mark her bulwarks well ;
 That ye may tell posterity
 14. For this God doth abide
 Our God for evermore ; he will
 ev'n unto death us guide.</p> |
| <p>12. Walk about Zion, and go round ;
 the high tow'rs thereof tell :</p> | |

Law into that country : he also published a “ Treatise on Population,” in opposition to the views of Malthus—subjects, it may be thought, little calculated to lead into the track of the Psalmist. Mr. Sadler, however, was not only possessed of brilliant oratorical powers, and of a highly cultivated mind, but the tone of his works and of his speeches, whether on dry questions of political economy, or on subjects of practical benevolence, was that of a sincere and practical Christian, in the plain sense of the term. From a boy, Mr. Sadler had paid some court to the Muses, and especially he had at intervals, exercised his pious ingenuity in versifying the whole of the Psalms : these he revised during the illness which preceded his death in 1835, as I learn from his brother, B. Sadler, Esq., who kindly transmitted to me the subjoined literal Version of the 63rd Psalm, which has not appeared in print before, and the publication of which, here, can certainly do no “ injustice” to the memory of the respected author.*

PSALM LXIII.

1. O my God, for mine Thou art,
Early will I seek thy face ;
Thirsts for Thee my soul, my heart
Longs for thy refreshing grace,
In a dry and barren land,
Looking for thy power I've been,
As I have thy glorious hand,
In the Sanctuary seen.
2. Thee, whose love is better far
Ev'n than life, my lips shall praise ;

* Since the above was written, the “ Memoirs of the Life and Writings of M. T. Sadler, Esq.,” have been given to the public in a bulky volume. This work contains not only ample details relative to Mr. Sadler's views on great public questions, but Versions of Psalms lxviii., xxix., lxxvi., lxxxvii., xc., xciii., cxxii., and cxxxvii., as specimens of his Metrical experiment.

Bless Thee, while that life thou spare ;
 In thy name my hands I'll raise :
 Satisfied my soul shall be,
 As with heavenly marrow fed,
 And my mouth, inspired by Thee,
 Praise my joyful lips shall spread.

3. Gracious Father, have I not
 Thee remember'd on my bed ;
 Upon thee when waking thought,
 Thee, mine only help and aid.
 Therefore will I still rejoice,
 In thy wings' almighty shade,
 Upon thee my soul relies,
 Hangs by thy right hand upstaid.
-

ELIZABETH BLACKALL.

I am indebted to a sight of Mr. Montgomery's presentation copy for my knowledge of the existence of the little volume of "Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs," the title-page of which bears the foregoing name. I presume the authoress belongs to the Sister Island ; her work having been printed at Dublin, in 1835 : it contains, along with other pious compositions, Versions of twelve Psalms. At the end of the Preface she says, "If the Lord give grace and opportunity, it is purposed at some future period to complete the paraphrase of the Psalms." This intention appears not to have been realized : nor, judging from the specimen published, would the achievement be likely to possess any particular claim to notice, except that of its being the production of a female hand.

PSALM XVI.

Preserve me, God, in thee I trust,
My soul hath said, thou art my Lord,
My goodness unto thee—the just,
And holy God, can nought afford.

But to the saints upon the earth,
And good in whom is my delight ;
Their griefs be multiplied—their mirth
Destroy'd that seek an idol's sight.

I'll not present their gifts of blood,
Nor take upon my lips their name,
My portion and my cup is God,
From him my lot assured, I'll claim.

The lines have fall'n in places fair,
A goodly heritage is mine,
I'll bless the Lord, who counsel rare
Hath given me, with grace divine.

My reins also, in deepest night,
Instruct me—and the Lord I've set
Always before me in my sight,
At my right hand I find him yet.

Therefore unmoved I shall remain,
My heart rejoice, my glory sing,
My flesh its hope shall still retain,
That from the grave with joy 'twill spring.

For Thou'lt not leave my soul in hell,
Nor suffer that thy Holy One
Should see corruption, nor should dwell
In dark abode, imprison'd, lone.

The path of life to me thou'lt show,
Fulness of joy is in thy sight,
At thy right hand, rich pleasures flow,
For evermore in cloudless light.

NATHAN DRAKE, M.D.

I introduce with much pleasure the name of this true admirer of our genuine English literature, the author of "Literary Hours," "Shakspeare and his Times," "Winter Nights," &c. &c. ; and, however, his own claims as an original versifier of the Psalms may be deemed equivocal, his zeal and his taste as a collector, improver, and annotator of the labours of others, entitle him to the respect of every lover of this department of our sacred poetry. In 1837, was published, by subscription, in two volumes, "The Harp of Judah ; or SONGS OF SION : being a Metrical Translation of the Psalms, *constructed from the most beautiful parts of the English Versions* : with an Introduction and Notes, critical and explanatory ; including the paraphrases, imitations, and poetical illustrations of the Psalms. By the late Nathan Drake." To this somewhat prolix title, may be added, as explaining the nature of the work, the following passage from the "Introduction," which contains likewise some account of many of the leading translators of the Psalms into English metre :—"The professed object, then, of these volumes is, to furnish for the *Closet an entire, but selected Version of the Psalms*, which shall, with its accompanying *Illustrations*, prove alike acceptable to individuals of literature and taste ; a Version, in short, which may subserve the best interests of morality and religion, not only within the hallowed

walls of the Church, but as studied or recited in the library or boudoir ; a *desideratum* which, it appeared to the Editor, could only be supplied through the medium of a *selection* from the best translations extant, and which, if executed with due judgment, might present to the world, as its result, a Version in almost every respect superior to any with which it has hitherto been acquainted." In pursuance of this plan, the worthy Editor has not only combined the best parts of different Versions in the same Psalm—eight authors at least, being laid under contribution to the 119th—but, finding sometimes the language and composition of his author very inadequate in his opinion, to express the energy, pathos, or sublimity of the original—"in these instances, though with a timid and reluctant hand, he has endeavoured, by alterations, additions, or new translations, to remove, in some degree at least, the apparent deficiency."* These alterations extend, more or less, to between sixty and seventy of the Versions quoted :† in some instances they are

* The plan adopted by Dr. Drake appears to have originated in a suggestion made by the Rev. Baptist Noel Turner, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, (vol. xc. pt. i. p. 396.) "It has been suggested," wrote that venerable Clergyman, with a specimen of the First Psalm in metre, "that an object of the highest consequence might be achieved, even the improvement of our Church Psalmody, by the following obvious means: if a selection were made of the best Versions any where in existence; if an adequate portion were extracted from each, e. g. three or four stanzas, but never more than six; if such as were faulty or imperfect were cautiously retouched; and lastly, in cases where nothing sufficiently faithful or elegant seemed to offer itself, (which cases would be numerous), new matter were attempted to be supplied, and, if possible, with proper spirit; not, indeed, the whole of the Psalter, but a competent proportion of it, as the whole would be unnecessary, or perhaps redundant, since of some Psalms more than one portion must be admitted, and possibly two different versions of the same passage, if both have sufficient merit; then it is hoped that one great point would be attained towards the above grand object."

† Few persons at all conversant with our popular Hymnology, can have failed to notice the liberties commonly taken by the compilers of different Collections with the compositions of such authors as fall in their way. These mutilations

slight; in others, much more considerable: but in every case they are acknowledged and marked, and, it must be confessed, that they almost always indicate good taste in the execution, and still more uniformly shew a delicate acquaintance with the recognised meaning of the Psalmist. The subjoined Psalm will not only illustrate the method adopted by Dr. Drake in the compilation of his certainly valuable Version, but will also shew how very nearly his claims approach those of an original translator: the lines in italics are taken from Dr. Watts; the remainder of the Psalm is by Dr. Drake himself.

PSALM LXXI.

1. Lord, I have put my trust in thee,
O turn me not to shame;
2. 3. Thy promise is a rock to me,
A refuge is thy name.
4. From men who seek my soul to slay,
Who for my blood combine,
O save me, gracious Lord, I pray,
For power alone is thine.

of the genuine text of the Poet, are sometimes so far from being confined to the change of a word or the omission of a verse, that the expressions and even the doctrines are so altered that the original author, would scarcely recognise, much less approve of what appears under his name. The Rev. John Wesley—himself a judicious improver of the Hymns of others, protests against this practice, in the Preface to the Collection used among the Methodists: and I know too, that Montgomery—no inexperienced refiner of the accredited strains of his predecessors—when solicited, as he frequently is, to allow compilers to use his own exquisite Hymns, invariably accompanies the permission with the condition that they shall be taken unmutated. This question then presents itself:—Should a Psalm or a Hymn never be altered by the transcriber? I answer, I think it may, under given circumstances, as 1, when obsolete or uncouth terms are simply changed for others more suitable; 2, whenever the alterations, however considerable, are printed in italics, placed within brackets, or otherwise fairly pointed out; and 3, perhaps without restraint in all cases where the compositions are anonymous: 4, it would probably be little to the purpose to add, that this privilege should be accorded *ad libitum*, to the Version whose poetical reputation is a guarantee that his alterations will be improvements.

5. *My God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth ;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.*
6. *My flesh was fashioned by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine,
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.*
7. To many I a wonder seem,
But thou my refuge art ;
8. From opening morn to day's last beam
Thy praise dwells in my heart.
9. *Cast me not off in my decline,
Now hoary hairs arise ;
But round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.*
10. My foes they plan in dark debate,
The fatal snare to lay,
11. " His God has left him to his fate,"
In ruthless scorn they say.
12. But be not thou far from me, God,
O haste my soul to save ;
Turn back my foes the way they trod,
And wrap them in the grave.
14. *Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;*
15. *And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.*
16. Thy strength shall aid me in distress,
Thy pitying ear be mine,
And I will plead thy righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
17. *God of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.*
18. *Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?*

*Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart ?*

*Let me thy power and truth proclaim,
Nor heed the bad man's scorn,
But leave a record of thy name
To ages yet unborn.*

19. To us, in mercy, hast thou giv'n
Thy righteous deeds to see ;
Thy glory spreads through earth and heav'n,
O, who is like to thee ?
20. Hard, though thine hand hath press'd on me,
'Twas mercy dealt the wound,
Thou shalt my great deliverer be,
When earth hath closed me round.
21. Amid the realms of bliss and peace
Will I thy mercy sing ;
There shall my glory still increase,
Thy comforts round me spring.
22. Thee on the psaltery will I praise,
Thee on the sounding lyre ;
23. Thy love, the subject of my lays,
Shall hope and joy inspire.
24. From morn till eve's soft dews are shed,
I'll sound thy hallow'd name ;
Whilst every tongue shall haste to spread
My foemen's flight and shame.

E. FARR.

In 1836 appeared " A New Version of the Psalms of David, in all the various metres suited to Psalmody," by an individual of the name of Farr. After mentioning the defects of several

preceding Versions, our author proceeds in his Preface to speak of his own performance in the following terms :—" Thus is the Church of England left without an approved Psalmody ; and it is to be feared that this has been the means of driving away many valuable members from her community. But why is this part of her service, naturally so noble and sublime, thus left ? Doubtless, there are some living who could write such a work ; and how many have there been, whose works have delighted us, who would have gained a lasting immortality in the Church of God, had they retouched the harp of the son of Jesse. But they are gone, and left it, to borrow the Psalmist's idea, hanging silently upon the willows. Grieved to see it thus neglected, I have taken it down, and with a trembling hand have swept its chords." This, from a person wholly unknown as a Poet, is not the language of diffidence, either as to self-appreciation or in judging of others. The volume, however, contains a good deal of really clever versification ; and of what, if not more satisfactory to many readers, is a merit not to be overlooked—a very successful recasting into metre the substance of the authorised Version.

PSALM LIV.

Oh, save me, O God, for thy glorious name,
 In judgment to aid me, draw near ;
 Accept thou my prayer and deliverance proclaim,
 To my voice of complaining give ear.

For strangers are risen against me, and join
 My oppressors in seeking my life ;
 The fear, O my God, of thy vengeance divine,
 Allays not their gathering strife.

But God is mine helper, he strengthens the friends,
 Who me in my sorrows sustain ;
 While on my oppressors his vengeance descends,
 In his truth they are scatter'd and slain.
 Then freely I'll offer an offering of praise,
 It is good to exalt his great power :
 For his arm hath deliver'd me by its displays,
 And my foes I shall see them no more,

C. F. & E. C.

" How long shall heaven's own poet be debased ?
 How long by envious clouds his brightness hid ?
 In such dull casket shall such gems be placed,
 And shall we ne'er presume to lift the lid ?
 From such a coin, the stamp be still effaced ?
 Ye shades of Judah's bards and seers forbid !
 Oh never, never, was it meant for such
 To strike her sacred lyre—her hallowed ark to touch !"

And why not the gentle genius of woman compete for the distinction which one of the sex has so spiritedly anticipated in the above stanza ? In David's land and in David's language, Miriam and Deborah sang in strains which are as imperishable as those of the sweet Singer of Israel and his fellow Psalmists. In this country especially, female hands have twined the flowers of poetry and devotion into a wreath of unfading beauty : and how often, and how gracefully that wreath has been placed upon the Hebrew lyre, even these pages testify—the latest addition of leaves and flowers contributed by the gentle sex to that ever-freshening guerdon which the Psalmist has received from all ages, must now be noticed.

It is with something like hesitation, if not with actual misgiving, that I have allowed myself to become accessory to publicly lifting the veil, which female delicacy had drawn over the names indicated by the letters at the head of this notice, in the fearful experiment of maiden authorship. I am loth, however, to believe, that an unpretending work of pious ingenuity, published all but anonymously by two young ladies, will be regarded with less tender consideration, by any party, now that the names of the amiable authors are thus incidentally, though not unadvisedly disclosed to the public. The work in question appeared in 1836, under the title of "A New Metrical Version of the Psalms of David, by C. F. & E. C." The book was printed at Hull, and dedicated to the Venerable Archdeacon of Cleveland—the Rev. Francis Wrangham. On obtaining a copy, I addressed, through the printer, a respectful enquiry to the authors, and in due course I received two letters, both written "north of the Trent," and signed respectively, "CATHERINE FOSTER," and "ELIZABETH COLLING." Both these communications were couched in terms of such frank avowal as to the origin and progress of their undertaking on the one hand, and of such a sensitive apprehension of the publication of their names on the other, that I felt, at first, somewhat embarrassed as to the propriety of seeking to be allowed to divulge to the world even a secret of authorship, which had hitherto been so strictly kept, and of which I had only become possessed through peculiar circumstances. Further correspondence and consideration, however, not only encouraged me to ask, but authorised me to affix the names of the fair

Poets to specimens of their Psalms respectively. I have done so ; and will now merely add what I had written before I had the slightest suspicion that the letters in the title-page before me, were the representatives of two individuals of that sex, to whose piety and poetical taste our Psalmody has repeatedly been indebted.

The authors of this work are not wholly diffident of the success of their own labours. "It seems," say they, "to be generally allowed that the Psalms, as a whole, have not yet been rendered into English verse, in a manner to satisfy a true taste for poetry. At the same time, it has been deemed indispensable to have them in metre—a new rhyme Version, therefore, is still a desideratum in the language. Those who have adhered to the literal have allowed the poetical to escape—and those which have studied the poetical have wandered too far from the literal. An attempt has here been made to unite as much as it was possible the two." Propriety and fluency of diction—taking the volume as one of *English* verse, may be said to characterise these compositions, which are but little redolent of the spirit of the *Hebrew* original, as might be expected, considering the circumstances under which they were executed. The character of the "Old Version," and some contemporary specimens of Psalmody, almost remind us of the Rose of Sharon, which used to be brought (as I think Sir Thomas Browne states) in a dried state from the East, as a present by travellers for their friends : it had form, and colour, and fragrance—but the beauty, the delicacy, the vitality of the flower were gone. On the other hand, many modern Versions of the Psalms remind us of con-

servatory blooms—there is life, and tint, and perhaps sweetness—but the living exotic has neither the size, the colour, nor the smell of the old *hortus siccus* specimen.

In the elegant Version of the Psalms now under notice, a great variety of metres has been adopted ; and although “ primarily intended for the closet ”—“ many, indeed most of them,” we are told, “ will admit of being adapted for the Church.” Whatever may be thought of the adaptability of these Psalms for public worship, the following specimen of graceful and fluent verse evinces equal taste and skill on the part of the versifier, Catherine Foster.

PSALM XCVII.

“ The Lord is King, the Earth may be glad thereof.”

Let the floods clap their hands, and the earth raise her voice,
And the isles of the ocean, for gladness rejoice ;
'Tis the Lord reigns on high, in dominion alone,
And judgment and righteousness compass his throne.

'Tis the Lord shall look forth, from the veil that enshrouds
His glory, with tempest, thick darkness, and clouds ;
He shall hurl the red bolt, from his terrible hand,
And wither the wicked that poison the land.

A fire shall consume them, and earth, with affright,
Shall tremble, through all her vast orb at the sight ;
And the mountains that rear their proud heads to the skies,
Melt even as wax, when the Lord shall arise.

Is it God that shall rule ? then confounded be ye,
Who at Baäl's base altar, have bended the knee ;
Then perish the false gods, the heathen adored,
And let Judah rejoice, in thy judgments, O Lord !

For exalted above all this low earth contains,
Jehovah in might, and in majesty reigns ;
O ye ! that adore him, from evil forbear,
And shun ye the wicked, nor fall in his snare.

What ill can o'ertake them, what dangers assail,
Or who 'gainst the loved of the Lord, shall prevail?
For his faith shall be sure, and his mercies abound,
And the shield of his holiness compass them round.

A light shall spring forth, and a glory shall shine,
Round the path of the righteous, with radiance divine;
Then praise ye our God, be his goodness adored,
And let songs of thanksgiving ascend to the Lord.

Since the foregoing was written, I have been favoured with the sight of the letter in which the reverend and venerable Archdeacon acknowledges the Dedication of this "New Metrical Version of the Psalms" to himself: and I cannot, under the circumstances, forego the grateful opportunity thus afforded, of making my page the means of recording and exhibiting the favourable judgment of so elegant and accomplished a scholar. Speaking of the work under notice, Mr. Wrangham says:—"It appears to be universally elegant, and in a great many instances most exquisite. I am indeed surprised, as much as I am delighted, at the singular felicity with which you have contrived to incorporate so much of the simple language of the prose translation, and to invest it with the garb of the most refined poetry."

After such a testimony from such a judge, it may almost seem presumptuous in me to offer any opinion. I will, therefore, only add, that if graceful and varied versification, and a not unsuccessful exhibition of the sense of the old Prayer Book translation, leave much to be desired in an unimpeachably acceptable Version of the Psalms, especially for Congregational use, which the work executed by the zealous and almost sisterly co-operation of the ladies named in this notice,

can scarcely perhaps be said to have supplied, they only share in this respect the lot of many more experienced and confident aspirants of both sexes. But while it can be no great disparagement for any one not to have succeeded entirely, where so many have failed altogether, it is a distinction of which Miss Colling and her accomplished colleague may be justly proud, that theirs, although not the first, is certainly the best entire Metrical Version of the Book of Psalms, claiming to be of female authorship : and for themselves at least, however the public may sympathise with them in their labours, it must ever be a pleasing reflection, that they perpetuated so singular a record of a friendship, harmonized, and sanctified by a reduction of the strains of the sweet singer of Israel, from a prose to a metrical form of expression : a task which, by whomsoever undertaken with right motives, and with whatever measure of success, can scarcely fail to command the respect, if not the admiration of every one who has a sufficient acquaintance with the matter to appreciate the address and perseverance required to give a new rendering to the whole Book of Psalms.

The following specimen of that portion of the work which belongs to Elizabeth Colling, is, it will be seen, one of the Psalms which occur in the Evening Service of that Church, whose sublime and varied ritual is unequalled by any other human composition :—

PSALM XCVIII.

Sing to our God a new-made song !
He glorious things hath done ;
With his own right arm, in battle strong,
The victory he hath won.

The Lord hath his salvation shown
To Israel's favour'd land ;
And earth's remotest ends shall own
The judgments of his hand.
Show forth your joy unto the Lord,
Lift, lift, the exulting voice ;
In grateful hymns his deeds record—
O ! sing—give thanks—rejoice !
Sing to the harp His sounding praise,
To shawm and trumpet sing ;
Let every heart its tribute raise
Before the Lord our King.
Sound forth, thou sea, in solemn strain—
The deep-toned anthem sound !
Earth ! catch it from the heaving main,
And roll the burden round !
Ye floods—ye hills—in concert blend,
To Him who gave ye birth ;
For see from heaven the Lord descend—
He comes to judge the earth !
He comes his glory to display—
His equity to prove :
And with immortal bliss repay
All—all—His laws who love.

JOSIAH CONDER.

Mr. Josiah Conder is a gentleman well known as an elegant writer, and occasional preacher among the Congregational Dissenters. Ten years ago, he was editor of the *Eclectic Review*, in which work he occasionally introduced printed specimens of his own Psalms, along with his critical notices of the Versions

of others. In 1837, he published a volume of Poems under the title of "The Choir and the Oratory, or Praise and Prayer." The staple of the work is intrinsically of a pious character, while the style is that of a finished adept in the arts of composition : there is, indeed, in most of the pieces, considerable beauty of design and elaborateness of finish ;—too rarely, however, accompanied by that depth of feeling in the substance of the theme, which characterises the first-rate Poet. Occasionally too, slight marks of the file are discernible through the polish of the verse, the writer not having always succeeded in practising that " art to conceal art," in which the perfection of the poetical *limæ labor* consists. The greater part of the volume above named, consists of Original Hymns, Versions of the Collects of the Church,* and of what the writer calls " Poetical *translations* of the Psalms." In a Preface which records Mr. Conder's judgment on the labours of his predecessors, and at the same time expounds his own doctrines, he says— " For many years, the study of the Book of Psalms has occupied such attention as I could give to it, under the cherished conviction, that it might be found practicable to exhibit the poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures in the rich and varied measures of English versification, without compromising either the fidelity of a chaste translation or the simple majesty of the original." After some remarks on the poetic portions of the sacred volume, and of the Psalms in particular, it is asked, with much propriety, " Can any thing, then, be more improper than to employ the

* A more extended and very successful experiment of the kind mentioned in the text had previously been made in the " Hymns for Private Devotion for the Sundays and Saints' Days throughout the Year," which were published in 1825, by the Rev. Samuel Rickards, M.A., Curate of Ulcombe.

same metrical *modes* in attempting to adapt to the genius of English poetry, an elegiac complaint, an ode of triumph, a choral hallelujah, and an acrostic of axioms ? In original poetry, the metre is governed by the feeling of the writer, and expresses it. Paradise Lost could not have been composed in heroic couplets ; and how much of the charm of the Faerie Queene lies in the magnificent stanza." All this will meet with general concurrence : there are, however, other of our author's dicta, to which it would be less easy to render critical assent. The following lines, entitled "The King of Sion," will serve at once as an illustration of Mr. Conder's principles of rendering, and as a specimen of his verse :—

PSALM XLV.

My heart is labouring with a glorious theme :
 My song is of THE KING. My tongue doth teem
 With glowing thoughts, which it would fain disclose,
 As language from the practised writer flows.

In that countenance benign,
 Beauties more than human shine :
 Gracious words those lips dispense,
 Dropping sweetest eloquence ;
 For Jehovah, on thy head,
 Hath eternal blessings shed.

Arise, gird on thy sword,
 O thou most mighty Lord !
 Put on Thy panoply of light,
 And in thy majesty
 Ride forth triumphantly,

Thy chariot, Truth, the meek and poor to right.
 Let thy right hand spread terror all before,
 That nations may fall prostrate and adore.
 Oh let them know, who dare Thy reign oppose,
 How sharp the arrows that subdue Thy foes.

Eternal is Thy Throne, O God !
Eternal justice is Thy kingly rod.
Beloved of Thee, the righteous meet reward,
Nor less by Thee the wicked are abhorred.
Therefore, O Christ, on Thine exalted head,
Jehovah hath the royal unction shed,
Above Thy peers ; and unto Thee
Shall every creature bow the knee.
All thy robes around Thee shed
Richest odours sweetly blended,
When, from ivory halls, attended
By joyful choirs, thy pomp is led.
Amid the virgin train are seen
Daughters of kings, and many a royal maid ;
While at thy right hand, gloriously arrayed
In gold of Ophir, stands the Queen.
Hearken, O daughter ! See thy King draw near,
And to His accents bow thy willing ear.
Thy native land remote no more regret,
But in His love thy father's house forget :
So in thy beauty shall the King delight ;
Thy Lord, who claims thy homage as His right.
The rich with gifts thy favour shall entreat,
And Tyre shall pour her treasures at thy feet.
How fair, in bridal glory drest,
The Queen,—of woven gold her vest,
Her flowing robe of purple dye,
Enwrought with Phrygian broidery.
Now is she led, O King, to Thee,
With all her virgin company :
With sounds of joy and nuptial song,
The glad procession moves along ;
And to the royal courts they bring
The spotless Consort of the King.
Sons to their fathers shall succeed ;
Princes of earth shall be thy seed ;
Thy name remotest times adore ;
Thy praise endure for evermore.

ROBERT BRUCE BOSWELL.

Contemporary with the date of the foregoing work, was the appearance, anonymously, of a thick volume of "Psalms and Hymns," *Printed at the Church Mission Press, Calcutta*. The bulk of the matter consists of judicious selections from popular English authors ; included, however, are "about Fifty Psalms, which are original, and as close a translation, as a Metrical Version would admit." These Psalms were collected and edited, and the original portion of them composed by the Rev. Robert Bruce Boswell, (grandson of the Mr. Boswell previously noticed), a Clergyman of the Church of England, and at present Minister of St. James's Church, Calcutta. He has been in India about ten years, and is esteemed a faithful, zealous, and evangelical pastor. The transcription of a brief specimen of this Anglo-Indian Psalter, is due to the individual, who has not only prepared for his countrymen these "Songs of the Lord in a strange land," but who has given us in this edifying combination of oriental printing with his mother tongue, an evidence and an earnest of the beneficial prevalence of both, in regions where European conquest has too rarely been identified with the establishment or advancement of Christian institutions.

PSALM XXVIII.

To thee, O LORD, I cry,
My Rock, when foes assail ;
O send an answer from on high,
Nor let Thy succour fail.

2. My supplications hear—
 My troubled soul set free,
 When I before Thy shrine appear,
 And lift my hands to Thee.
3. JEHOVAH's Name be prais'd!
 The LORD be ever bless'd!
 I have my supplications rais'd—
 He has my wrongs redress'd.
4. He is my strength and shield;
 My heart on HIM relied;
 And He His mighty arm reveal'd:—
 The LORD is on my side.
5. My heart exulting moves
 My tongue to speak His praise:
 The LORD to his anointed proves
 Salvation all their days.
6. O save Thy people, LORD!
 Thine heritage defend;
 O bless, and feed them with Thy word;
 Exalt them without end.

R. A. SCOTT, M.A.

One of the most recent productions of the class to the enumeration of which this work is devoted, is a neat little volume, comprising "Metrical Paraphrases of Selected Portions of the Psalms," generally adapted to the purposes of Public Worship or Private Devotion: by the Rev. Robert Allan Scott, M.A., late of Balliol College, Oxford, Curate of Sheriffhales and Woodcote, Shropshire, 1839. This work is dedicated to Dr. Howard, Dean of Lichfield. "As to the plan pursued in the metres themselves, it has," says the author, "been first, to select for their

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groundwork such portions of the Book of Psalms as seemed most suited, in their nature and spirit, to the devotional purposes of the Christian ;—next, to give such unity of thought and design to each piece as its subject admitted of ; and lastly, to include each within such limits as might adapt the collection generally, to the purposes of Congregational Worship, as well as Private Devotion.” This plan has been judiciously and tastefully carried out in 150 compositions, well suited for singing : but which cannot be considered as consecutive Versions of the whole of the Psalms, when in no case do they extend to more than five verses, and rarely exceed four.

PSALM XCV.

Come, let us make a joyful noise,
And praise, with thankful heart and voice,
Our great eternal King ;
Till all the earth resound the song,
And every tongue the notes prolong,
Salvation's Rock that sing.

He is the Lord of heaven and earth ;
To Him at first they owed their birth ;
And all His will obey,
Save those,—rebellious to His law,
Who from their Shepherd's care withdraw,
And from His pasture stray.

Yet still the warning voice is heard ;—
“ Ah, wherefore, thus forsake the Lord.
As did your sires of old ?
Lest, if ye still refuse to turn,
At length His wrathful anger burn,
And drive you from his fold.”

Then let us come, and joyous all
Before this awful presence fall,
A faithful, willing flock ;
For He, the Lord our God, is sure,
His every promise stands secure,
And firm Salvation's Rock.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

In 1839, appeared a small collection—thirty-seven pages—of “ Sacred Poems. By the late Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant.” Several of the pieces had previously appeared in print either in periodicals, or in collections of sacred poetry : they are wholly of a religious cast ; and although without pretensions to high literary merit, they exhibit in numbers evincing a correct taste, a sweet vein of pious sentiment, more than sufficient to justify Lord Glenelg in the belief expressed in the Preface, that he should “ render an acceptable service to the lovers of poetry and religion,” in printing these memorials of his deceased and amiable brother : “ he was,” says Wilberforce, “ one of the very best men I ever knew.” The volume contains Versions of seven Psalms : viz., ii., xix., lxxi., lxxxiv., clv., xii., xlix. I transcribe the last, which, it will be seen, contains traces of the true poetic touch.

PSALM XLIX.

1.

With musings sad my spirit teems,
 My harp is strung to saddest themes ;
 O, mortal, hear its notes complain,
 Nor shun a dark but faithful strain
 Whose simple length, though short, shall span
 The mournful history of man.

2.

How oft, with dreams of pomp elate,
 The rich upbuilds his haughty state,

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With eager fondness counts his gains,
 And proudly names his wide domains ;
 While, left to poverty and scorn,
 The just in humble silence mourn !

3.

Yet envy not the pomp, ye just,
 That towers upon a base of dust :
 For O, when death decreed shall come
 To shake the proud man's lofty dome ;
 Will proffer'd gold avail to save ?
 Or ransoms bribe the yawning grave ?

4.

Lo, stretch'd before his anguish'd eyes,
 A child, a wife, a brother lies ;
 How vain his stores, his cares how vain,
 The fleeting spirit to retain !
 The form he clasps resigns its breath,
 And fills his blank embrace with death.

5.

Again it strikes,—a second blow,—
 The man of pride himself is low :
 Shall wealth, shall state, attend the dead ?
 'Tis only to his clay-cold bed.
 Caress'd by crowds, by hundreds known,
 He fills the narrow house alone.

6.

The funeral pomp, superb and slow,
 The gorgeous pageantry of woe,
 The praise that fills th' historic roll,—
 Can these assist the parted soul ?
 Or will remember'd grandeur cheer
 The shivering, lonely, traveller ?

7.

And when that breathless, wasting clay
 Again shall feel the life-blood play,
 When on the cell, where dark it lies,
 A morn of piercing light shall rise,
 O whither then shall guilt retire ?
 Or how avoid the eyes of fire ?

8.

O man, with heaven's own honours bright,
And fall'st thou thus, thou child of light ?
And still shall heirs on heirs anew
The melancholy jest pursue ?
And, born the offspring of the sky,
In folly live, in darkness die ?

9.

But I on thee depend, O Lord,
My hope, my help, and high reward ;
Thy word illumines my feeble eyes ;
Thy spirit all my strength supplies ;
In sickness thou my aid shalt be,
And death but gives me all to thee !

JOHN KEBLE, M.A.

The most recent attempt to share whatever reputation might be maintained by any previous experiment of the introduction of unauthorised Psalmody into the Churches of this country, has been the publication of "The Psalter or Psalms of David; in English Verse; by a member of the University of Oxford." 1839. Although the work was thus announced by the publisher in conformity with the title, so as to excite curiosity towards the author, the booksellers by a series of contemporary advertisements, took care to forestal mistake by giving the name of Mr. Keble. The announcement of such a work from such a quarter excited considerable expectation. Mr. Keble was Professor of Poetry at Oxford; he had given to the public a little volume of charming verse, entitled the

“Christian Year,” of which more than thirty editions had been sold ; and he was, moreover, well known as one of the University Confederacy in that singular attempt recently made to revive in the English Church certain obsolete opinions and ceremonies often akin to Romanism, and which has been called from the name of the learned Hebrew Professor, who took the lead in the zealous movement—**PUSEYISM**. With the particular doctrines promulgated in the “Tracts for the Times,” the present notice has nothing to do, except in so far as this translation of the Psalms may have been affected by similar views. How far that is the case, will be somewhat apparent from the following extract from the Preface of this Oxford Psalter : the passage is long ; but it is likewise of considerable importance, not only as explaining the author’s views, but as embodying the substance of what may be said on the side of a reverential adherence to the literal meaning of the original, as contrasted with the arguments for a more interpretive or evangelical rendering.”

“It will perhaps be felt by some a disappointment, that the mystical and evangelical meaning of the Psalms is not so much brought out as it might have been. It seemed the more dutiful and correct, and therefore in the end surely the more edifying, way, to represent, in this respect also as nearly as possible the tenor of the Hebrew Verity : to observe the rule, which he who spake by the prophets has, (if it may be so said,) appointed for Himself in all His communications to mankind ; to disclose, rather than exhibit, His dealings and His will ; to keep Himself, to the generality, under a veil of reserve, through which the eyes of men might see just so much and so clearly, as they were purged by Faith and Purity and Obedience. Considering the Psalms especially as Divine *Poems*, this surely is a quality which we should expect to find in them : a certain combination of reserve with openness being of the very essence of poetry :

and the Psalms being apparently ordained to leaven the poetry of the whole world, as the history of the Old Testament to be 'the Sun of all other histories.' Not to dwell on the obvious result, that, by trying to bring out the spiritual meaning, we do to a certain degree limit it, in such a manner as would make a translation unfaithful, though it may be allowed perhaps in a commentary. For instance; it is a known ancient rule of interpretation, 'You shall hardly find a word in the Psalms, but it is spoken in the name of Christ and the Church, either both jointly, or one of the two singly; and if of the Church, then of each one amongst us.' It cannot then be right to translate a passage, which, for aught we know, may be capable of the double interpretation, so as to confine it to the single one; and yet this is what we should be often doing, were we to express more fully the prophetic allusions to our Lord, under the notion of spiritualising them. '*I laid me down and slept, and rose up again, for the Lord sustained me.*' is doubtless an allusion to our Saviour's death and resurrection: but were a translator to *express* that allusion, he would exclude what is surely intended also; the hint that each Christian's daily lying down and rising up is a token, or, as the ancient Church would denominate it, 'a Sacrament,' of the same death and resurrection, and also of our own."

So much for the claims of a close interpretation of the Book of Psalms, even in a poetical rendering. It would redound to the credit of Mr. Keble's Version, if it could be said that the metrical execution of the work, at all came up to the degree of success with which every thing like deviation into the freedom of evangelical paraphrase has been avoided. The difficulty of combining with a literal interpretation of the Hebrew original, that free and melodious tone which characterises the most perfect species of rhymed English versification, which had been the stumbling-block of every previous translator, was distinctly perceived and acknowledged by Mr. Keble. But when all the difficulties inseparable from the task are taken into the account, and the merits of this new

Version most generously appreciated, poetical justice compels the acknowledgment, that however abundant and undeniable the evidences of a scholarlike performance, we encounter in almost every Psalm instances, more or less obtrusive of that "harshness and constraint, both in sound and expression, which," the author admits, "might have been avoided by more skill in the translator." Were it not an invidious task, more examples of violent elision in the sense, inelegant expletives to bring about the rhyme, and quaint, or imperfectly developed turns of expression, might be adduced from this, than from perhaps any other modern Version: nor can these defects be said to be compensated by surpassing fidelity, though the latter merit, at least, is avouched by the patronage of the Bishop of Oxford, and the "most kind and thoughtful revision of the whole" by Dr. Pusey. The faults alluded to perpetually mar our enjoyment of beauties, which it were impossible not to recognise, and disingenuous not to acknowledge, as occurring in almost every page of this really interesting Psalter.

The following Psalm, which is highly poetical in itself, and therefore can hardly be rendered without effect, in any Version, will afford a favourable specimen of Mr. Keble's style; it may be compared with the unrhymed translation by Dr. Mason Good, which is given in the Introduction to this work:—

PSALM CXVIII.

Chorus. Praise ye the Lord, how kind, how nigh,
 His mercy fills Eternity,
 Let Israel now adoring cry,
 "His mercy fills Eternity."
 Let Aaron's sons new Anthems try,
 "His mercy fills Eternity."

Who fear the Lord, sing deep and high,
 " His mercy fills Eternity."
 " 'Mid straitening woes to Him I cried,
 " I call'd the Lord by name,
 " And in a region far and wide
 " The Lord's true answer came.
 " The Lord is mine, I fear no ill
 " That man may do to me.
 " The Lord, mine aid ; my prayer and will,
 " Upon my foes I see."

Chorus. In the Lord's shade 'tis good to rest,
 Not hold by mortals weak :
 To trust in God is good, is best,
 Not to high nobles seek.
 " All heathen hordes around me throng
 " ' Jehovah' is my call,
 " Thy Name, my war-note : I am strong,
 " To mow, to rend them all.
 " As swarming bees around they flow,
 " As fire in thorns they fall ;
 " In God's high Name I onward go,
 " I mar, I quench them all.
 " Thou hast thrust sore to cast me down,
 " The Lord was on my side ;
 " The Lord my Strength, my minstrel Crown,
 " Mine Health and Saviour tried."

Chorus.

A voice of health, a glad alarm,
 Where good men dwell :—the Lord's right Arm
 Wrought power—the Lord's right Arm on high,
 The Lord's right Arm in victory.
 " I shall not die, but live, and tell
 " The deeds of God most high ;
 " The Lord hath chastened me full well,
 " But left me not to die.
 " Come throw me wide th' eternal gate
 " Of Truth and Righteousness ;
 " There entering, evermore I'll wait,
 " Jehovah's name to bless."
 " This is the portal of the Lord,
 " The righteous here may find the way."

“ I praise Thee, for Thine answering word,
 “ Because Thou art my Health and Stay.”

Full Chorus.

Lo ! now the Stone the builders spurn'd,
 To the Head Corner-Stone is turn'd ;
 'Twas of the Lord ; He wrought in might :
 'Tis high, 'tis wonderous in our sight.
 This is the day JEHOVAH made,
 A day for all our joy and mirth ;
 O Lord, now save us ! Father, aid !
 O Lord, now cheer our way on earth !
 Who in JEHOVAH'S “ name draws near,
 Blessed is he ; we hold him dear.
 We bless you on your holy road,
 We of the house and shrine of God.
 God is the Lord” who shewed us light :
 Come bind the sacrifice with cords
 Even to the altar horns so bright ;
 That Lamb, that Altar, is the Lord's.
 Thou art my God, 'tis Thee I praise !
 My Lord—on high Thy Name I raise :
 Praise to the Lord, for good is He,
 His mercy fills Eternity.

GEORGE BURGESS, A.M.

It is somewhat remarkable that simultaneously with the publication of Mr. Keble's Version, appeared “The Book of Psalms ; translated into English Verse. By George Burgess, A.M., Rector of Christ Church, Hartford.” But while the object of the two works was similar, and their emission synchronous, the circumstances of interest connected with each were widely different : the former emanated from the Poetry Professor of the first University in

the world ; the latter was put forth by a comparatively obscure Clergyman of the American State of Connecticut. The former was heralded by announcements, which stimulated expectation on both sides of the Atlantic—the latter has scarcely yet been heard of in this country : a comparison of the merits of these contemporaneous Versions would be invidious. Mr. Burgess, who inscribes his unpretending volume “ To the Congregation of Christ Church, Hartford, as the relaxation of a few years devoted and due to their service in the Lord,” says in his Introduction, that, “ in the present Version, the author has endeavoured to follow the same principles which would govern him in the translation of any ancient poems into English verse ; to be so literal, as to give the very sentiment, and, if possible, the spirit of the original, and yet so free as not to inflict pain on the reader of taste.” Guided by this sensible canon, the New England metrist has produced a Version freer from palpable blemishes, and perhaps more nearly realizing the idea of what a metrical *translation* should be—or at least what it *must be*—than has been accomplished by almost any other individual. It is not pretended that the execution is so perfect as to preclude emendation or competition ; or that it equals in poetical merit certain paraphrases of the whole, much less specimens of some portions of the Psalms which have been published : but to this comparison no pretension is made. At the same time, and keeping in view the translator’s pledge of fidelity, the exceptions which a professed critic could fairly urge against the construction of the verse, would be exceedingly few : and in one particular, this American versifier might shame most of the

Psalms of this country—there is not a bad or doubtful rhyme in the whole range of 276 pages! It may be mentioned, that in all the *Acrostical* Psalms the translator has retained, as far as was practicable, the leading peculiarity of the original. This implies no particular merit in itself: and if it necessarily interfered either with the freedom or the usefulness of the Version, might be worse than useless. But since we can scarcely dismiss as trivial what the inspired penman has made such repeated and characteristic use of,—so it will not be denied to be wholly without interest as enhancing in some slight degree at least, the fidelity of the Version, especially if it do not cripple or constrain the stanza in which it is adopted. I believe Mr. Burgess is the author of a new prose translation of the Psalms, with annotations: the notes to the Metrical Version are very compact and interesting: they introduce a peculiarity which will be understood from the following specimens:—*Psal.* 97. ver. 2. “This verse is the celebrated chorus, which so incensed the Emperor Julian, when a multitude of Christians assembled to remove the remains of the martyr Babylas from the grave of Daphne to Antioch.” *Psal.* 103. “It was the death-bed Psalm of Bishop Sanderson.” *Psal.* 116. ver. 5. “This and the following verse were ‘the Cygnean Cantion’ of the excellent Doctor Thomas Jackson.” *Psalm* 131. “Dr. Wolff in his researches, mentions a book written by a converted Jew in the East, in which it is recommended that, when a person is not able to sleep, he should read this Psalm. The recommendation is in harmony with the quiet and trusting meekness of the sacred Poet.” These kind of

examples appear to embody the practical application of the sacred text in the sympathies of our common humanity : but were all the known instances in which passages of the Psalms have been at one time or other thus used for consolation amidst distress, encouragement in death, or exultation in the triumphs of Christianity—what portion would remain unappropriated ?*

PSALM XCIV.

Lord God of vengeance, light the skies
 With judgment's fiery cloud :
 O God of vengeance just, arise,
 And recompense the proud.

How long shall guilt, O Lord of hosts,
 How long shall guilt rejoice ?
 How long the wicked make their boasts,
 And lift their scornful voice ?

They trample down the humble race,
 And slay the seed oppress'd,
 The widow in her child's embrace,
 The orphan and the guest.

* Since the greater part of this concluding sheet was in type, I have seen some published particulars "regarding the Metrical Versions of the Psalms received by the Church of Scotland," appended to Principal Baillie's Letters and Journals, recently edited by Mr. David Laing. The bulk of this appendix consists of official documents relative to the adoption, revisions, and enforcement by the General Assembly, &c., of Rouse's Version, that which is still exclusively authorised and used in the Kirk of Scotland. In an early part of my first volume, (p. 192,) I have mentioned a contributor to the Scottish edition of the "Old Version," of whom Mr. Laing gives the following account :—"The initials I. C. are supposed to denote John Craig, who had been a Monk of the order of St. Dominic, at Bologna, but having embraced the Protestant faith, he escaped from Italy, and returning to his native country, after an absence of 24 years, he became Minister of Holyrood-house, and of the King's Household, and died 4th December, 1600, aged 88. His Psalms are 24, 56, 75, 102, 105, 108, 110, 117, 118, 132, 136, 140, 141, 143, and 145.

Mr. Laing must surely be mistaken in attributing to Kethe our venerable "Old Hundredth" Psalm, "*All people that on earth do dwell.*" It occurs, indeed, with only a few slight changes in the authorised Scottish Version, but neither in that nor the English book is it the "second copy," but the first : and has never, so far as I have seen, borne any other initials than those of John Hopkins.

They mock their victims, as they bleed ;
They mock their parting groans ;
“ The Lord,” they cry, “ shall never heed,
The Lord, whom Jacob owns.”

O souls most dark ! behold and fear :
How long refuse ye light ?
Shall he not hear, who fram'd the ear,
Nor see, who gave us sight ?

Shall not the world's high Judge chastise,
The source of knowledge, know ?
He knows the thoughts that men devise,
A vain and fleeting show.

How bless'd the man, in chast'nings bless'd,
Whom thou hast taught and tried !
In evil days thou give'st him rest,
Till guilt the grave shall hide.

For God will ne'er forsake his own,
Nor cast his saints away ;
Till justice sit on judgment's throne,
While all the pure obey.

But when I cried, “ my footsteps fail,”
Thy mercy made me strong ;
And though a thousand griefs assail,
Thy comforts cheer my song.

Wilt thou th' unrighteous throne maintain,
That bids the lawless deed,
Against the good arrays its train,
And dooms the just to bleed ?

The Lord our God, our Rock and Tower,
Shall all their crimes repay ;
The Lord our God shall wield their power,
The slayer's self shall slay.

JOHN EDEN, B.D.

After what has been said, and from the specimens which have appeared in the foregoing pages, it can hardly be necessary to repeat the opinion that of all the poetic forms into which the Psalms may be moulded, the heroic couplet and blank verse are almost sure to be the least attractive—the former, as not being adapted for singing, the only value that can attach to any new *Metrical Version*; and the latter, as almost of necessity inferior to a prose rendering, for critical and exegetical purposes. These remarks are suggested by the recent publication of “The Book of Psalms, in Blank Verse, with Practical Reflections. By the Rev. John Eden, B.D., late Vicar of St. Nicholas and St. Leonard’s, Bristol. With a brief Memoir.

Mr. Eden died December, 25, 1840, having for the long period of forty-one years, filled the station of pastor of St. Nicholas. He left behind him a most exemplary character as a Clergyman and a citizen, and the work here noticed, a large quarto volume, beautifully printed by Chilcott, of Bristol, was intended as a memento for the personal friends of the author. If this appropriate memorial of one whose piety and love of literature, were as unostentatious as they were solid, could receive any additional value from the opinion of another, it might be derived from the verdict of a high authority in that Church of which Mr. Eden was a Minister, a Bishop whose taste is well known to be highly refined; he

pronounced this to be “ the best Metrical Version of the Psalms he had ever seen.”

PSALM II.

Why rage the heathen ? why, with vain attempt,
 Conspire the people ? Princes of the earth
 Stand up, and rulers frame their dark designs
 Against the LORD and His Anointed. Come,
 They say, with tongue presumptuous, let us burst
 Their bonds asunder, let us cast away
 Their cords ! But He who sits enthroned in heaven
 Will laugh to scorn His enemies ; the LORD
 Will hold them in derision—He shall speak
 In wrath, and vex them in His sore displeasure.
 Yet have I set My King upon My hill,
 My holy hill of Sion. I will preach
 The law, whereof the Almighty hath pronounced,
 “ Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee.”
 Desire of Me, O Son, and I will give
 The heathen for Thine own inheritance,
 For Thy possession earth’s remotest realms.
 Thou with a rod of iron Thy vanquish’d foes
 Shalt dash in pieces like a potter’s vessel.
 Now, therefore, be ye wise, ye kings : be learn’d,
 Ye that are judges of the earth. In fear
 Serve ye the LORD ; with reverential awe
 Rejoice before Him, and adore the Son,
 Lest He be angry, and His righteous ire
 Sweep you from off the earth. How blest are they
 Who kindle not His wrath, but humbly trust,
 And place their stedfast confidence in Him.

THE END.

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